

THE
STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

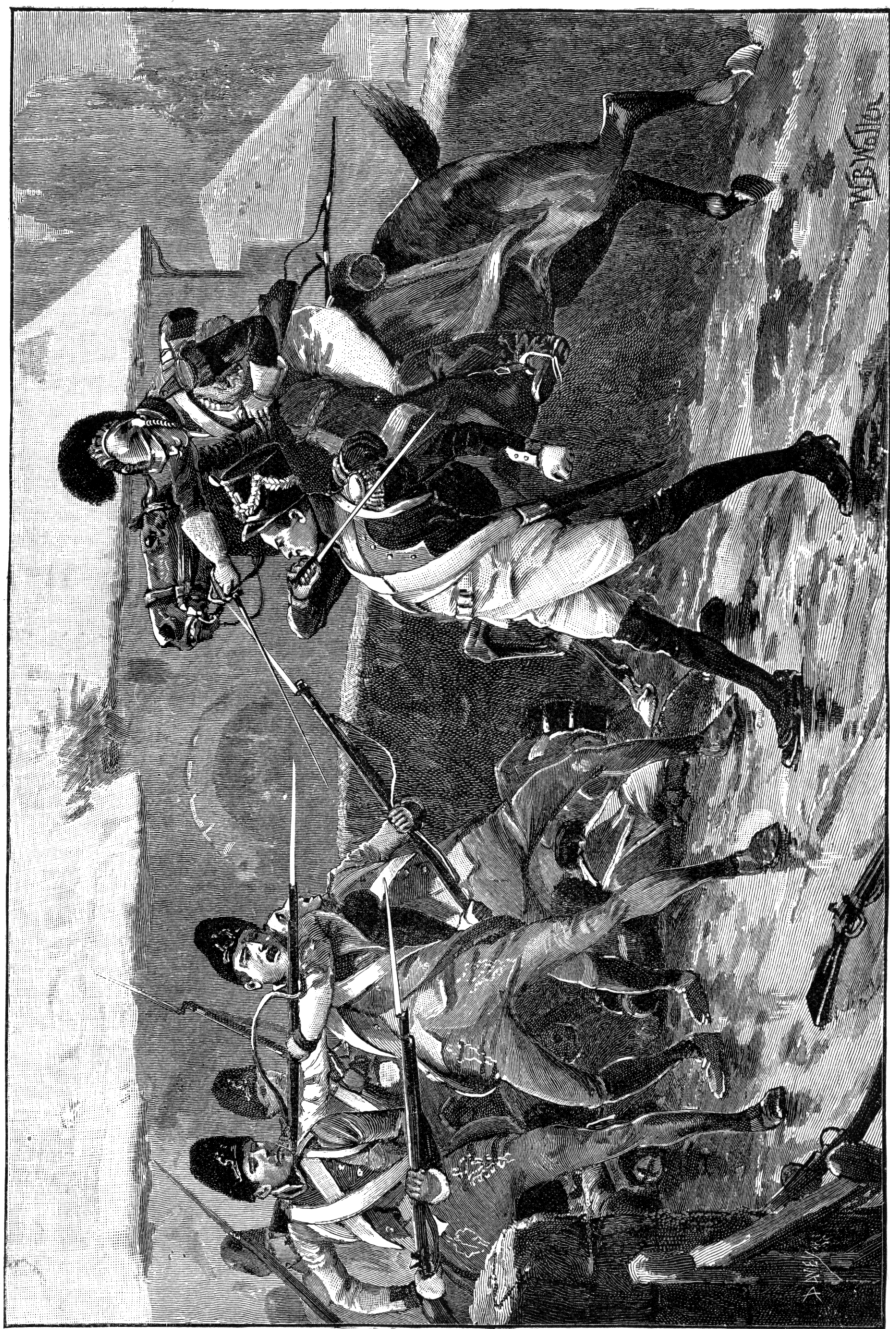
EDITED BY
GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. VIII.
JULY TO DECEMBER

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1894



AT THE BRIDGE OF MONTEAU.
(See page 118.)

The Croissey Yew.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MAURICE SAINT-AGUET.

I.



AM going to tell you, monsieur, why I come every evening to smoke my pipe under the Croissey Yew.

My story goes back to the end of the year 1812. Brought up by an old uncle, the curé of a neighbouring village, having already a footing in the Pope's army, I had escaped the requisitions of the Emperor; as an ecclesiastic the conscription had spared me. But almost at the same time my old uncle died, and the worthy man, from having given all he possessed to the poor, even to the shirt off his back, had nothing to leave to his nephew but the poverty from which he had drawn others. There was I, then, at twenty, free, alone in the world, without means, and full of disgust at my calling, undecided as to all others; in short, in that state in which one is at the mercy of mere chance.

I have told you that I loved to dream, while waiting for the means of living; and I often came to this spot to rebuild the "Château en Espagne" I had reared the night before, and which had crumbled in the interval. But I had wearied of standing at the foot of this colossal yew-tree which covers in and freezes us with its shade, and which stands on the edge of the precipice expressly to shelter the spectator, and I had established a sort of dwelling-place in its branches, where I succeeded in making myself believe that I was isolated like an eagle on the watch, and secure from discovery as the most confirmed misanthrope or dullest philosopher could desire to be.

One evening I was at my post.

Vol. viii — 16.

The moon was rising. Suddenly I heard something below me: it was the voice, or rather the sob, of a woman, saying:—

"The last time!"

Then I heard something which sounded to me extremely like a kiss, followed by the voice of a man, replying:—

"Come, come, Louise; a little courage!"

Another voice, that of a young girl, soft but decided, then said:—

"No, no—not the last time—I will not have it so, I tell you!"

Considerably mystified by this stray fragment of conversation, I peered through the branches, and perceived in the moonlight a young man in the dress of a workman, having in his hat the bow of ribbons and the fatal number. He was sustaining with his right arm a young girl, who was weeping on his bosom, and giving his left hand to another and smaller girl, who was not weeping. It was she, doubtless, who had said: "I will not have it so." I quickly understood that it was the conscript's parting that was taking place.

"Poor Christine," replied the young man, smiling sadly; "your will goes for nothing in this matter, sister—I am not the master."



"THE CONSCRIPT'S PARTING."

"But, brother, since it is you who have reared me, you are the father of the family? You must not go away—besides, you are married, for you are betrothed to Louise—who does nothing but weep, as if *that* would do anything!"

And the pretty rebel, who appeared to be charming in the moonlight, fell to crying too. Louise replied in a voice broken by sobs:—

"Christine—is unreasonable—isn't she, Eugène—unreasonable?"

"My poor dears!" replied Eugène, tenderly, pressing them to his bosom.

"Well, then, Louise," cried Christine, suddenly, "prove to me the strength of your courage! Since he will not listen to either of us—since he believes that we can do nothing for him—you see the quarry before us; it is deep and goes straight down from the brink—come with me!"

And, completely losing her head, she took the hands of Louise and drew her from the arms of Eugène.

"Are you both mad?" cried Eugène. "Can't you see that I must go with the others to fight for France?—for you?—for the cross? Louise, Christine, I shall return in eight years, and if I do not find my sister and my beloved one then, what will there be left for me? Do you wish me also to kill myself?—that I should not have the memory of you in my heart, to make me fight like a lion, to bring you back a pair of epaulettes? Let me go; one only has to serve one's time, and all is said."

"Oh! his time!" replied Christine. "There was Stephane, the mechanic, who went away with the others to Russia: *he* served his time—he died at Moscow—and his mother is in mourning for him. The others, will they ever come back? His time! with their dog of an emper—"

"Will you hold your tongue?" interrupted Eugène, clapping his hand over her mouth.

"No, I will not hold my tongue! Haven't you a colonel—he who enrolled you? Well, go to him, throw yourself on your knees before him and say, 'Monseigneur, I don't want to go with you—I don't want to be killed. I have a sister and a wife who cannot live without me, and who will throw themselves into the river if I am taken from them. Beat me, Colonel—put me in prison, but don't take me away for a soldier. Long live the Emperor!—he's a worthy man; let him leave me in peace and go wherever he likes. Look you, Colonel, I am a man, I am free, and I have no right to leave my sister

Christine against her will—and she'll detest you, Colonel, if you compel me to go.'"

"That would be pretty conduct on the part of a soldier!" replied Eugène, who could not help laughing.

"Unfeeling, cruel brother!" she cried, in tears, throwing herself into the arms of Louise.

II.

A MOMENT of silence followed. I was deeply touched—so absorbed in the situation, that I forgot my own. Presently Christine raised herself, and was apparently a little more calm.

"Heavens!" she said, "is there not a man—a comrade—who will replace you? Others have means. Oh, how I would love him!"

"It could all be done as you say," assented Eugène, "only to do it we need money—and that by to-morrow."

"Well," cried Christine, "I'll give all I have—my gold cross, my earrings, my neck-handkerchiefs, my lace collars, all my jewellery—to whoever will go in your place."

"All that would not make the price of a man," replied Eugène.

Christine reflected for a while, and then, seizing her brother's arm, said:—

"But I—I am worth a man—more than a man; I am sure I am! I'll give myself; I'll say to someone: 'Go instead of my brother, and I'll be your wife! See! I'm good-looking—a little over-petted, but that's no harm. I'll love you so dearly, if you save my brother!—I swear it on the gold cross in which there is a lock of my mother's white hair! I'll cheerfully marry whoever will devote himself for you.'"

"Good sister, I know you would do all you say, but you are over-excited to-night, and do not see how utterly impracticable are all your dear follies. Let us get away from here," he added, laughingly, "for if you go on, I shall really become afraid of the precipice before us."

I could not catch what Christine said in reply, and presently I lost sight of all three in the shadow of the trees; but both my head and my heart remained filled with the charming girl, and I became lost in thought.

That evening, as they were seated at their supper without being able to eat a morsel, and gazing at each other through their tears, somebody knocked loudly at the door.

"Come in!" cried the young man, hastily drying his eyes.

An old sergeant appeared before them and said:—

"Good evening! Does the conscript Eugène Livou live here?"



"DOES THE CONSCRIPT EUGÈNE LIVOU LIVE HERE?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"That's for you, then," said the trooper, throwing a letter on the table.

Eugène read, at first slowly, then devouring the contents. It was a release in form!

He looked up at the old soldier in bewilderment.

"It says that you have been replaced, conscript—that's all. But I can't congratulate you—because a little gunpowder would have made your moustache sprout. Different people, different tastes—if you are satisfied, all's said. Good evening to you."

He had turned to go, but stopped suddenly and cried:—

"Thousand bullets! I was forgetting half my errand. You have a sister—Mam'zelle Christine—where is she?"

"Here, sergeant," said Eugène, indicating Christine, pale with happiness and surprise.

"This is for you, mam'zelle," and he threw a second letter on the table.

"You'll drink a glass of wine, soldier?" asked Eugène.

"With all my heart, conscript."

While Eugène was preparing to ask the

old soldier a number of questions, Louise, out of her senses with joy, kissed her betrothed again and again, half crying, half laughing, while placing fresh bottles on the table and filling the glasses.

Agitated, trembling, Christine sat, holding the letter and looking fixedly at the table.

"What is the matter?" asked Eugène, anxiously. "It is that letter distresses you? Who has written to you? Let me see it, dear."

He hastily read the letter, which he had taken from her unresisting hands.

"Read it aloud," she said; "it is all the same to me—all the same!"

Eugène read out the letter:—

"Mademoiselle, I demand nothing, I go without making any condition, I replace your brother; you have need of him, no one has any need of me. But I love you—have loved you ever since I saw your tears. I send you a ring which belonged to my mother. If you feel pity for me, you will take the cross containing a lock of your mother's white hair, which shone on your neck

this evening in the light of the moon, and place it in a crack in the side of the great yew-tree, high up, near the branches. To-morrow morning I will go for it. You will wait for me two years, and, if I am not dead, I will bring it back to you. Will you remember that you have made an oath on that cross? Adieu!"

"What does this mean? How could anybody know?" said Eugène, slowly. "Do you understand this, sergeant?"

"Oh! a vedette near you? Bah! I have it! it comes from a novice—a youth who knows how to write, but for want of practice, doesn't know how to tell a woman just what he means," replied the sergeant, laughing.

Eugène shook his head.

"Your hand, soldier," he said; "I'll not accept this substitute—my sister shall not be sacrificed; I'll go with you."

And taking up his release he was about to tear it, when Christine stayed his hand.

"But if I wish it!" she said. "He has acted nobly. He is going away unconditionally; he is unhappy. I have no other

means of keeping him—and—and I wish to love him! For the rest, he has done well not to show himself—perhaps I might too much have regretted it. I will take my cross, as he directs; but I should like to know—Sergeant, have you seen him?”

“Yes, I’ve set eyes on him.”

“Well, he’s not hunch-backed or bandy-legged, is he?”

“Thousand thunders! Hunch-backs and bandy-legs in the French army!” cried the sergeant, scandalized.

“Is he a good fellow?” asked Eugène.

“That I can answer for,” replied the old soldier, heartily.

“Well, then,” said Christine, detaching her cross with its black ribbon from her pretty neck, “tell him that what he has done was well done; and, yourself, put this cross in the side of the great yew-tree. Do not tell him anything about it: but do not lose sight of him, and try and return with him; he is worthy of you—he has begun as a brave man, and he will continue as a brave Frenchman.”

Eugène and Louise gazed at her without being able to speak. The grenadier rose, and received the cross, while tears sparkled in his eyes.

Christine then turned towards her brother and future sister. She was no longer the same: her character had suddenly become serious. She said to Louise:—

“I, too, am betrothed; my pledge is in the hands of a soldier of the guard.”

Next morning, on setting off, my knapsack on my back, I found the cross hidden in the side of the yew-tree—and I fancied I saw amid the close-grown branches the uniform and red epaulettes of a sergeant of the guard who was watching me.

III.

A YEAR later, the campaign of Saxony was finished: the campaign of France was going to begin. Eugène was married to Louise. The terrible requisition reached him as well as others, but this time he was not kept back. It was foreseen that the anxiety would not be of long duration; and then it was so clearly evident that the defence of France was necessary; lads ran away from their colleges to get to the frontier, and it would have been shameful in any man who, in default of a sword, had not seized up his ploughshare, shameful in the woman who still hung upon the arm of that man.

Eugène went this time, and joined the army in Champagne. At the bridge of Montereau, after having long fought at the

outposts, he found himself without cartridges, and was defending himself as well as he could with his short infantry sabre against five Austrian grenadiers, when a lieutenant of carabineers sprang before him, crying:—

“Conscript, go and find your sister and your wife; leave those to die who have nothing to live for!”

And the lieutenant cut down two white-coats with his long sabre. But his horse received a bayonet stab and fell under him. He received two others and fell also. A French fusillade laid low the three men of the enemy; and Eugène, who had sprung to the body of his rescuer, carried him to a neighbouring house and brought him back to life.

The soldier and the officer became friends and brothers in arms; but the soldier could not understand the devotion of the officer, nor the sense of the words that had accompanied it. He was but the more proud, the more fascinated; and then, the officer was so fond of him and spoke to him so kindly, that he was wholly at a loss how to repay so much goodness. When, at the end of the drama, the armies were disbanded, he said to him:—

“Lieutenant, if you have neither father, children, nor family—if you are alone in the world—come to my home. I am only a workman, but my people will be very fond of you. I have a good wife and a pretty sister—you hear what I am saying, Monsieur Charles? You will not disdain my family, even if you do not consent to make part of it? At least you will not deny me the pleasure of showing them my preserver.”

The lieutenant could only throw himself on Eugène’s neck and thank him warmly. A week afterwards, Eugène, stifled in the embraces of Louise and Christine, tore himself free from their arms and, pointing to the friend he had brought home with him, cried:—

“Here is a brave man who saved my life without knowing me, and exposed his own because he had no family to weep for his death; but now he has one! He is my brother; he has said that he will not disdain my home—let it be his! We will work together, and, some day, perhaps, we shall be rich and my house more worthy of a lieutenant.”

“A lieutenant!” cried Christine, involuntarily.

“Sister,” whispered Eugène, “this one is worth more than the other.”

Christine cast down her eyes and looked

furtively at the officer. He was not ill-looking; his epaulettes, his wounds received for a dear brother, and, above all, his determined efforts to please Christine and prove to Eugène that he did not despise his family, resulted, at the end of two months, in causing her to appear thoughtful, while blushes suffused her cheeks in answer to the expressive looks of Charles; at which signs Eugène smiled.

One day he took his friend and his sister apart.

"I am very happy," he said. "You love my sister, Charles?"

"I love her," replied the lieutenant, gazing on Christine, pleadingly.

"Do you love him, sister?"

"Yes."

"More than you love me?"

"In a different way," she answered, simply.

Imagine my delight, monsieur! for I was the lieutenant. I who had repented of having engaged the young girl's promise, and had wished to die, so as to release her from it. I who longed to win her free and voluntary love! I fell on my knees before her.

"Will you be his wife, Christine?" asked Eugène.

"No," she replied, sadly, but firmly; "no, I have given my promise to another. I am betrothed."

"Folly!" cried Eugène.

"Betrothed!—to a man you have never even seen—who asks nothing of you—who is ugly, perhaps, and as old as I am?—a man, in short, who has never cared to show himself, and who by this time is dead, no doubt!"

"Dead! If so, he died for you, Eugène. Have you forgotten the year of happiness you owe to him, of which I am the price? The bargain is sacred. If he is dead, the pledge returns to me, and I will wear mourning for him as for a husband. If he is not dead, I will wait."

"But have not the two years passed?"

"Though that may be, I will still wait for

him who, poor and friendless, trusted in my promise. Oh, no, let him come; let him return me my gold cross—and, if he pleases, set me free!"

Eugène was losing patience, but I restrained him by a gesture. I was still kneeling at Christine's feet.

"Christine, Eugène," I said, "it is time that you should know all. It was I, my friend, who replaced you; I who, hidden in the great yew-tree, overheard your tearful parting; I who accepted Christine's pledge; I who love her and who ask her, on my knees, to restore to me my mother's ring."

"You! you!" they both cried at once. Christine had already drawn from her bosom the ring and the letter inclosing it; but suddenly she paused.

"Do not deceive me," she cried. "Can it be possible? Ah, you have agreed together, you and my brother! He has told you the secret! Where is my gold cross?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you refuse to believe me? Is not my voice that of truth?—my soldier's word?"

"The cross! the cross!" she repeated.

"I have it not," I replied, sadly. "I have it no more! It was the old sergeant——"

"Where is he?" asked Christine.

"He is dead—he died at Leipsic," I replied, hopelessly.

"No—thousand thunders!—I'm not dead," cried a voice behind us; "and I've arrived just in the nick of time, or I'm a Prussian! Lieutenant, don't you recognise me?"

"What! you are still living?" I cried, throwing my arms about him.

"As you can see for yourself! I've come from the hospitals at Leipsic; but while I've

been grunting there—thousand bombshells!—changes have been going on, it seems. The Little Corporal—but enough of that for the present; we'll talk about it some other time. What we've got to deal with is



"NO, SIR, I'M NOT DEAD!"

Monsieur Charles's affair. Look at him, mam'zelle—though he had not courage to speak to you under his Jesuit's cassock, he knew how to fight under his tonsure. I saw him slip your cross out of the old yew-tree, kiss it, and put it under his uniform—where I have mine now; but that's not the same thing. I followed him everywhere. He went under fire—thousand cartridges!—as if he were entering a ball-room! At Dresden, owing to his education and his dare-devilry, he was made a sub-lieutenant. At Leipsic, in a tussle on the bridge, I saw him dash right upon the crowd of white-coats, and I said to myself: 'What is he about? Does he want to get himself wiped off the roll?' Then I took the liberty of laying hold of the tail of his coat, and saying to him: 'Lieutenant, are you forgetting that you have a pledge to return to somebody—down yonder?'

"That told him that I knew all about the

to France—they have need of one another!' I wished to take an oath; but, bah! he was gone. As for myself, I got jammed between a gun-carriage and the parapet of the bridge; and that laid me up in bed for eleven months, with a dozen poultices to keep me company. But here I am, at last, and—no disrespect to my lieutenant—I find him still a bit of a conscript where women are in the case."

"How could I win her trust in me?" I said, looking beseechingly at Christine.

"Forgive me," she cried, throwing herself into my arms; "forgive me for having been too faithful to you! I will love you twice as much."

"The cross! the cross!" cried Eugène, mimicking her voice.

"Here it is!" replied the old sergeant, delightedly.

Christine took it with transport, and, holding it, between our kisses said to me:—



"LIEUTENANT, ARE YOU FORGETTING?"

business, and he said to me: 'I've seen you somewhere—yes, I remember. Here is the pledge you speak of. Take it to Croissey; it weighs on my conscience. I have no friends, and I would not tempt fate by buying a wife—I leave that to the Turks. To give her back her liberty I am going to get myself killed. Fly! Save yourself! Let the old moustaches return

"May it render them sacred!"

We are now old married people. The sergeant died at Waterloo. Eugène and I have prospered by labour: we conduct the manufactures of M. de V——; we live in the little white and rose coloured house you see in the midst of the foliage of the island yonder, and every evening I come to smoke my pipe under the Croissey Yew.

Wonderland in America.

By MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

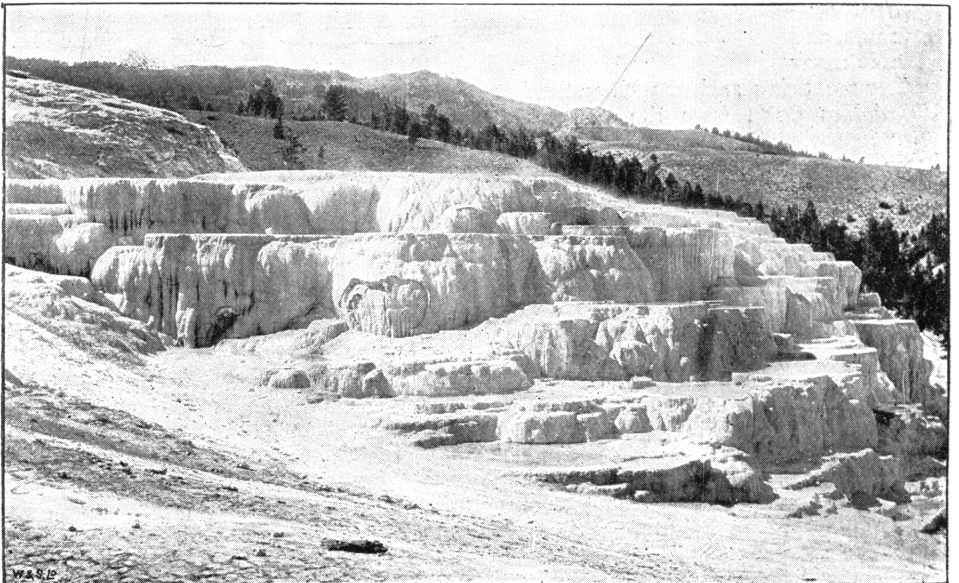


HERE is a corner of the earth—only a corner, though it is some sixty square miles in extent—where Nature seems to have resolved to leave for our inspection a sample of the way in which our globe was made into the world in which we have to live to-day. Moreover, this show of her marvellous methods might have been organized by the late Mr. Barnum, so well is it laid out to keep up the interest of the visitor, and to show him ever new and constantly greater marvels. This is Nature's own arrangement, and not the artfulness of the surveyors who made the forest clearings that they are pleased to call roads. Geographically inevitable is it that one finds increasing marvels as one goes on, till the wonders of the beginning are presently looked back upon as comparatively small matters. But in memory the whole fuses into one gigantic Wonderland.

It is called "Yellowstone Park," from the chief river that flows through it, and afterwards passes down to fall into the great Missouri. This river was named the "Yellowstone," from the singular colour of the clay that washes down with it and stains its waters, and when the Wonderland was visited first, the explorers kept along the river's bed

for their guide, and named the whole region after it.

That first formal exploration took place only a matter of some twenty years ago. A few trappers had previously penetrated these recesses, and returned to tell tales that were jeered at by the incredulous hearers. But it was not till 1870 that the first exploring party, headed by the Surveyor-General of Montana, went through and prepared a formal report of its marvels. The Park is situated in the extreme north-west corner of Wyoming, and is at so high an altitude that the climate is bitterly cold during most of the year, so that the land can never be cultivated. As it could not be utilized in that way, the United States Government resolved, on the report of the Surveyor, to reserve it for show purposes, and it was forthwith declared national property. Rules were made for its protection, and a party of cavalry was detailed to police it permanently. Moreover, the Government proceeded to make more or less effective roads through it, and it can now be visited with both safety and comfort. It is nearly four days' journey from New York—three days' from Chicago—but there are dining-cars and sleeping-cars on the two excellently managed railways over which the journey is made direct, the Wisconsin Central from Chicago to St. Paul, and the



"MINERVA TERRACE."

[Photograph.]

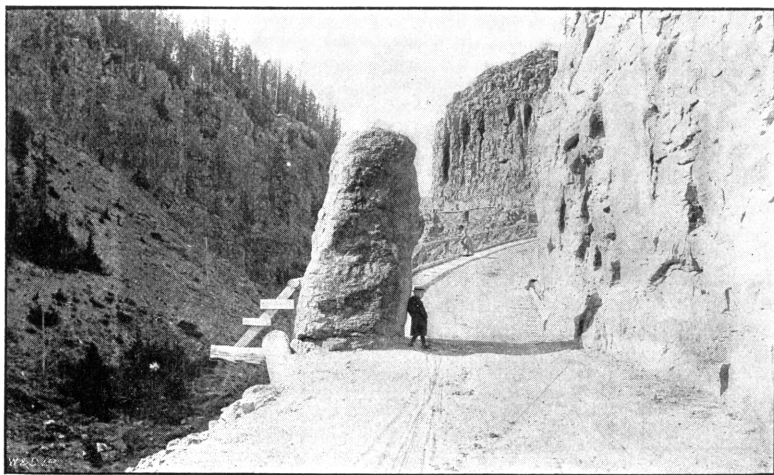
Northern Pacific from there to the beginning of the Park ; and in the Park itself there is a company which provides coaches and hotels, and which takes possession of the traveller, and conveys him from stage to stage of the show.

The first item on the programme is remarkable enough. In a wide valley, surrounded on every hand by tall and distant mountains, one comes upon a space of several acres covered by what at first sight seems to be a collection of low cliffs or rocks of chalk, shining brilliantly white under the fierce sun of the land. But the singular forms of these rocks demand closer inspection ; for they are arranged as a series of terraces, rising one above another like wide steps in some places, while in others it is as though the waves of a mighty sea had been suddenly petrified, and only a few runlets of foam had trickled over before being frozen in place as they dropped. On making one's way up to and over them, one finds that the rocks are not so solid and hard as chalk, but are softer and more friable, and also that in many

parts they are being soaked with water that slowly trickles down from the top of the whole "formation." Pursuing the flow of moisture on to its source, one comes, at the summit of each particular "formation," to a more or less large pool, constantly overflowing, because constantly replenished from the spring beneath ; and the cloud of vapour that lingers over its whole surface, no less than the curious varieties of colours that surround the edges and tell of chemical deposits, makes us aware that this is no common pool. How should it be so, situated so strangely on the summit of a rock ? It is, in fact, a large hot spring—not quite boiling, but so hot that, like the clever child who put down the red-hot poker without waiting to be told, the venturesome visitor pulls out promptly the testing finger that he inevitably inserts. Yes, these are hot springs ; and they have made all the rocks

or "formations" that you see. The water rises from the earth at nearly boiling point, and thus, holding in solution a great deal of lime and other chemical matter, which is deposited as the water cools in the air, forms the curious rock-like shapes and terraces that are all around.

The whole covers over 170 acres, and there are thirteen distinct terraces. One that particularly impressed me was a ridge nicknamed "The Elephant's Back," scarce wider than the summit of Jumbo's person, and about thirty feet long. There are about a hundred little openings along this ridge of rock, out of each of which a tiny but fierce spurt of boiling water is violently thrusting itself in a furious



From a]

"GOLDEN GATE."

[Photograph.

effort to get free and out to the light, the water from each spreading over the surface already made, and there depositing more and ever more of the lime that itself serves to obstruct the further passage of the water that holds it, by depositing it for building up the terrace. Here for the first time I felt the sensation—afterwards renewed more strongly in other parts of the region—that the wild struggle of a mighty force to overcome a resistance made the ground unsafe beneath my feet—that it was only a question of time when a great convulsion must occur, and that that time might be now—in short, the comfortable conviction of standing on solid earth is seriously disturbed under such conditions, and a respectful uncertainty takes its place. Science has taught me before now that I live on a crust of soil over mighty subterranean fires and fierce internal commotions ; but I have been hitherto where the crust was

thick, and have not realized the solemnity of the truth. Here, the crust is a shell, and is pierced often enough to give a glimpse of the interior. It is disquieting to peep like this behind the merciful veil that covers in Nature's mysterious and awful processes; and worse is to come.

Some twenty-two miles farther on is the first of the geyser valleys or basins. It is reached by a road that is for the most part a monotonous passage through rows of tall and gloomy pine trees, but that has its diversities to prevent the traveller getting dull. There is a wonderful piece of road-making, to begin with, where the Government spent £3,500 in blasting a single mile of road out of the solid rock. They have left a tall splinter of the rock at one end, in order to show where the whole was at one time, and this is called the "Golden Gate," because the face of that tall cliff is all lined and streaked with yellow as though it were the quartz of gold.

At last, after a drive of nearly four hours from the Mammoth Hot Springs, we reach the first geysers. It is a singular scene. Imagine a large field, fringed by a row of stunted and half-dead pines, the ground consisting of a dull white rock, and all over its surface, at frequent points, puffs of steam rising as though from the mouths of chimneys belonging to subterranean engines. As you look, suddenly a stream of water rises high in the air from a spot in the midst of the field. It

lasts for some twenty seconds, and then disappears, but while yet you are gazing at the spot it darts up again, only to vanish once more as soon as before. This is the "Minute Geyser," that goes off as regularly every sixty seconds as though the subterranean engineer in charge were provided with a chronometer of excellent construction. The pool from which this eruption takes place is twenty-four feet in diameter, and the

water is thrown some forty feet in the air.

This is almost certain to be the first geyser that the visitor sees, and for that reason the impression that it makes is strong. But it is by comparison with many others an insignificant one. There are fifty or more geysers at different points in the Park—in most cases a cluster of them is found together, though there are a few solitary ones—and amongst these there are all possible differences. Size, shape, time of going off, manner of performing, are different in each case. Some act with clockwork regularity; others have only been seen at work by dint of long-continued watching.

Amongst the regular performers there is every possible variation as to the time of repose that they require. I hardly know which is the more surprising fact—that such convulsions should be regular or that they should be erratic; but certainly either is extremely astonishing to contemplate.

Near to the "Minute" is one more impressive in its ways. You look down into a



From a]

"MINUTE" GEYSER.

[Photograph.

large hole, some twenty or twenty-two feet in circumference; the interior and all round the edges is lined by a black, rocky "formation," from which the geyser is named the "Devil's Inkpot"; his Satanic Majesty, traditionally having the management of subterranean fires, naturally plays a considerable part in the nomenclature of this region. The water in the depths of the hole, however, is not black as ink, but only like soapsuds in a laundress's tub, a dirty bluish white. As you stand and watch, the water is gradually and quietly rising in the hole before you; slowly it mounts till the pit is full to the brim.

Then with startling suddenness there is a

minutes the whole performance will be repeated.

But perhaps even more awe-inspiring than the geysers are those spots where steam escapes continuously and violently from a cleft in the earth, and as you stand beside it, terrible noises incessantly going on beneath your feet warn you of the struggle that the imprisoned power is waging against the superincumbent earth. To see so comparatively little and to hear so much impresses the imagination even more than the visible escape of the force. Not far from the "Inkpot" there is such an escape valve of a mighty invisible engine. Through a narrow



[From a]

"DEVIL'S INK POT."

[Photograph.]

leap in its centre—a pause, and then a series of jumps like violent boiling; and then the whole volume of water springs fiercely in the air with a hissing noise, and a cloud of hot steam around it, while all around the edges waves wash far out of the pool, flooding over the black "formation" that they, in fact, have deposited on previous occasions. This wild outburst lasts some five minutes, and then, all at once, the central commotion stops, and the water runs away down into the hole, exactly as though a gigantic mouth beneath were sucking it in. A dozen of those wild aspirations of the unseen drinker, and behold! the water has sunk down into the hole so far that only by leaning over can you catch a distant glimpse of its sullen, gleaming surface in the depths of the pit. Yet in twenty

slit torn in the earth the "Black Growler" pushes high into the air, without ceasing for an instant, a cloud of boiling hot steam, the hissing with which it is ejected being only an accompaniment to the horrid noises of rumbling and howling and growling that are making the earth under you shiver. Yet, so cold is the region where these exhibitions of the power of heat are going on, that when I was there, on June 19th, the bank of earth and "formation" that backs the "Growler" still had upon it a snow-drift some three feet thick, and the road in many parts was flanked by snow heaps. These, by the way, formed a great object of interest to two Californian men who were on the same coach with me. Born and brought up in that happy "Garden State," they had only seen snow falling two or

three times in their lives, and had never seen it lying on the ground. They ran about in it and played snow-ball with each other with great glee.

That the danger of being amidst such convulsions of Nature in the Yellowstone is not only a matter of imagination is proved by what is to be seen a short distance off from the "Growler," just through the belt of trees, viz., the "New Crater," which suddenly burst forth from a previously placid spot only three years ago. Huge blocks of stone and rock were flung forth with mighty force, and lie about in confusion, as though Titans had fought with missiles there; and the torn and rent earth, not yet covered up and concealed by the deposit of "formation," as it will be centuries hence, shows that there is some risk attendant on being amidst such scenes.

The multitude of boiling pools, the varieties of "formation" around them—according to the chemical element that predominates in the water—the various colours of the water dependent on the same cause, and the odours that many of the hot springs emit, make up a startlingly interesting scene. Yet this geyser basin sinks into insignificance after one has seen the more varied and splendid displays of more distant parts of the region.

A drive of some twenty miles more, passing on the way numerous hot springs, skirting a river that at one point develops a beautiful

fall, over mountain passes, and through forests of pine, and we arrive at the next great geyser valley or basin. It is some thirty square miles in extent, and contains seventeen geysers and about seven hundred boiling springs. The principal geyser there is the "Fountain," which springs from an opening thirty feet in diameter, and plays irregularly, every two to four hours.

This is one of the quietest and most pleasing of the geysers. Like a tamed tiger, it may be perhaps a dangerous plaything, but it conceals its power of ferocity and only reveals its strength as supple beauty. The main body of the water only rises about fifteen feet, so as not to alarm you, but beauty is secured at the same time by the constant flinging up of fine jets to some sixty feet; the effect is light and beautiful, as the sunshine catches the dancing jets and the spray and light steam-clouds above the mass of rising water.

Ten miles farther on again is the chief geyser basin, the valley where the largest number of the geysers and the most

powerful and most regularly acting phenomena are found. It is a singular spot—a large bare field about a mile long and half a mile wide, with a river running through its midst, its surface irregularly dotted with the strangely-shaped cones and "formations" of the numerous geysers, and eternal clouds of steam hovering over it.

Of the many geysers here, no fewer than



From a

"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER.

[Photograph.]

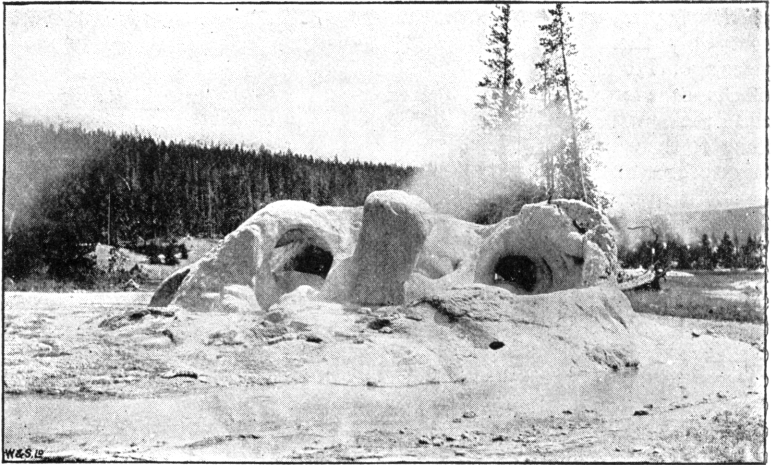
seventeen are large and important enough to be worth naming and describing separately, but of course no visitor sees them all, for some act only at long intervals, such as the "Giantess," which takes fourteen days' repose after performing; and others are utterly irregular and spasmodic in their habits. But on the other hand, here is situated one of the most beautiful of its kind, which is so good as to play with perfect regularity.

Every sixty-five minutes, night and day, summer and winter, this fine display is given. The water slowly rises in the open throat of the deep cleft in the rock; and when it is nearly full, suddenly the fountain is flung high into the air, a full, bright, shimmering stream rising to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet or more, the main body of it being two feet in diameter, though the steam that floats up makes it look far higher, and that which is blown around gives added width beyond the actual water.

So great is the force with which this geyser rushes up that there is none of the jumping effect of a fountain; the tall column of water seems to stand stationary in the air for the full period of four minutes, and then, with only two or three gasps of hesitation, it falls down altogether. It is a truly glorious sight. The unworthy name given to this brilliant and powerful performer is "Old Faithful," in allusion to its regularity of action.

But to me the most impressive and awe-inspiring of all the geysers that I saw was the "Grotto." Its "formation" or cone has a singular shape—two rocky caves such as one might seek a witch within, and a tall central column standing up isolated between the two openings, like a stone for sacrifice—an unholy altar. As you pass it when it is in repose, there is no trace of what it is; no water around, no steam, but just the deep, dark, mysterious holes and the tall, suggestive pillar. Then to return to it, and to find it all a scene of wild commotion, violent hissing, and roaring sounds, clouds of steam so thick

that only as the wind stirs them can you see through them, a rush of water all around, and at the centre the strong, fierce dash of wide column after column of water out of each hole, meeting in the centre over the tall pillar, grappling above it, each stream thrown foaming over it to seek refuge in the other side, and then flung back by striking against the rival outrush from the other side, the water flung twenty feet high, and the spray of the wild contest far higher,



From a]

"GROTTO" GEYSER.

[Photograph.

is like watching a combat of Titans: it brings confused but vivid fancies of all that has gone to make the earth, the days when such combats and terrors of Nature were at work all over the round globe; and one holds one's breath in presence of such overwhelming, uncontrollable force.

I have done with the geysers now; but before we travel away, some reader may care to be told what is the theory of science as to their method of action. In the first place, it is clear that either the crust of the earth is here thinner above the heated interior, or, what is another way of stating the same idea, the heated rocks of the centre of the globe are there nearer the surface than in most places. To them descends the water of the rains and the melting snows. It gathers their heat, it forms steam. This steam gets into the tube which some previous explosion of steam has formed and which has since naturally become a gathering-place for the lateral drainage of the earth.

Most people know that the boiling point of water differs at various elevations, owing to the different pressure of the air, which is heavier at the bottom of the ocean of air in

which we live than it is on mountains, and grows progressively lighter or heavier as we ascend or descend in altitude. Very well: the steam generated far below, seeking an

surprised, and perhaps a little injured, to find any water that is cold.

Eighteen miles more, and we arrive at the last and not the least interesting feature of

this remarkable excursion. It is a deep, long gorge, ravine, or, as they call it here, "canyon," that is unsurpassed for magnificence. It is some twelve to fifteen hundred feet deep, and the soft stone of which the sides are composed is worn into a thousand fantastic shapes. Here it is turreted and pinnacled like a Gothic temple, there rounded



From a

"GRAND CANYON."

[Photograph.

outlet, gradually ascends the geyser tube under the surface of the earth, and pushes up the hot water in the tube above it, till the water is raised to that level in the tube where the air-pressure is reduced enough to make it boil at the heat which it possesses. Then it boils suddenly, and so produces a tremendous new pressure of steam at that point, which, in its effort to escape, flings all the water above it out of the hole, and keeps doing so till the steam of the interior is exhausted, when there is a pause until it is again generated, and the process is repeated.

After leaving this last of the great geyser basins, the Yellowstone traveller goes on to a lake, a pretty one, but dependent for exciting interest in those who have seen the Swiss and English lakes on the rather poor grounds that it is the highest lake in America, and that, though its waters are cold, there are hot springs in such close proximity that a fisherman can catch a fish in the lake, and without moving from his standing-place can turn round on his own axis and boil that fish in a hot pool, which will prepare it for eating in fifteen minutes. Hot springs have by this time, however, become so commonplace to us that we are rather

into the semblance of an ancient castle, or sculptured like a huge Egyptian statue against the face of the rocks. The Yellowstone River runs through the gorge, and looking along it one sees the spot at its entrance where the river plunges over a central layer of rock in a great cataract three hundred and sixty feet high—more than twice the height of Niagara Falls, but much narrower. But the true marvel and attraction of the great canyon is the wondrous, the incredible colouring of the rocks. It is more like a sunset spread at one's feet than anything else to which I can compare it. There are tracks of creamy white; layers of palest yellow shading through all tints to the deepest orange; reds and browns of all tones. These hues are mixed and mingled amongst the fantastic shapes, so that one hardly knows whether to be silent in amazement or to smile at the bizarre and unnatural spectacle, so like a showman's arrangement. But it is too huge and too mighty and too essentially grand to be smiled at; and one tears oneself reluctantly from the dizzy height at last, feeling, like the Queen of Sheba about Solomon's glory, that "the half cannot be told."

Favourite Books of Childhood.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



THE following paper is mainly concerned with a sketch of children's books from early days, and a comparison of the stories in favour with children of to-day with those of preceding generations. The difficulty of finding out what boys read thirty, forty, and fifty years ago has been solved in the happiest manner by the graceful courtesy and co-operation of a group of distinguished living men, whose personal reminiscences will give a great fund of innocent pleasure and delight to all those who admire greatness, whether in statesmanship, literature, or science.

Story-books written especially for children are of comparatively modern growth, the first systematic attempt at supplying juvenile literature having been made in 1765 by Newberry, the publisher in St. Paul's Church-yard, of whom Leigh Hunt speaks with affection as being "the most illustrious bookseller of our boyish days, his little penny books being radiant with gold and rich with bad pictures."

But if children's books were unknown in the earlier days of English national life, it is not to be concluded that the little people were without rhyme and romance about which to delight and dream. Legends, the common inheritance of every race and nation, ballads, fables — there was the ever ingenious "Æsop," as well as others — were told and retold, and handed down by tradition until they were eventually printed; and in the chap-books of the 17th century most of the old-time nursery rhymes and legends are to be found. These entered every farm-house and cottage, and naturally came into the hands of the children.

Steele, in the *Tatler*, speaks of a little boy of eight years, who frankly declared he did not care much for "Æsop's Fables," because he did not believe they were true, but who was much better pleased with the lives and adventures of "Don Belliani of Greece," "Guy of Warwick," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," and other historians of that age. "Guy of Warwick" was a popular hero with boyhood, and no wonder. His adventures and prowess out-hero Baron Munchausen's, and on one occasion he is set

upon by sixteen assassins, whom he overcomes, slaying *en passant* bears, monsters, dragons, and the like.

The valiant "Jack the Giant-Killer," the complacent, boastful little "Jack Horner," "Tom Thumb," and many another nursery hero, were familiar and beloved personages to 17th century children through these odd little chap-books. Some of these chap-books — written with an eye to edify, or, as it would seem to us, to terrify, the small folk — are very curious reading.

By way of compensation, the 17th century child had one book that has ever had a perennial charm for generations of children, as well as for their elders; and the allegory, imagery, and poetry of which have imprinted spiritual truths upon immature minds with an ineffaceable stamp. I mean, of course, the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is in no way necessary here to point out the qualities of this beautiful tale that strike a child's fancy and captivate his imagination, whilst at the same time interesting, satisfying, and delighting the sage and philosopher.

About this book, and the masterpiece of Defoe, which appeared a little later, in the early part of the 18th century, there is a remark to be made. The head masters of some of the London and country public schools have kindly aided me in discovering what books are most popular with modern school-boys, by having an inquiry made upon this point. The boys examined for the most part belong to the middle and upper middle rank, and their sincere, undraped confessions are instructive as well as (to me, at least) astonishing. Three hundred of these lists lie before me, and in only five of their number does the name of Bunyan's wondrous legend occur at all. It is the same with the girls. The head mistress of a large school for girls in the north of London kindly permitted a similar inquisition, with the result that only two little girls out of one hundred and fifty gave in their allegiance to the "Pilgrim's Progress."

But if I turn to the roll-call of stirring names contributed by the older men, I find that the "Pilgrim's Progress" has frequently, if not invariably, a place of glory. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. W. E. Lecky, Mr. Walter Besant, Prof. Dowden (who says, "I had a

good deal of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' by heart before I was eight"), Mr. Leslie Stephen, all read the book closely, and loved it dearly in "the bright, untroubled days of boyhood."

The second point is still more curious.

Should we not expect the immortal "Robinson Crusoe" to figure in *every* literary calendar drawn up by schoolboys? But that there is a vast proportion of modern schoolboys completely indifferent to "Robinson" must certainly be admitted; for in nearly one half of the papers the book does



MR. JOHN STUART MILL.
Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

not figure at all. Yet what a crowd of illustrious names have repaid their childish debt to Defoe by the praise with which they have done him homage! "Was there ever anything written by mere man," asked Dr. Johnson, "that was wished longer by its reader?" Coleridge philosophizes learnedly about it. John Stuart Mill says: "Amongst the few children's books I had, 'Robinson Crusoe' was pre-eminent, and continued to delight me all through my boyhood."

Listen to what M. Daudet, the creator of Tartarin, the inimitable, says in his letter, which is so gay and graceful that I must transcribe it here as it stands, it is too light and airy to be translatable.

"Alphonse Daudet, auteur des trois Tartarins, de Jack l'Immortel, Le Nabab, Sappho, Lettres de mon Moulin, etc., a fait sa pâture enfantine d'un seul livre: Le Robinson Crusoe. Aujourd'hui encore il retrouve dans le livre de Daniel de Foë ses sensations les plus intenses de terreur (le pied nu sur le sable avec son double fantastique du pied fourchu de Satan et la trace du cannibale,

les yeux luisants du vieux bonc, au fond de la caverne, la surprise du perroquet clamant: 'Robinson, mon pauvre Robinson!') et aussi le charme, comme nulle autre part, du home, de la cabine, du renfermé entouré d'horizons infinis de houles voyageuses. Avec le Robinson, mais bien au dessous, un livre que je n'ai pas relu, M. Le Midshipman Aisé a passionné mon enfance en même temps que Gulliver. Chose singulière, ce sont tous des livres anglais, il y a là le mirage du méridional grandi au soleil dans une ville sans eau et rêvant de voyages, d'îles lointaines. Je compte, du reste, avant peu, consigner dans un joyeux petit livre les premières aventures navales d'un petit méridional qui n'avait jamais vu la mer. Mon livre sera dédié à Robinson."

Legion is the name of the admirers of Defoe, who has had the happiness of writing a story that not only pleased boy critics of the next few centuries, but that also established, and always establishes, a kindly tie between the reader and the author. It is one of the rare books, too, that delight boys of the most diverse temperaments, characters, tastes, and activities, and that appeal equally to the boy Prince and the child of the streets.

The Prince of Wales writes through Sir Francis Knollys that "Robinson Crusoe" was the favourite book of his childhood. It won the early affection of Mr. John Burns, whose tastes in early days seem to have been democratic and catholic, for he writes: "I was an omnivorous reader when a boy, and in the oddest manner varied the 'Penny Dreadful' with Combe's 'Constitution of Man,' an old tattered copy of which I still have and highly prize." Mr. William Rossetti, who has given me a mass of exceedingly interesting details about the favourite books read by Dante

*qui n'avait jamais vu la mer
Mon livre sera dédié à Robinson*

" Respectueusement "

" Alfy. Daudet "

" 31 Rue de Bellechasse "

FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF M. DAUDET'S LETTER.

Gabriel Rossetti in his boyhood, says his brother "liked 'Robinson Crusoe,' but it was not a special favourite." Lord Wolseley read it with "intense delight," as did Professor Huxley and Sir Henry Thompson. This proves — what, indeed, needs no proof — that its fascinating power is not only strong over boys with adventurous longings, or with a scientific turn of mind — not the least enchanting portion of "Robinson Crusoe" is that concerned with the manipulating of tools — but equally also over boys in whom the artistic faculty predominates.

Mr. Santley heads his list of favourite books with "Robinson Crusoe," whilst it proved no less seductive to Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist, Mr. Lecky, the historian, and to "Mark Rutherford," one of the great living prose writers.

To set against the majority, however, Professor Dowden makes no mention of "Crusoe," but refers to "Masterman Ready" and "The Children of the New Forest," which "were a great delight."

Neither Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, nor Mr. Ruskin give it any place of favour. Mr. Alfred Austin, after remarking that books with some literary value from an early age aroused in him most emotion, adds, "though, as a matter of course, one had one's share of traditional delight in 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

It will be seen, then, that though in the early part of the 18th century no story-books had been written especially for youthful comprehension, children had no lack of precious and enchanting volumes, mainly of allegory, fable, and adventure, amongst which "Gulliver's Travels" must not be forgotten.

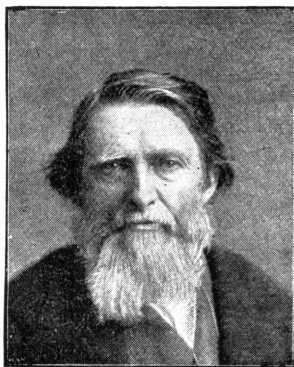
About the middle of the century, however, it occurred to a "philanthropic" publisher (so he is strangely called by Goldsmith in the "Vicar of Wakefield"), one Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, to bring out a series of juvenile books at an inexpensive price, many of them costing but one penny. This was in 1765, and from that time onward children's literature has formed a regular branch of the publishers' and authors' trade. Many of these little books, illustrated by Bewick and other well-known artists, contained abridged stories of famous novels; and "Tom Jones," "Don Quixote," and "Gil

Blas" (one supposes very much abridged) appeared in the series. But most of the stories are very different in thought and sentiment to the above, and are indeed unbearably didactic in intention and treatment. The chief aim of the writers appears to be the humiliation of the child hero or heroine who figures in the books, and of children in general; this being brought about by the exhibition on every conceivable occasion of the superior wisdom and virtues of the mammas and governesses. Perhaps even this standpoint is preferable to that of some of the modern books, where it is the little boy in a velveteen suit whose wit, repartee, and the rest, soften the heart of his brutal grandfather; or a little girl whose disagreeable practice of saying grace at dinner parties, and of singing hymns at odd occasions, vanquishes the scepticism of her worldly papa.

One delightful little book that came out in the Newberry series related the "Adventures of Goody Two Shoes," and has been generally attributed to Goldsmith. It is full of humour and sly little touches. But what boundless patience these liliputian readers must have had, and what a prodigious gulf there stretches between children who tolerate such a story as Mrs. Pinchard's "Blind Child" and the exacting little persons of to-day!

Another tiresome book—at least, we have only heard of one little boy, and fortunately a little boy of genius, who confesses he was fond of it—was Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy." Mr. Ruskin (writes Mrs. Severn from Brantwood) says his favourite book when he was ten years old was the "Arabian Nights"; up to then, and indeed always as a child, his chief favourite was Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy." The children in Miss Edgeworth's stories are, however, simpler and healthier than some of the creations of her predecessors; and "Simple Susan," which Scott declared brought tears into his eyes, is really a charming story, but not, I should fancy, appreciated by grown-up readers.

Her other well-known story, "Rosamond," has received high praise in various quarters, and Miss Charlotte Yonge tells me it was a great favourite of hers; but whether it be wise to endow your small heroine with such disagreeable model



PROFESSOR JOHN RUSKIN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

parents as Rosamond possessed is doubtful.

It is impossible even to make a passing reference to the numerous books that have come fast and thick since the days of Miss Edgeworth, but a word of notice must fall upon that volume in whose pages many of us spent our most enchanted hours. "There is one book," says Mr. Stevenson in "Memories and Portraits," "more generally loved than 'Shakespeare,' that captivates in childhood and still delights in age—I mean the 'Arabian Nights.'" But what will Mr. Stevenson—who has himself had the rare fortune of turning out a boy's classic—say to this: that out of my three hundred schoolboys, only fourteen have read the Arabian romances? I say read, but to be completely precise I should say named, only it is hard to conceive of a boy reading, and having no passion for, the "Arabian Nights."

Can there be anything more melancholy than that a generation of boys and girls (as for the girls, their tastes are hopeless, and in their lists there is no record of the precious volume at all) should be growing up whose imagination has never been stirred and taken captive by that seductive crowd of geniis, caliphs, and sorcerers, and to whom the sorely-tried Sindbad and Morgiana, and the rest of that captivating gallery, are not familiar and beloved friends? One would like to know, is the volume not placed in school libraries? If not, what is the reason? If so, how comes it that the most vivid, magic, rich, and glowing stories that ever took captive a child's spirit should be uncared for to-day?

Let us see how it is with their elders; and I shall here take the opportunity of presenting the records that they have given me. One may wager with certainty that the Arabian tales will be found in Mr. Gladstone's treasure box; for although the theory that we are essentially the same through life may want modifying, there are few persons with high gifts of imaginativeness

and receptivity who have not shown something of the same qualities in their earlier days.

Mrs. Drew writes on behalf of her illustrious father (Mr. Gladstone): "His favourite books at the age of nine and ten were 'Scott's Novels,' 'Froissart's Chronicles,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the 'Arabian Nights.' My own," adds Mrs. Drew, "at the same age were, first and foremost, the 'Arabian Nights,' also 'Stories from Froissart,' 'Hans Andersen,' and the 'Daisy Chain.'"

The only omission that produces a little surprise is Shakespeare's plays, but the age limit of ten explains this; and as I afterwards raised the limit to thirteen, it must be borne in mind when contrasting with the lists of others.

"Froissart's Lives" were much in favour with boys at the beginning of this century. The history is said not to be especially accurate, and perhaps statesmen and historians, and a certain order of matter-of-fact people to whom precision is necessary, might suffer injury from the perusal; but right-minded boys should delight in them, for there is killing and fighting on every page.

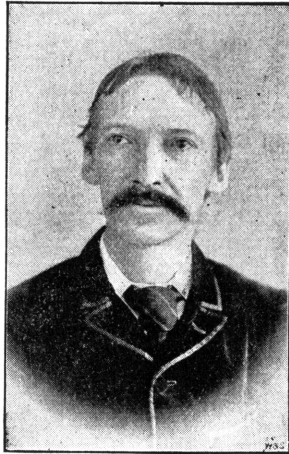
Lord Salisbury writes with characteristic modesty that he "has very little information to give upon the subject, except what may seem of a very commonplace kind. His favourite

books, as near as he can recollect, were Walter Scott's novels, the earlier novels of Dickens, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, and Shakespeare's plays."

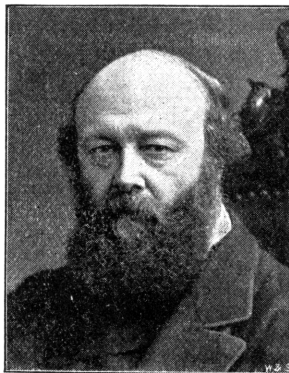
Romance, adventure, and poetry: here is a varied feast, and what a host of honourable and heroic figures are seated round the board!

Those who love to trace something of the look and ways and bearing of maturity in the child will examine the next three lists with interest. One little point—though one advances with caution, for it

would not be wise to build any elaborate theory upon it or make any deductions therefrom without far wider evidence than I have been able to collect here—that strikes me here



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From a Photo. by Falk, Sydney.



LORD SALISBURY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

is this. The majority of robust lads, however greatly they distinguish themselves in after life in science, statesmanship, surgery, or other fields of action, have much the same tastes in reading, and it is the clatter of horse-shoes, the rattle of musketry, and all the stir of adventure and battle-field, that enchain their fancy.

Exceptions there may be, as Lord Wolseley's letter shows, but on the whole this applies. Now, it may be mere chance, but it would appear as if with men of letters it is not so. There would seem to be some fine literary instinct implanted in their breasts which makes itself felt in the beginning of life.

Scott, whilst he was still a child, sleeping in his mother's dressing-room, speaks of the rapture with which he sat up in his shirt reading "Shakespeare" by the light of the fire in her apartment; and Pope speaks of the ecstasy with which, as a little fellow, he pored over the "Faërie Queene."

Mr. William Rossetti—who shared the literary tastes of his famous brother, the childhood of the two being passed together—writes: "My brother read with more zest and personal preference than I did; I perhaps showed more perseverance. He had very little liking for books in the nature of history or biography; and my sister Christina, to whom I was chatting the other day about this matter of books, was very little of a reader in early years, and has never been exactly 'bookish.' She tells me that at the age of nine or so she was particularly fond of Hone's 'Every-Day Book,' which was also a great favourite of my brother's. My sister adds it was in 'Hone' that she for the first time saw the name of Keats, and some extracts from his 'Eve of St. Agnes,' which impressed her as singularly beautiful. All three of us were from an early age familiar with 'John Gilpin,' and relished it much.

"My brother, at the age of five or six years, was attracted to 'Hamlet.' It was illustrated by Retzsch, and there were similar copies of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Tempest,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Macbeth.' Only extracts were given, and these he read with great delight. A little later on, his favourite reading was 'Marmion' and other of Scott's poems, as well as one or two of the novels. Byron's 'Siege of

Corinth,' 'Mazeppa,' and the 'Corsair' were favourites. We had a book called 'Martin and Westall's Illustrations of the Bible,' at which he was constantly looking, as well as at the Bible, notably some historical parts of the Old Testament and the Apocalypse.

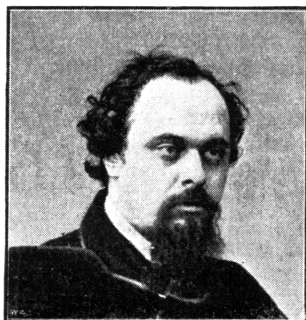
"At the age of eleven or twelve he made a series of pen-and-ink sketches for Pope's 'Iliad.' Our elder sister Maria was immensely enthusiastic about it, and he, also, in a minor degree. He knew at that age in a cursory way and enjoyed Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' of which our grandfather had an illustrated edition; but what delighted him perhaps more constantly than anything else was a series of stories, which came out in cheap numbers with coloured prints, called 'Brigand Tales.' He also read and liked 'Gil Blas,' Goethe's 'Faust,' 'Robinson Crusoe' (which was not a special favourite), some of the more entertaining parts of 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Arabian Nights.'

"He had an edition of Burns, and was familiar with it in a sort of way, but didn't take to the poetry as such. Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare' was a good deal in his hands, but not, I think, at all relished. He was very fond of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and knew something of 'Pickwick,' but I don't think he took much to the last named."

The rest of the list is, unfortunately, too long to enumerate here, but I notice the "Newgate Calendar," which was much read about ten and eleven, and as early as nine; "Rienzi," which was a *great* favourite; "Gay's Fables," the prints of which were possibly the greatest attraction to him; and "Ada," which was a great favourite, and was about a mysterious murder.

Miss Rossetti's favourite volumes also were "Scott's Poems" and the "Arabian Nights." Her brother adds:—

"Our mother was a very religious woman and most careful parent; but she never dosed us much with goody-goody books. The 'History of the Fairchild Family' was not with any of us at all a favourite. Among short poems we all three cherished were 'Casabianca' and 'Chevy Chase.' This, along with the 'Englishman' and the 'Spanish Lady,' seems to have been the only old ballad we knew in those childish years."



ROSSETTI.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Probably, as Mr. Rossetti points out, inherited tendencies had no little influence on the taste of these gifted children, for their father had written a great deal of poetry on Italian patriotic subjects, with which they were familiar.

But what a wonderful list it is! What a rich array of the greatest names, what high and rare atmosphere for boyhood to grow up in! Keep that scroll, admit it into your memory, and then glance at a few lists sent in by the boys of to-day. Here are three taken at random from the pile that lies before me :—

“The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,” by Mark Twain; “The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,” by Mark Twain; “Tom Brown’s School Days”; “Dropped from the Clouds,” by Jules Verne; “Three Men in a Boat”; “A Robbery Under Arms.”

“The Boys’ Own Paper”; “Strand Magazine”; “The Amusing Journal”; “Eric, or Little by Little,” editor, Rev. Farrar; “Dick Cheveley”; “The Ludgate Monthly”; “Three Midshipmen”; “Three Lieutenants”; “Three Commanders”; “Three Admirals.”

“Chums” (Cassell’s); “Boys”; “Boys’ Own Paper”; “A Bad Boy’s Diary”; “A Good Boy’s Diary”; “Strand Magazine” (“Sherlock Holmes’ Adventures” and “The Diary of a Doctor”); “Dombey and Son,” “David Copperfield,” “Old Curiosity Shop” (Dickens); “Three Men in a Boat” (not to say anything about the dog); “Boy’s Annual”; “Ludgate Monthly.”

Another poet in whom a feeling for literature showed itself at an early age is Mr. Alfred Austin.

“I do not remember,” he says, “that any story-books, merely as story-books, excited in me the childish emotion that was aroused by works more directly allied to literature; though, as a matter of course, if at a somewhat earlier age, one had one’s share of traditional delight in ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ in ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ no doubt specially edited *virginibus puerisque*, and in Mungo Park’s ‘Travels.’ But my first real experience of enthusiasm in connection with books was when my father read to me the First Canto of ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ and with the sound of the four verses :—

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monar’s rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney’s hazel shade—

I had a sensation never again experienced till I caught my first sight of Italy. No

doubt that opening out of a new world and of a real life occurred somewhat before the period named by you; but I think it awoke, or perhaps only discovered, the preferences that manifested themselves later on. A love of form and sound, in other words, I suppose, of style—however elementary and deficient—henceforward seemed to decide one’s tastes. Hence, Pope’s translation of the ‘Iliad,’ Cowper’s ‘Lines on My Mother’s Picture,’ copious extracts from Byron, Pope’s ‘Eloisa to Abelard,’ the more martial passages from Shakespeare, were associated in one’s reading with Livy, in whom I delighted, especially where that writer—greater, it seems to me, as an orator even than an historian—records the speeches of Roman worthies; with Fénelon’s ‘Télémaque’ and with Bossuet’s ‘Oraisons Funèbres.’

“I was, however, anything but a voracious reader, and I must confess that I then preferred, as I do still, all forms of open-air exercise, and even a certain receptive vacancy of mind, to all the books in the world.”

In the same strain and in strengthening of my theory is the record of one of the living masters of prose, Professor Dowden. After recalling with pleasure “Masterman Ready,” “The Children of the New Forest,” and “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” he says, “with the latter my imagination was caught; and I think I was a little in love with Eva as shown in a picture. Before I was eight I was much impressed by ‘Macbeth,’ and I longed for the complete ‘Shakespeare’ which was locked up in my father’s bookcase. Before I was thirteen I had earned this ‘Shakespeare’ by writing thirty-six short essays, three for each volume, and I still possess the book. It does not contain Shakespeare’s poems, and (as I began to collect early) I remember buying a little copy of the poems, which became a great treasure. When about thirteen I was lucky in coming across Henry Reed’s ‘Lectures on English Literature,’ and this led me on to Wordsworth, in whom I lost myself for years (or, perhaps, found myself for the first time). I read nearly all the ‘Waverley Novels’ in bed during my frequent illnesses as a little boy. I remember that I cared much for Horace’s ‘Odes,’ and got a vivid feeling of the power of style from Tacitus. Among my early favourites were the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ and Goldsmith’s ‘Plays and Poems.’ That excellent book, ‘Télémaque,’ gave me great pleasure, and I believe that it would do so if I read it now. It was, however, quali-

fied by 'Gil Blas.' The only histories I cared to read were of the French Revolution and Napoleonic time."

As characteristic as this of the man of letters is the brief, concise record of a distinguished man of action, Lord Wolseley. The scholarly and (one surmises) peaceful little boy-student reads historical description very likely with a single eye to vividness and picturesqueness of writing; but the miniature warrior, already inspired with the martial spirit, cares for none of these things—he is already the true soldier, and his country is the animating centre of his thoughts.

"When a child of the age you mention," writes Lord

Science in this little essay of mine is honourably represented by Sir Henry Thompson and Professor Huxley, and by a curious coincidence the three first-named books in each list are the same: The "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels."

To this Sir Henry Thompson adds: "'The Wars of the Jews and the Destruction of Jerusalem' was an enormous favourite, and made a great impression on me, as did also" (and here, at any rate, we suspect the modern schoolboy will be in sympathy with him) "the Eton Latin Grammar, the most hateful production in the form of a school book that I ever encountered in

my life, seeing that it was forced upon me as a daily companion before I was six years old!"

Professor Huxley says: "I am not sure that my memory of sixty years ago is very trustworthy; but in addition to the books named, 'Mungo Park's Travels' (I was long set on emulating that worthy) and the stories in

*It was love of country ^{more than} ~~love~~ love
of heroes which filled my mind
& excited my interest & enthusiasm.
Very truly yours
Wolseley*

FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF LORD WOLSELEY'S LETTER.

Wolseley, "I read with intense interest 'Æsop's Fables,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Captain Cook,' and 'Commodore Anson's Voyages,' and all the stories of naval and military adventure with which the pages of old 'Peter Parley' were then filled. But I didn't care for the heroes of other nations. Nelson and King Alfred, who were the great heroes of my boyhood, would have had no particular interest for me had they not been Englishmen. It was love of country more than love of heroes which filled my mind and excited my interest and enthusiasm."

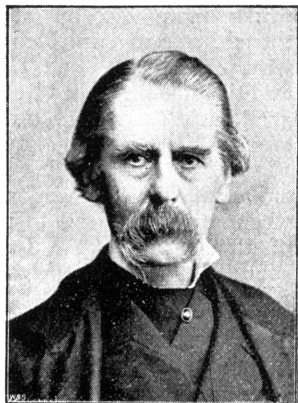
What a delightful picture this brings before one's mind of little Master Wolseley meeting, we will say, a French schoolboy, twice his size, at some foreign watering-place, and vindicating the national honour of which he is already jealous, and the brightness of which he has helped to sustain.

the Bible, particularly the Apocrypha, are visible in the mist. Our repertory was very limited in comparison with that of the modern child."

One is tempted to wonder whether any of the books that schoolboys are reading to-day will so deeply have stamped themselves upon their minds and imaginations that sixty years



LORD WOLSELEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

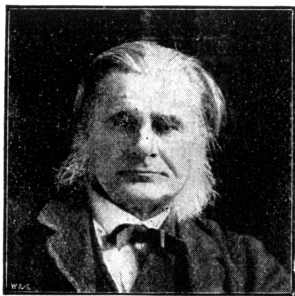


SIR H. THOMPSON.
From a Photo. by Watery.

hence the familiar names and scenes will also come out of "the mist." Is it possible that any enduring impression can be made on a child's plastic mind if the volume

"Byron's Poems," "The Lady of the Lake," and Homer's "Iliad." Scott's novels and Fenimore Cooper's were the chief delight of Mr. G. F. Watts at the age of nine.

*One respecting was
very limited in comparison
with that of the modern
child -*



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

*Very
sincerely
Yours
H. Huxley*

FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LETTER.

be read but once and then replaced by something more exciting—or, to use the more exact word, by something more sensational?

There is one book—I should not have to chronicle its absence had it been possible to reach Samoa within reasonable time—which to my astonishment appears neither in the reading of the boys of to-day nor in those of a bygone past: and it would be left out in the cold altogether were it not for the homage of one woman—fortunately of sufficient rare distinction to make the homage of worth; for it is Madame Patti, whose favourite book as a child was "Monte Christo."

Miss Ada Rehan, who has won distinction in another field of art, was fondest of "fairy tales and Tennyson."

Mr. Santley's boyish favourites include "Robinson Crusoe," numberless books of adventure, Shakespeare's plays, and many old plays. Mr. W. E. Lecky's catalogue includes

The "old plays" seem hardly appropriate pasturage for little boys to browse upon, and the same objection may have risen in the minds of many older persons as they have

perused some of the records given here. I once put a question bearing upon this matter to Mr. Walter Bessant, whose own boyish library included most of the classics I have named.

"I read all the Restoration plays as a



MR. LECKY.
From a Photo. by Barrauld.

boy, and I don't think they did me any harm. The fact is, I didn't understand the improprieties; most boys don't until they have been to a public school. When I was a small boy there used to call upon our family a very important relative, a prim, decorous old lady, who looked with great suspicion on our reading anything except books written especially for children about children, mostly of the priggish kind that die early. I remember once when she came, I was sitting in a corner reading one of Scott's. I don't remember which" (it was "Peveril of the Peak"), "but I came to that passage about Charles II. being the father of many subjects, where Buckingham says: 'the father of many,' and though I didn't in the least understand the significance, something in the sentence diverted me, and I burst out laughing. The solemn relative and some other decorous people asked what the mirth was about, whereupon I delightedly read out the passage. My humour, or rather Scott's, was received in complete silence, which, though it didn't damp my spirits, considerably puzzled me."

Perhaps the moral that is most driven home to one, or, at any rate, to the humble writer of this, is that bad books so-called—meaning books dealing openly with the relations of men and women and with matters of the world—do not much harm a clean-minded little boy.

Of much greater import, so it seems to me, is the vulgarity of style and sentiment of many of the books favoured by modern boys. There are books—I will not advertise them more than I can help—recurring again and again, whose distinguishing characteristics are certain cheap qualities that should recommend them to the servants' hall, but nowhere else. The strain of commonness in humour, the

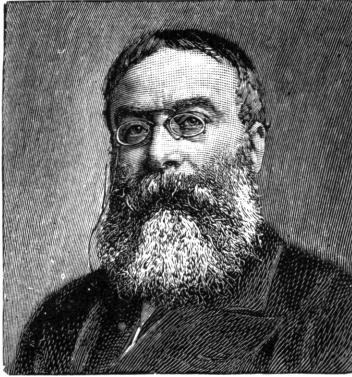
vulgarity of the style, the complete absence of anything imaginative, or high, or heroic, that can inspire and animate and unconsciously educate a boy, are so marked, that it is a marvel that parents should permit such literature in the school-room; and their popularity is the severest commentary on the national demoralization of literary feeling.

Again, although several of the books of adventure and historical romance seem written with a wholesome breeziness (Henty's are a notable instance), is it not a pity that a race of children should grow up completely unfamiliar with the masterpieces of English romance?

If these preferences are typical and representative, as I believe they are, we

can no longer cherish the belief that Scott retains his hold over youth. Here and there a boy reads "Ivanhoe," and more rarely still "The Talisman"; but of all that long gallery of beloved figures enshrined in our memories—of Guy Mannering, of the Dominie, of Cleveland, Locksley, Quentin Durward, Major Dalgetty, Claverhouse, and the rest—these boys and girls know nothing. If stories of high purposes and brave passions have any meaning and influence, one would almost feel disposed to say, "To have read and loved Scott is a liberal education"; and Sir Henry Thompson will agree that it is to be gained in a pleasanter school than that of the Latin grammar.

In a few years hence these chubby-faced, bright-eyed little lads will be playing their parts, ill or well, in the theatre of life, and the play, the troubles, the delights of boyhood, will have passed for ever. But more enduring are the influences, the memories, and the associations of life's morning, and they cannot be set in too high and heroic a measure.



WALTER BESANT.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



THE DYNAMITER'S SWEETHEART.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

“**T**HE only thing known about her with certainty,” said the papers next morning, “is that the wretched woman was an associate of the man Laminski, who is believed to have been the real author of this atrocious outrage. She lodged in the same house with him in the Boulevard St. Michel; she worked at the same studio; the relations between them are described as most cordial; and it is even said that she was engaged to be married to him. By this fortunate disaster society is well rid”—but, there, you know the way the papers talk about these things, and how very little reason there is, as a rule, in all they say of them.

Let me tell you the true story of that sweet little American woman.

She was small and slight: one of those dainty, delicate, *mignonne* New England girls, with shell-like ears and transparent complexions, who look as if they were made of the finest porcelain, yet spring, Heaven knows how, out of rough upland farm-houses. It was in her native Vermont that the hunger of art first came upon Essie Lothrop. You must know America to know just how it came, seizing her by the throat, as it were, one day, among the cows and the apple-harvest, at sight of some early Italian pictures engraved in a magazine. From her childhood upward, to be sure, Essie had drawn pictures for her own delight with a plain lead

pencil; drawn the ducks, and the lambs, and the wild orange-lilies that ran riot in the woods; drawn them instinctively, without teaching of any sort, for pure, pure love of them. But these early Italian pictures, then seen for the first time, crossing her simple horizon on the hills of Vermont, roused a fresh fierce thrill in that eager little breast of hers. She had heard of art, from a distance, as a thing glorious and beautiful, which sprang far from New England. Now those four or five wood-cuts in the magazine suggested to her mind unknown possibilities of artistic beauty. She said to herself at once, “I must know these things. I must see them with my eyes. I must live my life among them.”

From that day forth it became a fixed idea with Essie Lothrop that she should go to Paris and study painting. Where Paris was, what Paris could do for her, she only guessed from the meagre details in her common-school geography. But with American intuition she was somehow dimly aware that if you wanted an artistic education, Paris was the one right place to go for it.

“Paris!” her father cried, when she spoke of it first to him, in the field behind the barn; “why, Essie, do tell! That’s whar folks are allus gettin’ up revolootions, ain’t it? An’ I guess them furriners is most all Papishes.”

“But it’s the place to study art, father,” Essie cried, with her big eyes wide open.



"I MUST KNOW THESE THINGS."

"And I mean to study art, if I have to die for it."

She didn't know how prophetic a word she had spoken.

Thenceforth, however, life meant but one thing to Essie Lothrop. She lived in order to work for the money which would take her to study art in Paris. She was sixteen when that revelation came upon her: she was twenty when she found herself, alone and a stranger, in the streets of the wicked, unheeding city.

Not that she thought it wicked. Essie was too innocent to have any fears in committing herself to the unknown world of Paris. With true American guilelessness, she considered it perfectly natural that a girl of twenty should hire a room for herself, *au cinquième*, in the Boulevard St. Michel, and should present herself as a student at Valentin's studio.

She had learned a little French beforehand in her remote New England home; learned it direct from a book, with just a hint or two as to pronunciation from an older and wiser companion; but she had so much of that strange natural tact which Heaven has been pleased to bestow on New England girls,

that she spoke tolerably well even at the very first outset, and quickly picked up a fair Parisian accent in the course of a week or two. Sometimes these frail and transparent-looking Yankee girls have mind enough to do anything they choose to undertake, and certainly Essie Lothrop spoke French at the end of three months with a fluency and purity that would have made most Englishmen stare with astonishment.

There was joy at Valentin's the first morning when Essie made her appearance. Slight, smiling, demure, with her American ease and her American frankness, she took the fancy of all the men students at once.

"She is good," they said, "the little one!"

When she dropped her brush, it was Stanislas Laminski who picked it up and handed it back to her. She accepted it with a smile, the perfectly courteous and good-humoured smile of the girl who had come fresh from her Vermont fields to that great teeming Paris, who knew no middle term between her native village and the Boulevard St. Michel. She thought no evil. To her, these men were just fellow-students, as the Vermont boys had been in the common-school of her township. She took their obtrusive politeness as her natural due, never dreaming Jean and Alphonse could mean anything more by it than Joe and Pete would have meant in her upland hamlet.

"Is she droll, the little one?" the men students said at first, when she gravely allowed them to carry her things back for her to her room *au cinquième*, and even invited them in with smiling grace to share her cup of tea—those noisy youths, who lived upon nothing but cigarettes and absinthe. They looked at one another shamefacedly, and stifled their smiles; then they answered: "*Merci, mademoiselle*, we do not drink tea. But we thank you from the heart for your amiable hospitality."

They bowed and withdrew, Laminski last of all, with a side glance over his shoulder. Then, when they reached the bottom of the five flights of stairs, they burst out laughing simultaneously. But it was a deprecatory laugh. "Is she innocent, the American? She asked us to tea! Hein, Jules, my boy! hein, Alphonse! that was a rich one, wasn't it?"

But Laminski lingered behind, and looked up at her window.

As for Essie, she sat down, not one atom abashed, to think over her first day's adventures in the studio. An English girl under the circumstances would have been terribly oppressed by a vague sense of loneliness. But Essie was not. It is the genius of her countrywomen. She sat down and smiled to herself at her day's work, contentedly. What nice, friendly young men they had all been, to be sure, and how polite they had seemed to her! And Valentin himself had looked approvingly at her first essay, and had muttered to himself, "She will do, the little one." How delicious to be really in Paris, where men and women learn art, and to feel yourself in touch with all those great masters in the Louvre and the Luxembourg!

Essie was quite at home at once, as she brewed her tea, and drank it by herself in her room *au cinquième*. Only, she was half sorry to be quite alone that first afternoon; what a pity those good-looking, nice-mannered young men hadn't really dropped in to share a friendly cup with her!

Next morning she was back at the studio early, neat and demure as ever, her golden hair wound up in the most artistic coil with charming freedom, and her sweet child's face beaming innocent welcome to the men as they entered. The girls looked more coldly at her, and gave her a stiff bow; but only that second day. Before a week was out they understood "the American," and vaguely felt that though her code of proprieties was quite other than their own — she came without a chaperon — yet she was entirely *comme il faut*, and a dear little thing into the bargain also. They never interfered with her; they let her come and go, recognising the fact that, after all, Americans were Americans, and "que voulez-vous, ma chère? C'est comme ça là-bas, allez!"

Valentin approved of her.

"That child will go far," he said sometimes, confidentially, to Stanislas Laminski.

"She has talent, do you see? Talent! bah, she has genius. She has learnt nothing, of course; but she will learn; she is plastic. There's more originality in that child's little finger than in all that fat Kérouac's Breton body. Ah, yes, she will go far, if you others leave her alone. She is innocent, the little one; respect her innocence."

Laminski sat next her and painted by her side. He did his best to help her. Often he pointed out to her when things she did were technically wrong; set her right in her drawing, corrected her first crude ideas of colour. Essie, living for art, put her head on one side and drank it all in eagerly. She was docile like a child; she saw these men knew more about it than she did, and she was anxious to profit as far as possible by their instruction. Laminski liked her;



"HE DID HIS BEST TO HELP HER."

she was so small and so pretty. Like a dainty little flower, Laminski thought to himself. With an artist's eye, with a poet's heart, how could he help admiring her?

One afternoon he walked home with her, and carried her things for her. At the top of the stairs, she turned and took them from him,

smiling. "Will you come in and rest awhile, monsieur?" she asked, with her innocent frankness. Laminski hesitated. The others were not by. After all, what harm? Why not accept that innocent invitation in the spirit in which she gave it?

He stammered out a vague acquiescence. Essie flung open the door and preceded him into the room. It was a bedroom of the common Parisian Jack-of-all-trades sort, with the bed huddled away into a niche in the background, and the rest of the apartment furnished like a *salon*. Essie waved him to the sofa. He seated himself on it, gingerly, very close to the edge, as if half afraid of making himself too comfortable. Essie noticed it and laughed. "But why so?" she asked, merrily. Then her eye fell on an envelope on the table close by. "Ah! a letter from Dicky!" she cried, and took it up and opened it.

"And who is Dicky?" Laminski asked, gazing hard at her, inquiringly.

"My brother," Essie answered, devouring the letter. "He tells me all about our farm, and my father, and the chickens."

The young man leaned back and watched her respectfully with a stifled smile, till she had finished reading it. She went through with it unaffectedly to the end, and then laid it down, glowing. Laminski was charmed at so much natural simplicity.

"Dicky tells me all about our pets at the farm," she said, simply; and to Laminski the mere mention of the farm was delicious in its *naïveté*. "He tells me about my ducks, and how our neighbour has broken his arm, and that Biddy, the servant" (at home she would have said "the hired girl") "is engaged to be married."

Then she felt amused herself, to observe how formal all these domestic details of Vermont society sounded, even in her own ears, when one made French prose of them. But to Laminski, they were still stray breaths of Arcadia.

"I suppose you Russians can hardly understand what America's like," she added, after a pause, just to keep conversation rolling; "but we Americans love it."

Laminski started back like one stung. "Mademoiselle!" he cried, angrily.

"What have I done?" Essie asked, drawing away in surprise. "What have I said? Why do you start? Surely we Americans can love America?"

"*A la bonne heure!*" he answered, gazing hard at her in a strange way. "But why treat me like this? Why call me a Russian?"

"I thought you were one, from your name," Essie replied, taken aback. "Isn't Laminski Russian?"

"Thank Heaven, no," the dark young man answered, with a fierce flash of the eyes. "I'm a Pole. mademoiselle, and, like all good Poles, I hate and detest Russia. Call me a Chinaman, if you will, a negro, a monkey; but not a Russian."

"But isn't the Czar your Emperor, too?" Essie inquired, innocently. She was too unversed in European affairs to understand that a Pole could differ from a Russian otherwise than as a Californian differs from a New Englander.

Laminski suppressed an oath. Then he went on to explain to her in brief but sufficiently vigorous terms the actual state of feeling between Poles and Russians. Essie listened with the intent interest of the intelligent American; for, as a rule, with the average Yankee, you may feel pretty sure of finding that he is absolutely ignorant of any piece of information you may desire to impart to him, but eagerly anxious to know all about it. A great desire to learn and capacity for learning co-exist with an astounding want of information and culture.

"Then you are a Catholic?" Essie said, at last, after listening to his explanation with profound interest.

The young man gazed at her with an expression of amused surprise. "I am of whatever religion mademoiselle prefers," he answered, courteously—"except only the religion of the accursed Russians."

"I don't understand you," Essie said, much puzzled. Such easy-going gallantry was remote, indeed, from the sober, God-fearing New England model.

Laminski smiled again. "Well, we advanced politicians in Europe," he said, twirling his black moustache, "don't, as a rule, belong to any religion in particular—unless it be the religion of the ladies who interest us."

"Oh, how very sad," Essie replied, looking hard at him, pityingly. "But perhaps you may see clearer in time."

"Perhaps," Laminski answered, with a curious puckering of the corners of his mouth. "Though I hardly expect it."

"Will you take some tea?" Essie asked, just to relieve the tension. For the first time in her life she was dimly aware of that barrier of sex which she had never felt with the young men in Vermont. But these European men are so strange and so different! They always make you remember, somehow, that *they* are men and that *you* are a woman.

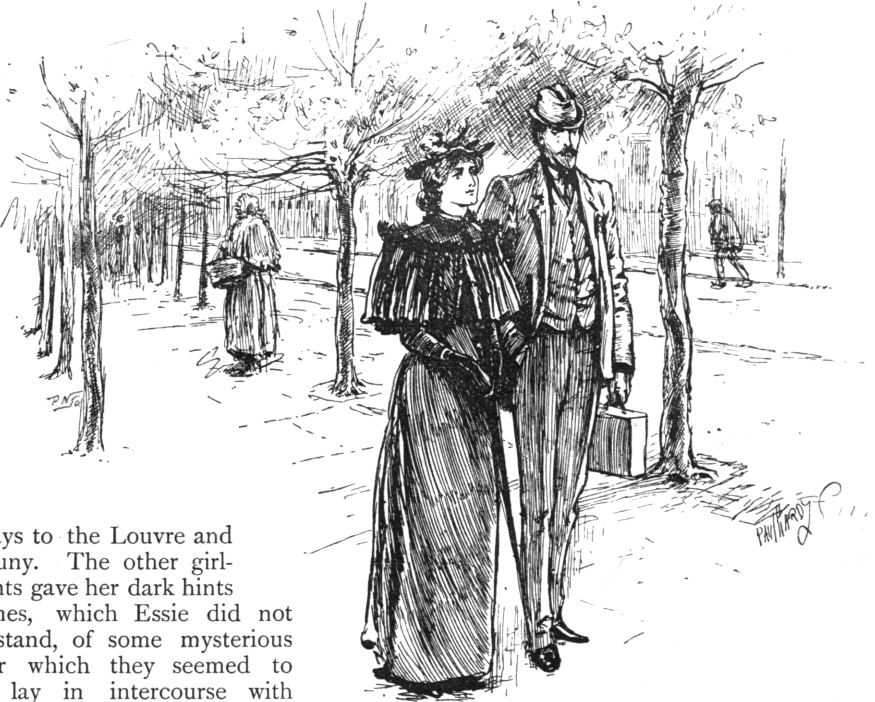
"Thank you," he replied ; "mademoiselle is very good." And he sat looking on while Essie prepared it.

When it was ready, he tasted it. He had drunk tea in quantities when he was a boy near Warsaw, but never since the first day he came to Paris. "How innocent it is!" he exclaimed, as he tasted it. And Essie stared again, not knowing what to make of him.

From that day forth, it was the gossip of the *atelier* that Laminski had his eyes upon the little American. He walked home with her daily ; he took her to *cafés* more reputable than was his wont ; he escorted her on

The strangest part of it all was that the men themselves were silenced by her innocence. "*Chut!* Not a word of that!" *gros Kérouac* would exclaim, to the laughing group around him as Essie entered ; "here comes the little one!" and, instantly, a demure silence fell on the noisy crowd ; or if they laughed after that, they laughed at something where Essie's own silvery voice could join them merrily.

"As for Laminski, he is reformed," Alphonse said more than once, with a shrug, to Jules. "You would not know that man. He half forgets the Dead Rat, and hasn't been seen for fifteen days at Bruant's."



"HE WALKED HOME WITH HER DAILY."

Sundays to the Louvre and to Cluny. The other girl-students gave her dark hints at times, which Essie did not understand, of some mysterious danger which they seemed to think lay in intercourse with Laminski, or, for the matter of that, with any of the other men who frequented the studio. But the dark hints glided unnoticed past Essie. Clad in her triple mail of New England innocence, she never even guessed what the hinters were driving at. These men were gentlemen (as Essie understood the word), students of art like herself ; and why should a self-respecting girl be afraid or ashamed of accepting their kind escort to the *café* or the theatre? She walked unharmed through the midst of that strange, unconventional Bohemian Paris, as unconventional as itself, by dint of pure innate goodness and simplicity.

Month by month went on, and indeed a strange change came over Laminski. He stopped away more and more from the *cafés chantants* and the open-air balls ; he was found continually till late hours of the evening at Essie Lothrop's apartment. "And mind you," said Alphonse, "what is strange, it is all for the good motive. Laminski reformed ! Is it a good one, that? Take my word for it, comrades, he will marry her, at church, and settle down into a *brave bourgeois*."

Meanwhile, Essie painted. Oh, how Essie

painted! Valentin's heart rejoiced. Since Marie Bashkirtseff, no *atelier* in Paris had had such a promising woman pupil. And Laminski painted, too; the pair of them, side by side: she, with grace and refinement; he, with fiery force and Slavonic vigour.

At last, the other students began to murmur that if that went much further, *allons!* that would end by compromising the little one. Laminski's brow clouded when they spoke these things darkly; and when Laminski was angry, it boded no good to anyone. However, in order that nobody should ever say he was seen too often coming down the stairs of that angel's house, he adopted an excellent and saving device: he removed from madame's, that Bohemian pension, and took a room *au sixième*, just above Essie's, in the self-same house in the Boulevard St. Michel. Sacred name of a dog, nobody can blame a man for being seen at night about his own apartments.

And then, he employed his spare hours at night by painting Essie as Ste. Geneviève in a great historical composition.

What wonder that Essie Lothrop fell in love with him? All men are human; still more, all women. He was so handsome, so clever, so fiery, so incomprehensible, so utterly unlike the young men in New England. That very incomprehensibility was a point in his favour; it appealed to woman's love of the mysterious and the infinite. Besides, Alphonse was right; strange to say, Laminski meant it all for the good motive. The more he looked at her, the more vividly did he feel that fate, blind fate, was drawing him against his will to marry that pure and beautiful girl—to marry her at church, like any ordinary *bourgeois*.

They never exactly arranged it. It grew up between them imperceptibly. As he painted her in her simple white robe as Ste. Geneviève, they found themselves addressing one another as Essie and Stanislas, "*presque sans le savoir.*"

But step by step, they both of them came to regard it as natural—nay, almost inevitable. Essie admired him unspeakably: and indeed, there was much to admire in Laminski. A man who could paint with such poetical feeling, who could make such sweet fancies breathe upon canvas, must have much that was good in him. And then, his fiery eloquence! Essie loved to hear him, when work was over, pouring forth his untamable Slavonic soul in torrent floods of denunciation against tyrants. She didn't know much about this European world, to be sure, but she had

been taught to believe that tyrants were plentiful as blackberries in Europe. Here in France, of course, we were living under a Republic, which made it almost as good as America. But Russia and Germany, and all those other outlying countries—well, Stanislas told her the Czar was a monster, and she had read Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century*, and could well believe it.

Once or twice a week, however, it was Stanislas's way to go out at night to some mysterious meeting. On such occasions, Essie asked him what society he frequented. Laminski smiled a curiously self-restrained smile, and answered in a somewhat evasive voice that it had something to do with the Friends of Freedom. These Friends of Freedom were often on his lips; Essie didn't exactly know what they were driving at, but she took their plan to be some benevolent scheme for emancipating the people of Poland by touching the hearts of the Russian officials. She fancied they disseminated humanitarian tracts, and in that bland belief she went on, unconcerned, with her painting at Valentin's. It was all very dreadful, no doubt, as Stanislas said, this European tyranny; but, with art at her door, she couldn't pretend to interest herself in politics. Her heart was absorbed in her work and in Stanislas.

Yet she loved his rhetoric. She loved to see him stop in the very act of painting Ste. Geneviève's halo; loved to see him stand, palette on thumb, in his room *au sixième*, and enforce with aggressive and demonstrative paint-brush his angry charge against the crimes of the *bourgeoisie*. Who the *bourgeoisie* might be, Essie didn't quite know, but she understood them to be wicked oppressors of the poor, which, of course, was quite enough to justify Stanislas's righteous indignation. He looked so handsome when he opened the vials of wrath on the heads of the *bourgeoisie* that Essie just loved to see and hear him demolish them. Nothing could be too bad for those wicked creatures, if half of what Stanislas said was true about them.

By-and-by, while Essie was still working at Valentin's, and Laminski was vaguely reflecting upon the ways and means by which at last to marry her, all Paris was startled one memorable morning by the terrible news of an Anarchist bomb-outrage. It was the first that had taken place since Essie's arrival; and it shocked and surprised her. To think people should act with such reckless folly!

At Valentin's that day, when the news



"SHE LOVED HIS RHETORIC."

came in, all was hubbub and excitement. Alphonse and the *gros* Kérouac were distinctly of opinion that Government should do something. Anarchists should be caught and fried in butter. The Gascon surmised that it would be not a bad plan to cut them bit by bit into little square pieces in the Place de la Concorde, as a warning to others. Valentin himself suggested, with grotesque minuteness, that they might be utilized for purposes of artistic study, by slow torture in *ateliers*, as models for gladiatorial pieces or Christian martyrdoms. Only Laminski held his tongue and shrugged his shoulders philosophically. He appeared to be neither surprised nor shocked at the tidings of the outrage. He was interested chiefly in the subsidiary question of what arrests had been made; and when the paper came in—extra special, hot pressed—he glanced at it with some concern, read the names and descriptions of the three workmen "detained on suspicion," and, lighting a cigarette with a nonchalant air, went on with his painting.

At home at the Boulevard St. Michel that evening, Essie spoke with some natural

horror and loathing of this meaningless explosion.

"How detestable," she cried, "to fling a bomb like that, in an open place, where you may injure anybody! So wrong, and so silly! I hope they've caught the wicked people who did it!"

Stanislas gazed at her with deep eyes of tender commiseration. He laid his hand on her golden head.

"My child," he said, caressingly, "you don't understand these questions of politics. How should you, indeed, who are a pure daughter of the people, a child of toil, born in a free land, from brave tillers of the soil, who cast off long since the rotten fetters of tyranny? It is otherwise in Europe. Here we have to fight a hard battle against the strong. We must use such poor arms as tyrants leave us. All is fair in war, and it is open war now between the *bourgeoisie* and the Friends of Liberty. They would kill us if they could;

we will kill them in return for it. You see, it is all a fair field and no favour."

"But, Stanislas," Essie cried, "you don't mean to say you approve of these wretches who maim and destroy innocent women and children? If their bombs only blew up tyrants—I don't know about that; you see, I'm a woman, and I never pretend to understand politics. America, of course, is a free country." (Essie really believed it.) "*We* have no tyrants. And if all you tell me about tyrants is true, I can almost understand how people who have lost their own fathers or sons by the despots' commands, might do anything almost to get rid of such wretches. But this is a Republic, where people are quite free, and I don't know why the Friends of Liberty should want to kill poor, helpless souls, sitting by chance at a *café*—good folks who, perhaps, may hate the tyrants just as much as they do. I don't see the use of indiscriminate revolution."

Stanislas ran his fingers gently over the smooth, bright locks. It was charming to hear her in defence of the *bourgeoisie*. The difference between their natures took his fancy, just as much as it had taken Essie's.

"You don't understand these things, my child," he said, fondling her affectionately. "By-and-by, when you've lived a little longer in Europe, and when I've had time to unfold my ideas to you slowly, you'll take a more sensible view of the matter. But, after all, why discuss it? Sit down in your chair by my side here, little one, and let me go on reading you those lines of Victor Hugo's."

Still, for the next few weeks, in spite of what he said, a vague uneasiness oppressed poor Essie. It was dreadful to think that dear Stanislas, who wouldn't himself have injured a mouse, should seem to palliate, and even to condone, the hateful crimes of these detestable Anarchists. It was dreadful, too, that he should speak of the people who perpetrated such acts by the same name as the one he applied to his own associates, the Friends of Freedom. Moreover, Essie noticed that during those next few weeks, while outrages were attempted in various parts of Paris, Stanislas went out more frequently than ever to his nocturnal meetings. Strange men came and went most mysteriously *au sixième*. It quite distressed her. Dear Stanislas was so good, she knew he could find excuses for the wickedest creatures, and she loved him for his charity. But she urged upon him often that the Friends of Freedom should protest in the strongest possible terms against these hateful crimes that were now being perpetrated every day around them. The more earnestly she spoke, the more did Stanislas smile and pinch her little ear: but he answered gravely that she was quite right, and, if only he knew how, he would do his best to prevent such outrages. Yet what could he say that was of any avail? They worked underground in darkness and silence: not even the police could discover the lairs of these secret conspirators.

So things went on for a week or two. To Essie's great delight, the more she talked about the wickedness of dynamite, the more frankly did Stanislas begin to agree with her. She could quite understand how his poetic mind, misled just at first by its hatred of tyrants, had failed to dwell enough at the earliest outset upon the atrocity of these outrages. But it was all coming home to him. She hoped she had made him feel how wicked these men were, and had enlisted the sympathies of the Friends of Liberty on the side of the poor creatures who sat unthinking in the

cafés or churches which the Anarchists menaced.

At last, one night, a little incident happened which filled Essie's soul with unspeakable forebodings. It was a beautiful spring evening; the horse-chestnuts were in bloom; she leaned out of her window and looked forth upon the boulevard. All the world was promenading. In the distance she saw Stanislas, coming from the direction of the great corner fountain, and by his side another man, with whom he was talking earnestly. How handsome he looked, and how vivid, dear Stanislas: she loved to see him when he talked with such eagerness. She watched them down the road; they approached the house. Stanislas was carrying a basket with singular care. Essie followed them with her eyes till they reached the gateway. She heard them on the stairs, still conversing closely. Pure curiosity impelled her to go to her door which opened upon the landing, and say "*Bonsoir*" to Stanislas. As she looked out, Stanislas's eyes caught hers. He raised his hat mechanically. As he did so, he gave a start. He seemed troubled and disquieted. For a second the basket almost dropped



"STANISLAS WAS CARRYING A BASKET."

from his hands; the other man caught it hastily away, with a gesture of horror not unminged with anger. He said something aloud in Polish, which Essie did not understand. But she knew what it meant, for all that. It meant, "Take care, stupid!" And then, after a pause, "That was a narrow escape, that time!"

Yet even so, she had no glimpse of the truth. She merely felt in some dim way this was a Friend of Liberty, and that Stanislas and he were engaged in animated political discussion. She slunk back, abashed that she should have seemed to dear Stanislas to have been spying and eavesdropping. Her one strong feeling was a feeling of self-reproach for the obvious untimeliness of her awkward intervention.

The man stopped upstairs in Stanislas's room for two long hours; and Essie, listening hard, could hear no voices. That was odd, for, as a rule, when dear Stanislas's friends came, be they Poles or painters, they were noisy enough in all conscience, as she could hear for herself without any need for listening. But this evening, not a sound. What on earth could it mean? Essie's heart stood still. Could they be whispering together? And if whispering, what then? Must not that mean plotting? Plotting to get rid of that terrible Czar? Essie's tender little soul couldn't bear to think of it.

At last the man went. Essie heard Stanislas come to the door to say "Good-night" to him. "Au revoir, camarade!" "Au revoir, Laminski! Courage, mon ami!" and then—the heavy footsteps.

As soon as they had died away, Essie could stand it no longer. She stole quietly upstairs, and knocked a gentle knock at Stanislas's door. There was a moment's pause; then, slowly, hesitatingly, it opened an inch, and through that timid chink a white face looked out at her. Oh, so white and terrified! Who could ever have believed Stanislas Laminski's face could grow in a moment so transformed and unbeautiful? It frightened her to see it. But as for Stanislas himself, after a second's pause he became suddenly calm; his colour returned, and he burst out laughing. It was a foolish laugh, such as often comes upon one in the moment of reaction after a passing terror. "Ho, it's you, then, dear little one?" he cried, much relieved, bundling something away hurriedly, and closing the cupboard door. "You took me by surprise. I thought it was the *concierge*, come to ask for my rent, which I hadn't got ready for him."

Vol. viii.—20.

Essie looked in his face, and knew he was playing with her. But her own self-respect wouldn't allow her to say so to him. She only gave a glance of those innocent eyes, and asked him, earnestly: "Stanislas, you *must* tell me! What had you just now on the stairs in that basket?"

He gazed at her once more with a tender yet mocking smile. "My little one," he said, "it was thus that Eve fell: you have too much curiosity. Eggs, eggs, my dear Essie; and I was afraid of breaking them. See, here is the proof: I've been making an omelette for Lorikoff's supper." And he held up the dish, a small frying-pan, before her.

"Stanislas," she cried, drawing back, "you are deceiving me! I know you are playing with me. You ought to tell me this. I can't think what to make of it."

He laid his gentle hand on her bright head once more. "Essie, darling," he said, "I told you long ago, you don't understand, and will never understand, European politics."

She let him draw her to his side, and kiss her pale and troubled forehead. But that was all. Then she broke away from him, sobbing. With a heavy heart, she rushed downstairs to the lonely solitude of her own little bedroom. For the first time in her life, since she came to Paris, she was aware of her loneliness. Oh! why had she ever left her dear, quiet Vermont to come and study art in this terrible Europe?

All night long she lay awake. Yet even so, she never for one moment suspected the worst. She never once realized it. She only knew that Stanislas had some grave political secret he would not reveal to her, and she feared if she knew it she would greatly disapprove of it.

Next day was Sunday. Stanislas had told her before he would be engaged next morning, and she watched at the window to see him go out—sat and watched, she knew not why, in an agony of foreboding. At last she heard his step, light and resonant, on the staircase. He did not look in as he passed to say "Good-morning." That increased her suspicion, for 'twas Stanislas's way, even when going to his political meetings, to "take his sailing orders," as he playfully phrased it. This time he went rapidly out, without saying a word, and emerged into the street. He was carrying something in the pocket of his coat, nursing it tenderly as he went. Essie's heart stood still. What could Stanislas be bent upon?

She couldn't bear the suspense. She



"THEN SHE BROKE AWAY FROM HIM, SOBBING."

snatched up her hat and hurried eagerly after him.

As for Stanislas himself, he was by no means in a hurry. He strolled gently along, selecting the least crowded side of the street, and carefully avoiding contact with anybody. Essie followed him, unperceived, dogging his steps as he went, but pausing behind the trees that lined the boulevard whenever he looked behind him with a glance of caution. Even now, she hardly knew what it all could mean; she could not believe such horrors of anyone with whom she herself had mixed on terms of affection. Her simple little New England mind could not grasp the full awesomeness of Continental Anarchy.

Laminski crossed the Pont St. Michel, with a careless glance at Notre Dame as he passed, and took his way along the quays of the North Bank, by the least crowded side, in the direction of the Louvre. Essie followed him, breathless. At the corner by St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the man who had spent so long a time with him the night before stood idly lounging. Essie knew him in a moment. As they passed one another, the two men gave a nod of recognition, with a meaning glance. The stranger's eyes seemed to ask, "Is everything ready?" Laminski's answered, mutely, "Yes, ready, quite ready."

They took no further heed of one another; but Essie noticed that when Stanislas had passed on twenty yards or thereabouts, the other man followed him, just as she herself was doing, with an attentive air, as who should say, "I will watch that you do it."

Stanislas turned aside towards the church doors of St. Germain. The bells chimed merrily. People were flocking in and out to mass. Essie stood still and trembled.

Stanislas took a little bottle half imperceptibly between his left finger and thumb, and fumbled for a second with the unseen object in his coat pocket. Then he turned round with a look of recognition and triumph toward the other man in the background. "See here," he seemed to say; "I am keeping our compact." At the very same instant, his eye lighted on Essie. Suddenly his hand faltered; his cheek grew pale; the dare-devil look faded fast out of his eyes, and a terrible fear seemed to come over him at sight of her.

Essie felt she *must* find out what it meant. She rushed up to him imploringly. Stanislas held a long, round cylinder of iron in his hand. With a gesture of fierce love Essie flung her arms round him. His face grew deadly white. He tried to unwind her arms. "Take care, darling!" he cried. "Run as far as you can! If it explodes, it kills you.

It is not for such as you. Go, go; it's loaded!"

He raised his arm to fling it. A bomb! a bomb! Essie knew what it meant now. A ghastly light burst in upon her. These, then, were the methods of the Friends of Freedom! She seized his hand in her horror.

"Stanislas," she cried, wildly, "you shall not do it. You shall not burden your soul

with that awful crime. Though I die, I will save them. Though I die, I will save you." And she caught it in her hands and tore it fiercely away from him.

"Essie, Essie," he shrieked, in an access of mad remorse, "it's going to burst! Fling it away! Fling it away from you!"

But Essie held it still, and rushed out with a sudden thrill of heroic resolve into the wide open space between St. Germain and the Louvre. She waved one arm around. "Danger! Danger!" she shouted.

The crowd, aghast, fell back to left and right. Stanislas rushed after her, and strove to wrench it from her grasp. But just as he approached her, Essie dashed it on the pavement by the rails of the Louvre, well away from the crowd of awe-struck people. Whatever came of it, she would save those innocent lives, she would save that guilty soul from the consequences of its own unholy endeavour.

A crash! A flash! A white cloud of dense smoke! Stanislas Laminski clapped his hands before his face. Essie stood there, immovable. When the cloud cleared away, broken fragments littered the pavement by the rails, and two bleeding corpses lay mangled on the ground — Laminski's and Essie's. Not one other was hurt. She had saved the innocent.

"She meant to set fire to the Louvre," said the papers; "but, owing to a fortunate scuffle with her accomplice, the bomb exploded prematurely."



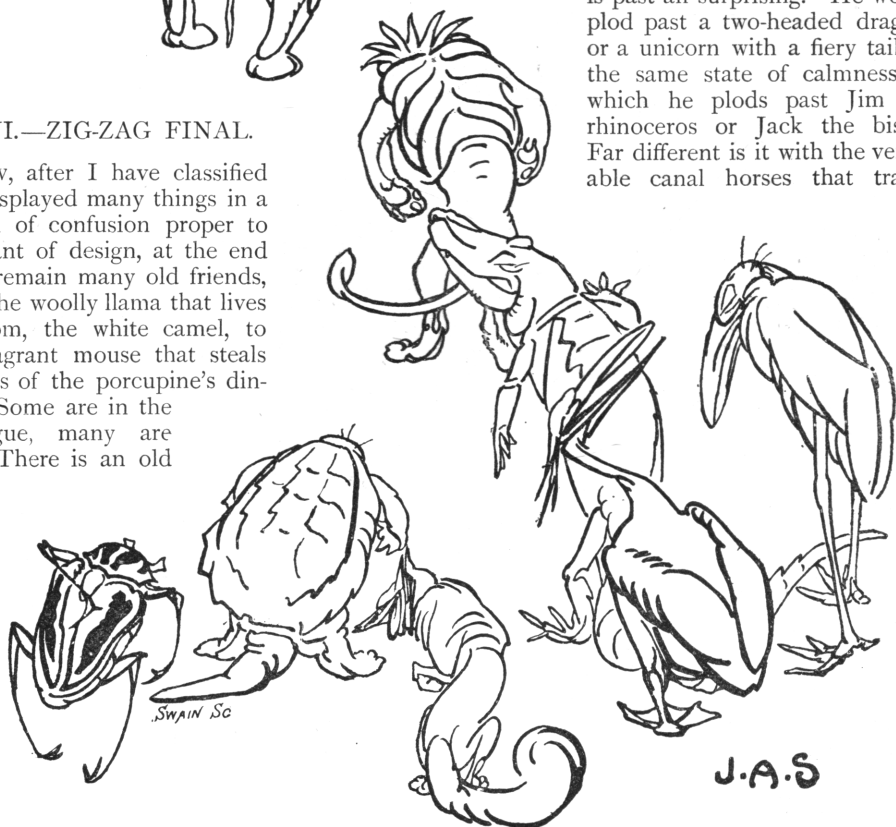
"HE RAISED HIS ARM TO FLING IT."



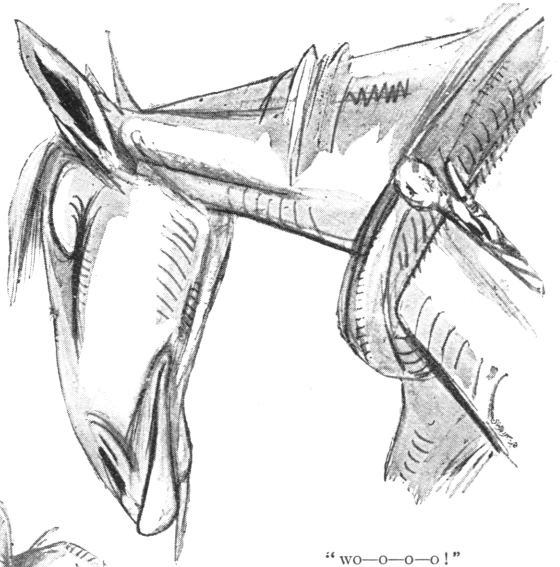
XXVI.—ZIG-ZAG FINAL.

Now, after I have classified and displayed many things in a system of confusion proper to my want of design, at the end there remain many old friends, from the woolly llama that lives by Tom, the white camel, to the vagrant mouse that steals pinches of the porcupine's dinner. Some are in the catalogue, many are not. There is an old

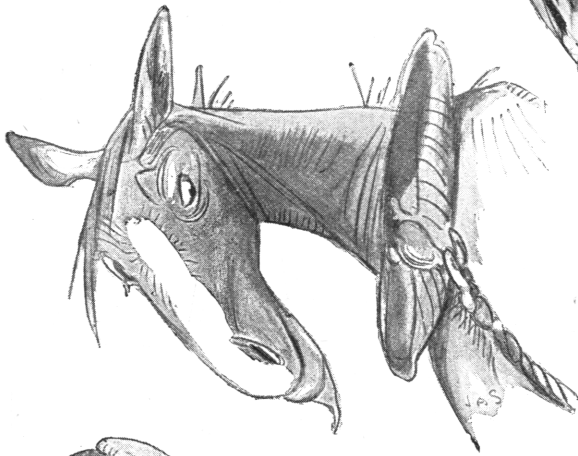
horse that drags a refuse cart, and, having been here for years, is past all surprising. He would plod past a two-headed dragon, or a unicorn with a fiery tail, in the same state of calmness in which he plods past Jim the rhinoceros or Jack the bison. Far different is it with the venerable canal horses that tramp



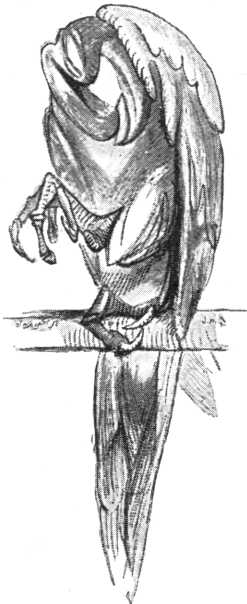
resignedly by the Regent's Canal, where it cuts the Gardens in two. They see nothing, for that costs a shilling, and the Society spend many shillings in fences; but they hear, and most of all they hear the parrots when they hang out for an airing on a warm day. There is a wicked old blue macaw—a fine, big fellow, whose name should be Blue Peter—who tricks the unhappy canal horses all day; shouting "Wo—o—o—o!" at the top of his voice, and chuckling with unholy delight when the angular victim welcomes the opportunity for a rest.



"wo—o—o—o!"

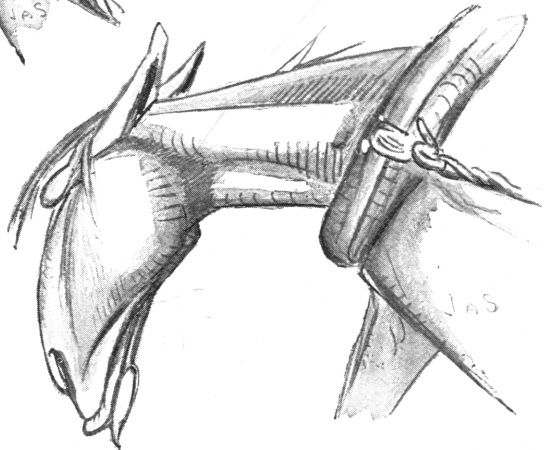


"WHAT! A REST?"



"HAD HIM AGAIN!"

Some creatures there are that are uncatalogued because they hold official positions. Such are Nell, Church's terrier, divers cats, and the matronly old hens that hatch out eggs for rarer birds. The fat importance of one old Cochin hen and the tremendous number and



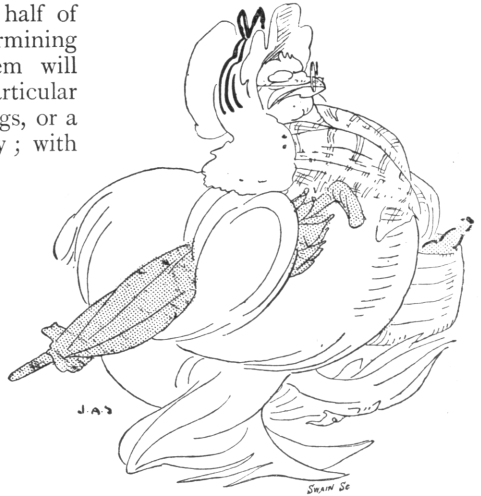
ONLY ANOTHER SELL.

thickness of her garments make out a complete claim on her behalf to be called Mrs. Gamp. Mrs.

Gamp's must be a life of surprises. For a respectable suburban hen of the strictest propriety and the most regular and orderly habits is naturally surprised when a long and conscientious sitting results in a brood of spindly cranes or an ear-splitting choir of laughing jackasses. It shocks her sense of the proper and respectable, and confuses her orderly intellect. For in her suburban intelligence what is eccentric is disreputable, and so she trots

about distracted, half afraid of her family and half of the gallinaceous Mrs. Grundy. The life is undermining her nervous system. No hen's nervous system will stand an eternal uncertainty as to whether a particular egg will turn to a thing all beak, or a thing all legs, or a thing to swim, a thing to run, or a thing to fly; with a reserve possibility that it may turn to a snake or a lizard. There is dignity in Mrs. Gamp's official position, I grant; but it is a wearing work, hatching out a perpetual succession of nightmares.

In the Zoo you may find curiosities on both sides of the bars. On the human side there are, at least, as many as on the other. Maybe a company of sailors, who go to a show for a laugh, and guffaw conscientiously at everything, to the intense scandal of the



MRS. GAMP.



COME FOR FUN.

peculiar felt and straw hats that only he knows how to get; hats often with little cockades of feathers stuck in the sides of the bands. He begins at house number one, and solemnly and diligently broods over each animal in succession, to the very last in house sixty-four. He is fat of face, and usually wears spectacles. Also there is the unhappy elementary school, sternly marshalled in a trotting column and dragged neck and crop through the grounds for the enlargement of their information and the improvement of their beraddled minds; whom the unbending schoolmaster impels over the gravel paths at the pace calculated to get them out of the gate within the time allowed for their free visit; and whose precise acquisitions in zoology on the run, and impressions of the whole business in general, one would rather like to analyze.

But pre-eminent, perkier, cheekier of all things not in



'INTELLIGENT FOREIGNERS.



"NOW THEN! HURRY UP BEHIND THERE!"



"HOW DO, TOMMY?"

the catalogue, is the sparrow. He flies casually to and fro among wolves, tigers, and leopards, with an airy confidence and self-sufficiency that nothing



"AH, JIM, DEAH BOY!"



"MORNIN', DUKE! FEEL CHIPPY?"

ciple that his exalted position carries with it certain social duties which he must not neglect, he makes a flying call on Duke, the Nubian lion, and patronizes



J.A.S

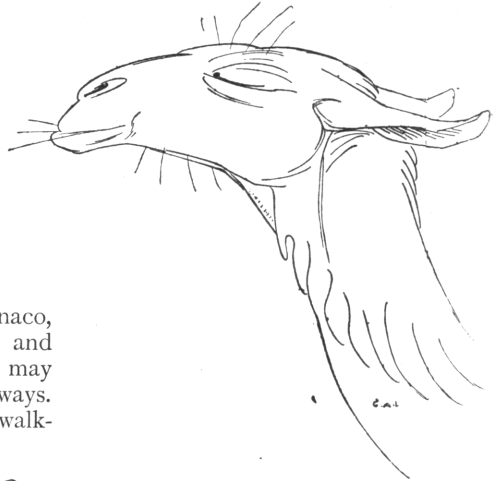


PREPARATION.

rouse his ire in many hundreds of thousands of ways. By wearing a peculiar hat or an ordinary hat ; walk-

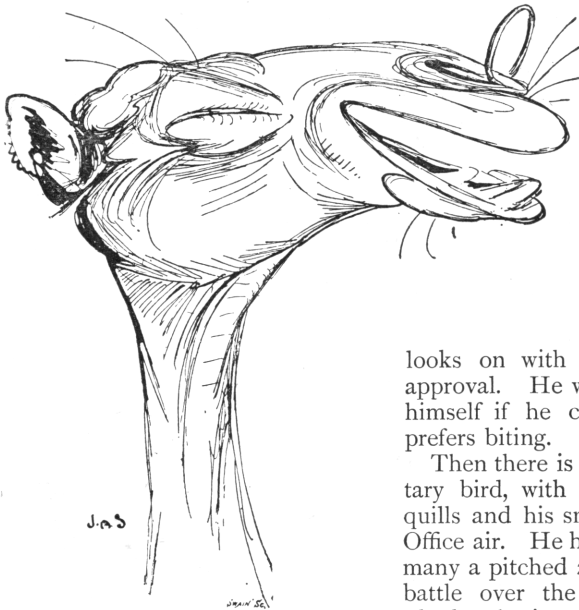
him with the proper grace, suggesting various impossible alterations in regimen by way of improving Duke's digestion and mending his temper. He hops across the Gardens and discusses the prospects of the hay-crop with Jim the rhinoceros, who is dietetically interested in the matter ; then, having swaggered past the retiring mice who assume a residuary interest in Jim's dinner, he hangs about a little at a bar—partly because it is the nobby thing, and partly because of the crumbs—and so across Regent's Park and off to a cricket match at Lord's.

But there are creatures that have not been spoken of in these pages, yet still have respectable positions in the catalogue. Instance the llamas and guanacos. I am not fond of the guanaco. He spits—and with an accurate aim. Take care how you rouse the ire of the guanaco, for he spits suddenly and without warning. You may



EXPECTORATION.

ing quietly or with a swagger, or running or sitting or standing still ; by speaking, shouting, or remaining silent, or by existing in the same world ; and, his ire roused, he promptly spits, while Tom, the wicked old white camel next door,



APPROBATION.

looks on with delighted approval. He would spit himself if he could, but prefers biting.

Then there is the secretary bird, with his many quills and his smart, War Office air. He has caused many a pitched zoological battle over the question whether he is a stork or a hawk ; and his own battles with snakes cover him with

glory and fill him with snake. He struts smartly about, plainly a secretary who knows his business and will stand no nonsense. There are all the stags, finest and largest and most disdainful of all being the wapiti. But a stag is always in a preliminary and incipient state of weeping, in spite of his assumption of



A SMART SECRETARY.

"side," and until he becomes venison is really an uninteresting creature. Some day, perhaps, he will properly make up his mind and have a good cry and get it over. Then he may turn his mind to something else and take a worthy



"SIDE."



THE YAK.

position in society. As it is, the stag at best, if he has any definite character at all, is a hypocrite. He poses as the beautiful, mild, benignant, timid, loving and oppressed creature, and is at heart a savage. Worthy and well-meaning people, with soft hearts and heads of blubber, sob and squeal because he is hunted. He is such a darling, timid, trustful creature, say they, and to hunt him is the act of cowardly brutality. Now, I challenge any of these kind people to approach a group of the mildest park deer, any day late in August, select a

quiet-looking buck, and attempt, in the most friendly way, to pat or stroke him. I am not particular as to the sort of deer—big red deer or little roebuck—but I hope the challenge won't be accepted, because the worthy adventurer will probably experience a dig in the ribs that will cause him a ride home on a hurdle. I say nothing of wilder deer. *Verb. sat sap.* Still, the stag is a characterless creature. There is even more character in the yak, just

opposite, mild creature as it is, with its old womanish air of coddling in its black silk shawl, and its pathetic grunt.

Also there are the Barbary wild sheep, who turn up in all sorts of unexpected corners of the place. There is something truculently timid, savagely mild, about the name of the



SAVAGELY MILD.



NELL.

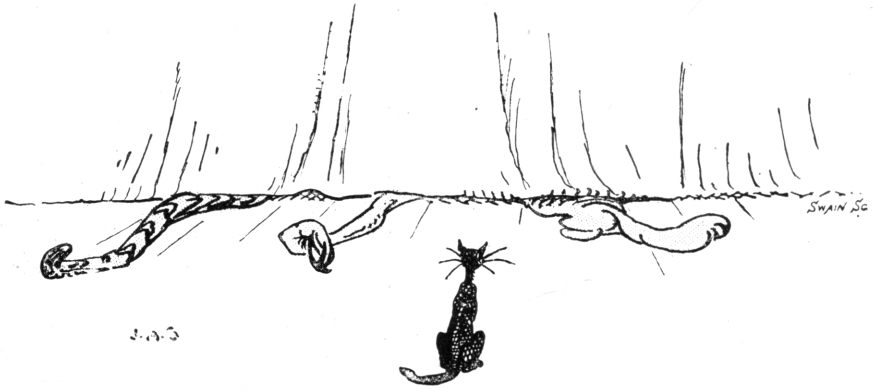
Barbary wild sheep. It begins like thunder and dies away like a zephyr. It reminds one of Sidney Smith's lethally-preaching Wild Curates.

But behold, I have forgotten some of the most noble of the uncatalogued; chief among them Nell, Church's fox-terrier, who (herself and her numerous descendants) makes deadly war on the uncatalogued, unhoused, uninvited undesired rats, themselves a large part of the population of this place, and a destructive. An



excellent official is Nell, honest, diligent, and with quick jaws. But no less worthy in their way are the regiment of battle-scarred cats, terrors among mice and rats both. Chief among these is Mr. Toots, of the camel-house, the intimate friend of Bob the Bactrian; and the elephant-house cat and the ostrich-house cat occupy high positions. But many a stout heart beats quicker at the smell of mouse beneath the fur of the more obscure rank and file of the uncatalogued cats.

UNCATALOGUED.



Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

VI.—THE STANWAY CAMEO MYSTERY.



It is now a fair number of years back since the loss of the famous Stanway Cameo made its sensation, and the only person who had the least interest in keeping the real facts of the case secret has now been dead for some time, leaving neither relatives nor other representatives. Therefore no harm will be done in making the inner history of the case public; on the contrary, it will afford an opportunity of vindicating the professional reputation of Hewitt, who is supposed to have completely failed to make anything of the mystery surrounding the case. At the present time connoisseurs in ancient objects of art are often heard regretfully to wonder whether the wonderful cameo—so suddenly discovered and so quickly stolen—will ever again be visible to the public eye. Now this question need be asked no longer.

The cameo, as may be remembered from the many descriptions published at the time, was said to be absolutely the finest extant. It was a sardonyx of three strata—one of those rare sardonyx cameos in which it has been possible for the artist to avail himself of three different colours of superimposed stone—the lowest for the ground and the two others for the middle and high relief of the design. In size it was, for a cameo, immense, measuring seven and a half inches by nearly six. In subject it was similar to the renowned Gonzaga Cameo—now the property of the Czar of Russia—a male and a female head with Imperial insignia; but in this case supposed to represent Tiberius Claudius and Messa-

lina. Experts considered it probably to be the work of Athenion, a famous gem-cutter of the first Christian century, whose most notable other work now extant is a smaller cameo, with a mythological subject, preserved in the Vatican.

The Stanway Cameo had been discovered in an obscure Italian village by one of those travelling agents who scour all Europe for valuable antiquities and objects of art. This man had hurried immediately to London with his prize and sold it to Mr. Claridge, of St. James's Street, eminent as a dealer in such objects. Mr. Claridge, recognising the importance and value of the article, lost no opportunity of making its existence known, and very soon the Claudius Cameo, as it was at first usually called, was as famous as any in the world. Many experts in ancient art examined it, and several large bids were made for its purchase. In the end it was bought



MR. CLARIDGE.

by the Marquis of Stanway for £5,000 for the purpose of presentation to the British Museum. The Marquis kept the cameo at his town house for a few days, showing it to his friends, and then returned it to Mr. Claridge to be finally and carefully cleaned before passing into the national collection. Two nights after, Mr. Claridge's premises were broken into and the cameo stolen.

Such, in outline, was the generally known history of the Stanway Cameo. The circumstances of the burglary in detail were these. Mr. Claridge had himself been the last to leave the premises at about eight in the evening, at dusk, and had locked the small side door as usual. His assistant, Mr. Cutler, had left an hour and a half earlier. When Mr. Claridge left everything was in order, and the policeman on fixed point duty just opposite, who bade Mr. Claridge good evening as he left, saw nothing suspicious during the rest of his term of duty, nor did his successors at the point throughout the night.

In the morning, however, Mr. Cutler, the assistant, who arrived first, soon after nine o'clock, at once perceived that something unlooked-for had happened. The door, of which he had a key, was still fastened, and had not been touched; but in the room behind the shop Mr. Claridge's private desk had been broken open, and the contents turned out in confusion. The door leading on to the staircase had also been forced. Proceeding up the stairs, Mr. Cutler found another door open, leading from the top landing to a small room—this door had been opened by the simple expedient of unscrewing and taking off the lock, which had been on the inside. In the ceiling of this room was a trap-door, and this was six or eight inches open, the edge resting on the half-wrenched-off bolt, which had been torn away when the trap was levered open from the outside.

Plainly, then, this was

the path of the thief or thieves. Entrance had been made through the trap-door, two more doors had been opened, and then the desk had been ransacked. Mr. Cutler afterwards explained that at this time he had no precise idea what had been stolen, and did not know where the cameo had been left on the previous evening. Mr. Claridge had himself undertaken the cleaning and had been engaged on it, the assistant said, when he left.

There was no doubt, however, after Mr. Claridge's arrival at ten o'clock: the cameo was gone. Mr. Claridge, utterly confounded at his loss, explained incoherently, and with curses on his own carelessness, that he had locked the precious article in his desk on relinquishing work on it the previous evening, feeling rather tired and not taking the trouble to carry it as far as the safe in another part of the house.

The police were sent for at once, of course, and every investigation made, Mr. Claridge offering a reward of £500 for the recovery of the cameo. The affair was scribbled of at large in the earliest editions of the evening papers, and by noon all the world was aware

of the extraordinary theft of the Stanway Cameo, and many people were discussing the probabilities of the case, with very indistinct ideas of what a sardonyx cameo precisely was.

It was in the afternoon of this day that Lord Stanway called on Martin Hewitt. The Marquis was a tall, upstanding man of spare figure and active habits, well known as a member of learned societies and a great patron of art. He hurried into Hewitt's private room as soon as his name had been announced, and, as soon as Hewitt had given him a chair, plunged into business.

"Probably you already guess my business with you, Mr. Hewitt—you have seen the early evening papers? Just so; then I needn't tell you again what you already know. My cameo is



LORD STANWAY.

gone, and I badly want it back. Of course, the police are hard at work at Claridge's, but I'm not quite satisfied. I have been there myself for two or three hours, and can't see that they know any more about it than I do myself. Then, of course, the police, naturally and properly enough from their point of view, look first to find the criminal—regarding the recovery of the property almost as a secondary consideration. Now, from *my* point of view, the chief consideration is the property. Of course I want the thief caught, if possible, and properly punished; but still more, I want the cameo."

"Certainly it is a considerable loss. Five thousand pounds—"

"Ah, but don't misunderstand me. It isn't the monetary value of the thing that I regret. As a matter of fact, I am indemnified for that already. Claridge has behaved most honourably—more than honourably. Indeed, the first intimation I had of the loss was a cheque from him for £5,000, with a letter assuring me that the restoration to me of the amount I had paid was the least he could do to repair the result of what he called his unpardonable carelessness. Legally, I'm not sure that I could demand anything of him, unless I could prove very flagrant neglect indeed to guard against theft."

"Then I take it, Lord Stanway," Hewitt observed, "that you much prefer the cameo to the money?"

"Certainly. Else I should never have been willing to pay the money for the cameo. It was an enormous price—perhaps much above the market value, even for such a valuable thing; but I was particularly anxious that it should not go out of the country. Our public collections here are not so fortunate as they should be in the possession of the very finest examples of that class of work. In short, I had determined on the cameo, and, fortunately, happen to be able to carry out determinations of that sort without regarding an extra thousand pounds or so as an obstacle. So that, you see, what I want is not the value, but the thing itself. Indeed, I don't think I can possibly keep the money Claridge has sent me—the affair is more his misfortune than his fault. But I shall say nothing about returning it for a little while: it may possibly have the effect of sharpening everybody in the search."

"Just so. Do I understand that you would like me to look into the case independently, on your behalf?"

"Exactly. I want you, if you can, to approach the matter entirely from *my* point

of view—your sole object being to find the cameo. Of course, if you happen on the thief as well, so much the better. Perhaps, after all, looking for the one is the same thing as looking for the other?"

"Not always; but usually it is, of course—even if they are not together, they certainly *have* been at one time, and to have one is a very long step toward having the other. Now, to begin with, is anybody suspected?"

"Well, the police are reserved, but I believe the fact is they've nothing to say. Claridge won't admit that he suspects anyone, though he believes that whoever it was must have watched him yesterday evening through the back window of his room, and must have seen him put the cameo away in his desk; because the thief would seem to have gone straight to the place. But I half fancy that, in his inner mind, he is inclined to suspect one of two people. You see, a robbery of this sort is different from others. That cameo would never be stolen, I imagine, with the view of its being sold—it is much too famous a thing; a man might as well walk about offering to sell the Tower of London. There are only a very few people who buy such things, and every one of them knows all about it. No dealer would touch it—he could never even show it, much less sell it, without being called to account. So that it really seems more likely that it has been taken by somebody who wishes to keep it for mere love of the thing—a collector, in fact—who would then have to keep it secretly at home, and never let a soul beside himself see it, living in the consciousness that at his death it must be found and his theft known; unless, indeed, an ordinary vulgar burglar has taken it without knowing its value."

"That isn't likely," Hewitt replied. "An ordinary burglar, ignorant of its value, wouldn't have gone straight to the cameo and have taken it in preference to many other things of more apparent worth, which must be lying near in such a place as Claridge's."

"True—I suppose he wouldn't. Although the police seem to think that the breaking in is clearly the work of a regular criminal—from the jemmy marks, you know, and so on."

"Well, but what of the two people you think Mr. Claridge suspects?"

"Of course, I can't say that he does suspect them—I only fancied from his tone that it might be possible; he himself insists that he can't in justice suspect anybody. One of these men is Hahn, the travelling agent who

sold him the cameo. This man's character does not appear to be absolutely irreproachable—no dealer trusts him very far. Of course, Claridge doesn't say what he paid him for the cameo—these dealers are very reticent about their profits, which I believe are as often something like 500 per cent. as not. But it seems Hahn bargained to have something extra, depending on the amount Claridge could sell the carving for. According to the appointment he should have turned up this morning, but he hasn't been seen, and nobody seems to know exactly where he is."

"Yes; and the other person?"

"Well, I scarcely like mentioning him, because he is certainly a gentleman, and I believe, in the ordinary way, quite incapable of anything in the least degree dishonourable; although, of course, they say a collector has no conscience in the matter of his own particular hobby, and certainly Mr. Woollett is as keen a collector as any man alive. He lives in chambers in the next turning past Claridge's premises—can, in fact, look into Claridge's back windows if he likes. He examined the cameo several times before I bought it, and made several high offers—appeared, in fact, very anxious indeed to get it. After I had bought it, he made, I understand, some rather strong remarks about people like myself 'spoiling the market' by paying extravagant prices, and altogether cut up 'crusty,' as they say, at losing the specimen." Lord Stanway paused for a few seconds, and then went on: "I'm not sure that I ought to mention Mr. Woollett's name for a moment in connection with such a matter—I am personally perfectly certain that he is as incapable of anything like theft as myself. But I am telling you all I know."

"Precisely. I can't know too much in a case like this. It can do no harm if I know all about fifty innocent people, and may save me from the risk of knowing nothing about the thief. Now, let me see: Mr. Woollett's rooms, you say, are near Mr. Claridge's place of business? Is there any means of communication between the roofs?"

"Yes, I am told that it is perfectly possible to get from one place to the other by walking along the leads."

"Very good. Then, unless you can think of any other information that may help me, I think, Lord Stanway, I will go at once and look at the place."

"Do, by all means. I think I'll come back with you. Somehow, I don't like to

feel idle in the matter, though I suppose I can't do much. As to more information—I don't think there is any."

"In regard to Mr. Claridge's assistant, now: do you know anything of him?"

"Only that he has always seemed a very civil and decent sort of man. Honest, I should say, or Claridge wouldn't have kept him so many years—there are a good many valuable things about at Claridge's. Besides, the man has keys of the place himself, and even if he were a thief he wouldn't need to go breaking in through the roof."

"So that," said Hewitt, "we have, directly connected with this cameo, besides yourself, these people: Mr. Claridge, the dealer, Mr. Cutler, the assistant in Mr. Claridge's business, Hahn, who sold the article to Claridge, and Mr. Woollett, who made bids for it. These are all?"

"All that I know of. Other gentlemen made bids, I believe, but I don't know them."

"Take these people in their order. Mr. Claridge is out of the question, as a dealer with a reputation to keep up would be, even if he hadn't immediately sent you this £5,000—more than the market value, I understand, of the cameo. The assistant is a reputable man, against whom nothing is known, who would never need to break in, and who must understand his business well enough to know that he could never attempt to sell the missing stone without instant detection. Hahn is a man of shady antecedents, probably clever enough to know as well as anybody how to dispose of such plunder—if it be possible to dispose of it at all; also, Hahn hasn't been to Claridge's to-day, although he had an appointment to take money. Lastly, Mr. Woollett is a gentleman of the most honourable record, but a perfectly rabid collector, who had made every effort to secure the cameo before you bought it; who, moreover, could have seen Mr. Claridge working in his back room, and who has perfectly easy access to Mr. Claridge's roof. If we find it can be none of these, then we must look where circumstances indicate."

There was unwonted excitement at Mr. Claridge's place when Hewitt and his client arrived. It was a dull old building, and in the windows there was never more show than an odd blue china vase or two, or, mayhap, a few old silver shoe-buckles and a curious small-sword. Nine men out of ten would have passed it without a glance; but the tenth at

least would probably know it for a place famous through the world for the number and value of the old and curious objects of art that had passed through it.

On this day two or three loiterers, having heard of the robbery, extracted what gratification they might from staring at nothing between the railings guarding the windows. Within, Mr. Claridge, a brisk, stout, little old man, was talking earnestly to a burly police inspector in uniform, and Mr. Cutler, who had seized the opportunity to attempt

chimney-stack a roof or two away, where the police have found it. But it is a clue, of course."

"Ah, then this gentleman will give me his opinion of it," Lord Stanway said, turning to Hewitt. "This, Mr. Claridge, is Mr. Martin Hewitt, who has been kind enough to come with me here at a moment's notice. With the police on the one hand, and Mr. Hewitt on the other, we shall certainly recover that cameo if it is to be recovered, I think."

Mr. Claridge bowed, and beamed on Hewitt through his spectacles.

"I'm very glad Mr. Hewitt has come," he said. "Indeed, I had already decided to give the police till this time to-morrow, and then, if they had found nothing, to call in Mr. Hewitt myself."

Hewitt bowed in his turn, and then asked, "Will you let me see the various breakages? I hope they have not been disturbed."

"Nothing whatever has been disturbed. Do exactly as seems best—I need scarcely say that everything here is perfectly at your disposal. You know all the circumstances, of course?"

"In general, yes. I suppose I am right in the belief that you have no resident housekeeper?"

"No," Claridge replied, "I haven't. I had one housekeeper who sometimes pawned my property in the evening, and then another who used to break my most valuable china, till I could never sleep or take a moment's ease at home for fear my stock was being ruined here.

So I gave up resident housekeepers. I felt some confidence in doing it, because of the policeman who is always on duty opposite."

"Can I see the broken desk?"

Mr. Claridge led the way into the room behind the shop. The desk was really a sort of work-table, with a lifting top and a lock. The top had been forced roughly open by some instrument which had been pushed in below it and used as a lever, so that the catch of the lock was torn away. Hewitt examined the damaged parts and the marks of the lever, and then looked out at the back window.



"TALKING TO A BURLY POLICE-INSPECTOR."

amateur detective work on his own account, was grovelling perseveringly about the floor among old porcelain and loose pieces of armour in the futile hope of finding any clue that the thieves might have considerably dropped.

Mr. Claridge came forward eagerly.

"The leather case has been found, I am pleased to be able to tell you, Lord Stanway, since you left."

"Empty, of course?"

"Unfortunately, yes. It had evidently been thrown away by the thief behind a

"There are several windows about here," he remarked, "from which it might be possible to see into this room. Do you know any of the people who live behind them?"

"Two or three I know," Mr. Claridge answered, "but there are two windows—the pair almost immediately before us—belonging to a room or office which is to let. Any stranger might get in there and watch."

"Do the roofs above any of those windows communicate in any way with yours?"

"None of those directly opposite. Those at the left do—you may walk all the way along the leads."

"And whose windows are they?"

Mr. Claridge hesitated. "Well," he said, "they're Mr. Woollett's—an excellent customer of mine. But he's a gentleman and—well, I really think it's absurd to suspect him."

"In a case like this," Hewitt answered, "one must disregard nothing but the impossible. Somebody—whether Mr. Woollett himself or another person—could possibly have seen into this room from those windows, and equally possibly could have reached this roof from that one. Therefore, we must not forget Mr. Woollett. Have any of your neighbours been burgled during the night? I mean that strangers anxious to get at your trap-door would probably have to begin by getting into some other house close by, so as to reach your roof."

"No," Mr. Claridge replied; "there has been nothing of that sort. It was the first thing the police ascertained."

Hewitt examined the broken door and then made his way up the stairs, with the others. The unscrewed lock of the door of the top back room re-

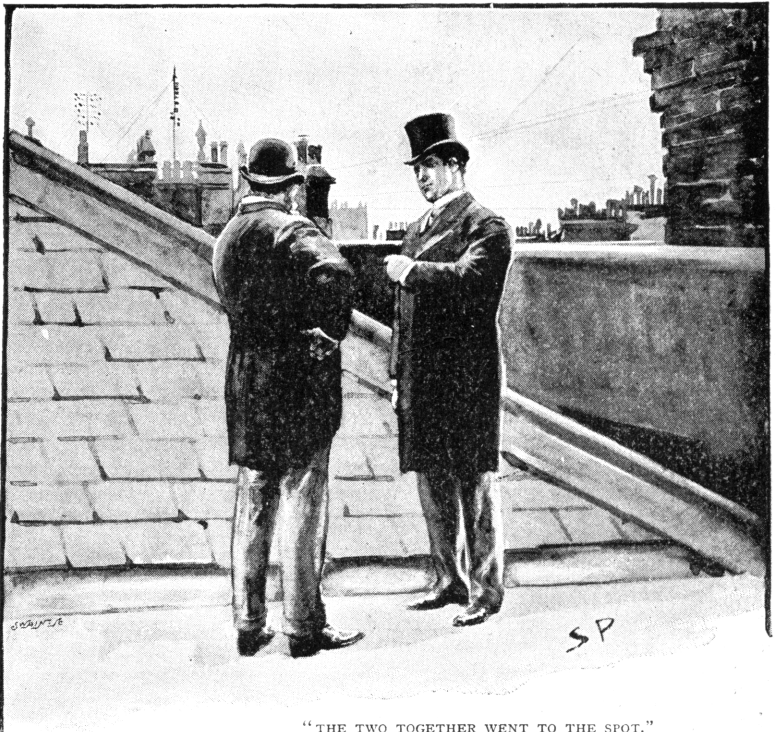
quired little examination. In the room, below the trap-door, was a dusty table on which stood a chair, and at the other side of the table sat Detective-Inspector Plummer, whom Hewitt knew very well, and who bade him "good day" and then went on with his docket.

"This chair and table were found as they are now, I take it?" Hewitt asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Claridge; "the thieves, I should think, dropped in through the trap-door, after breaking it open, and had to place this chair where it is to be able to climb back."

Hewitt scrambled up through the trap-way and examined it from the top. The door was hung on long external barn-door hinges, and had been forced open in a similar manner to that practised on the desk. A jemmy had been pushed between the frame and the door near the bolt, and the door had been prised open, the bolt being torn away from the screws in the operation.

Presently, Inspector Plummer, having finished his docket, climbed up to the roof after Hewitt, and the two together went to the spot, close under a chimney-stack on the next roof but one, where the case had been found. Plummer produced the case, which



"THE TWO TOGETHER WENT TO THE SPOT."

he had in his coat-tail pocket, for Hewitt's inspection.

"I don't see anything particular about it; do you?" he said. "It shows us the way they went, though, being found just here."

"Well, yes," Hewitt said; "if we kept on in this direction we should be going towards Mr. Woollett's house, and *his* trap-door, shouldn't we?"

The inspector pursed his lips, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, we haven't waited till now to find that out," he said.

"No, of course. And, as you say, I don't think there is much to be learned from this leather case. It is almost new, and there isn't a mark on it." And Hewitt handed it back to the inspector.

"Well," said Plummer, as he returned the case to his pocket, "what's your opinion?"

"It's rather an awkward case."

"Yes, it is. Between ourselves, I don't mind telling you, I'm having a sharp look-out kept over there"—Plummer jerked his head in the direction of Mr. Woollett's chambers—"because the robbery's an unusual one. There's only two possible motives—the sale of the cameo or the keeping of it. The sale's out of the question, as you know—the thing's only saleable to those who would collar the thief at once, and who wouldn't have the thing in their places now for anything. So that it must be taken to keep—and that's a thing nobody but the maddest of collectors would do—just such persons as——" and the inspector nodded again towards Mr. Woollett's quarters. "Take that with the other circumstances," he added, "and I think you'll agree it's worth while looking a little farther that way. Of course, some of the work—taking off the lock and so on—looks rather like a regular burglar, but it's just possible that anyone badly wanting the cameo would hire a man who was up to the work."

"Yes, it's possible."

"Do you know anything of Hahn, the agent?" Plummer asked, a moment later.

"No, I don't. Have you found him yet?"

"I haven't yet, but I'm after him. I've found he was at Charing Cross a day or two ago, booking a ticket for the Continent. That and his failing to turn up to-day seem to make it worth while not to miss *him* if we can help it. He isn't the sort of man that lets a chance of drawing a bit of money go for nothing."

They returned to the room. "Well," said Lord Stanway, "what's the result of the

consultation? We've been waiting here very patiently while you two clever men have been discussing the matter on the roof."

On the wall just beneath the trap-door a very dusty old tall hat hung on a peg. This Hewitt took down and examined very closely, smearing his fingers with the dust from the inside lining. "Is this one of your valuable and crusted old antiques?" he asked, with a smile, of Mr. Claridge.

"That's only an old hat that I used to keep here for use in bad weather," Mr. Claridge said, with some surprise at the question. "I haven't touched it for a year or more."

"Oh, then it couldn't have been left here by your last night's visitor," Hewitt replied, carelessly replacing it on the hook. "You left here at eight last night, I think?"

"Eight exactly—or within a minute or two."

"Just so. I think I'll look at the room on the opposite side of the landing, if you'll let me."

"Certainly, if you'd like to," Claridge replied; "but they haven't been there—it is exactly as it was left. Only a lumber-room, you see," he concluded, flinging the door open.

A number of partly broken-up packing-cases littered about this room, with much other rubbish. Hewitt took the lid of one of the newest-looking packing-cases, and glanced at the address label. Then he turned to a rusty old iron box that stood against a wall. "I should like to see behind this," he said, tugging at it with his hands. "It is heavy and dirty. Is there a small crowbar about the house, or some similar lever?"

Mr. Claridge shook his head. "Haven't such a thing in the place," he said.

"Never mind," Hewitt replied, "another time will do to shift that old box, and perhaps after all there's little reason for moving it. I will just walk round to the police-station, I think, and speak to the constables who were on duty opposite during the night. I think, Lord Stanway, I have seen all that is necessary here."

"I suppose," asked Mr. Claridge, "it is too soon yet to ask if you have formed any theory in the matter?"

"Well—yes, it is," Hewitt answered. "But perhaps I may be able to surprise you in an hour or two; but that I don't promise. By-the-bye," he added, suddenly, "I suppose you're sure the trap-door was bolted last night?"

"Certainly," Mr. Claridge answered,

smiling. "Else how could the bolt have been broken? As a matter of fact, I believe the trap hasn't been opened for months. Mr. Cutler, do you remember when the trap-door was last opened?"

Mr. Cutler shook his head. "Certainly not for six months," he said.

"Ah, very well—it's not very important," Hewitt replied.

As they reached the front shop, a fiery-faced old gentleman bounced in at the street door, stumbling over an umbrella that stood in a dark corner, and kicking it three yards away.

"What the deuce do you mean," he roared at Mr. Claridge, "by sending these police people smelling about my rooms and asking questions of my servants? What do you mean, sir, by treating me as a thief? Can't a gentleman come into this place to look at an article without being suspected of stealing it, when it disappears through your wretched carelessness? I'll ask my solicitor, sir, if there isn't a remedy for this sort of thing. And if I catch another of your spy fellows on my staircase, or crawling about my roof, I'll—I'll shoot him!"

"Really, Mr. Woollett," began

Mr. Claridge, somewhat abashed, but the angry old man would hear nothing.

"Don't talk to me, sir—you shall talk to my solicitor. And am I to understand, my lord"—turning to Lord Stanway—"that these things are being done with your approval?"

"Whatever is being done," Lord Stanway answered, "is being done by the police on their own responsibility, and entirely without prompting, I believe, by Mr. Claridge—certainly without a suggestion of any sort

from myself. I think that the personal opinion of Mr. Claridge—certainly my own—is that anything like a suspicion of your position in this wretched matter is ridiculous. And if you will only consider the matter calmly——"

"Consider it calmly? Imagine yourself considering such a thing calmly, Lord Stanway. I *won't* consider it calmly. I'll—I'll—I won't have it. And if I find another man on my roof, I'll pitch him off." And Mr. Woollett bounced into the street again.

"Mr. Woollett is annoyed," Hewitt observed, with a smile. "I'm afraid Plummer has a clumsy assistant somewhere."

Mr. Claridge said nothing, but looked rather glum. For Mr. Woollett was a most excellent customer.

Lord Stanway and Hewitt walked slowly down the street, Hewitt staring at the pavement in profound thought. Once or twice Lord Stanway glanced at his face, but refrained from disturbing him. Presently, however, he observed, "You seem at least, Mr. Hewitt, to have noticed something that has set you thinking. Does it look like a clue?"

Hewitt came out of his cogitation at

once. "A clue?" he said; "the case bristles with clues. The extraordinary thing to me is that Plummer, usually a smart man, doesn't seem to have seen one of them. He must be out of sorts, I'm afraid. But the case is decidedly a very remarkable one."

"Remarkable, in what particular way?"

"In regard to motive. Now it would seem, as Plummer was saying to me just now on the roof, that there were only two possible motives for such a robbery. Either the man who took all this trouble and risk to break



"A FIERY-FACED OLD GENTLEMAN BOUNCED IN AT THE DOOR."

into Claridge's place must have desired to sell the cameo at a good price, or he must have desired to keep it for himself, being a lover of such things. But neither of these has been the actual motive."

"Perhaps he thinks he can extort a good sum from me by way of ransom?"

"No, it isn't that. Nor is it jealousy, nor spite, nor anything of that kind. I know the motive, I *think*—but I wish we could get hold of Hahn. I will shut myself up alone and turn it over in my mind for half an hour presently."

"Meanwhile, what I want to know is, apart from all your professional subtleties—which I confess I can't understand—can you get back the cameo?"

"That," said Hewitt, stopping at the corner of the street, "I am rather afraid I cannot—nor anybody else. But I am pretty sure I know the thief."

"Then surely that will lead you to the cameo?"

"It *may*, of course; but then it is just possible that by this evening you may not want to have it back after all."

Lord Stanway stared in amazement.

"Not want to have it back!" he exclaimed. "Why, of course, I shall want to have it back. I don't understand you in the least; you talk in conundrums. Who is the thief you speak of?"

"I think, Lord Stanway," Hewitt said, "that perhaps I had better not say until I have quite finished my inquiries, in case of mistakes. The case is quite an extraordinary one, and of quite a different character from what one would at first naturally imagine, and I must be very careful to guard against the possibility of error. I have very little fear of a mistake, however, and I hope I may wait on you in a few hours at Piccadilly with news. I have only to see the policemen."

"Certainly, come whenever you please. But why

see the policemen? They have already most positively stated that they saw nothing whatever suspicious in the house or near it."

"I shall not ask them anything at all about the house," Hewitt responded. "I shall just have a little chat with them—about the weather." And with a smiling bow, he turned away, while Lord Stanway stood and gazed after him, with an expression that implied a suspicion that his special detective was making a fool of him.

In rather more than an hour Hewitt was back in Mr. Claridge's shop. "Mr. Claridge," he said, "I think I must ask you one or two questions in private. May I see you in your own room?"

They went there at once, and Hewitt, pulling a chair before the window, sat down with his back to the light. The dealer shut



"CAN YOU GET BACK THE COMEO?"

the door, and sat opposite him, with the light full in his face.

"Mr. Claridge," Hewitt proceeded, slowly, "*when did you first find that Lord Stanway's cameo was a forgery?*"

Claridge literally bounced in his chair. His face paled, but he managed to stammer, sharply, "What—what—what d'you mean? Forgery? Do you mean to say I sell forgeries? Forgery? It wasn't a forgery!"

"Then," continued Hewitt, in the same deliberate tone, watching the other's face the while, "if it wasn't a forgery, *why did you destroy it and burst your trap-door and desk to imitate a burglary?*"

The sweat stood thick on the dealer's face, and he gasped. But he struggled hard to keep his faculties together, and ejaculated, hoarsely: "Destroy it? What—what—I didn't—didn't destroy it!"

"Threw it into the river, then—don't prevaricate about details."

"No—no—it's a lie. Who says that? Go away. You're insulting me!" Claridge almost screamed.

"Come, come, Mr. Claridge," Hewitt said, more placably, for he had gained his point; "don't distress yourself, and don't attempt to deceive me—you can't, I assure you. I know everything you did before you left here last night—everything."

Claridge's face worked painfully. Once or twice he appeared to be on the point of returning an indignant reply, but hesitated, and finally broke down altogether.

"Don't expose me, Mr. Hewitt," he

pleaded; "I beg you won't expose me. I haven't harmed a soul but myself. I've paid Lord Stanway every penny back, and I never knew the thing was a forgery till I began to clean it. I'm an old man, Mr. Hewitt, and my professional reputation has been spotless till now. I beg you won't expose me."

Hewitt's voice softened. "Don't make an unnecessary trouble of it," he said. "I see a decanter on your sideboard—let me give you a little brandy and water. Come, there's nothing criminal, I believe, in a man's breaking open his own desk, or his own trap-door, for that matter. Of course, I'm acting for Lord Stanway in this affair, and I must, in duty, report to him without reserve. But Lord Stanway is a gentleman, and I'll undertake he'll do nothing inconsiderate of your feelings, if you're disposed to be frank. Let us talk the affair over—tell me about it."

"It was that swindler Hahn who deceived me in the beginning," Claridge said. "I have never made a mistake with a cameo before, and I never thought so close an imitation was possible. I examined it most carefully, and was perfectly satisfied, and many experts examined it afterwards, and were all equally deceived. I felt as sure as I possibly could feel that I had bought one of the finest, if not actually the finest cameo known to exist. It was not until after it had come back from Lord Stanway's, and I was cleaning it, the evening before last, that in course of my work it became apparent that the thing was nothing but



"DON'T EXPOSE ME, MR. HEWITT."

a consummately clever forgery. It was made of three layers of moulded glass, nothing more or less. But the glass was treated in a way I had never before known of, and the surface had been cunningly worked on till it defied any ordinary examination. Some of the glass imitation cameos made in the latter part of the last century, I may tell you, are regarded as marvellous pieces of work, and, indeed, command very fair prices, but this was something quite beyond any of those.

"I was amazed and horrified. I put the thing away and went home. All that night I lay awake in a state of distraction, quite unable to decide what to do. To let the cameo go out of my possession was impossible. Sooner or later the forgery would be discovered, and my reputation—the highest in these matters in this country, I may safely claim, and the growth of nearly fifty years of honest application and good judgment—this reputation would be gone for ever. But without considering this, there was the fact that I had taken £5,000 of Lord Stanway's money for a mere piece of glass, and that money I must, in mere common honesty as well as for my own sake, return. But how? The name of the Stanway Cameo had become a household word, and to confess that the whole thing was a sham would ruin my reputation and destroy all confidence—past, present, and future—in me and in my transactions. Either way spelled ruin. Even if I confided in Lord Stanway privately, returned his money and destroyed the cameo, what then? The sudden disappearance of an article so famous would excite remark at once. It had been presented to the British Museum, and if it never appeared in that collection, and no news were to be got of it, people would guess at the truth at once. To make it known that I myself had been deceived would have availed nothing. It is my business *not* to be deceived; and to have it known that my most expensive specimens might be forgeries would equally mean ruin, whether I sold them cunningly as a rogue or ignorantly as a fool. Indeed, my pride, my reputation as a connoisseur is a thing near to my heart, and it would be an unspeakable humiliation to me to have it known that I had been imposed on by such a forgery. What could I do? Every expedient seemed useless, but one—the one I adopted. It was not straightforward, I admit; but, oh! Mr. Hewitt, consider the temptation—and remember that it couldn't do a soul any harm. No matter who might be suspected, I knew

there could not possibly be evidence to make them suffer. All the next day—yesterday—I was anxiously worrying out the thing in my mind and carefully devising the—the trick, I'm afraid you'll call it—that you by some extraordinary means have seen through. It seemed the only thing—what else was there? More I needn't tell you—you know it. I have only now to beg that you will use your best influence with Lord Stanway to save me from public derision and exposure. I will do anything—pay anything—anything but exposure, at my age, and with my position."

"Well, you see," Hewitt replied, thoughtfully, "I've no doubt Lord Stanway will show you every consideration, and certainly I will do what I can to save you, in the circumstances; though you must remember that you *have* done some harm—you have caused suspicions to rest on at least one honest man. But as to reputation—I've a professional reputation of my own. If I help to conceal your professional failure, I shall appear to have failed in *my* part of the business."

"But the cases are different, Mr. Hewitt—consider. You are not expected—it would be impossible—to succeed invariably; and there are only two or three who know you have looked into the case. Then your other conspicuous successes——"

"Well, well—we shall see. One thing I don't know, though—whether you climbed out of a window to break open the trap-door, or whether you got up through the trap-door itself and pulled the bolt with a string through the jamb, so as to bolt it after you."

"There was no available window—I used the string, as you say. My poor little cunning must seem very transparent to you, I fear. I spent hours of thought over the question of the trap-door—how to break it open so as to leave a genuine appearance, and especially how to bolt it inside after I had reached the roof. I thought I had succeeded beyond the possibility of suspicion; how you penetrated the device surpasses my comprehension. How, to begin with, could you possibly know that the cameo was a forgery? Did you ever see it?"

"Never. And if I had seen it, I fear I should never have been able to express an opinion on it; I'm not a connoisseur. As a matter of fact, I *didn't* know that the thing was a forgery in the first place; what I knew in the first place was that it was *you* who had broken into the house. It was from that that I arrived at the conclusion—after a certain amount of thought—that the cameo must have been forged. Gain was out of

the question—you, beyond all men, could never sell the Stanway Cameo again, and, besides, you had paid back Lord Stanway's money. I knew enough of your reputation to know that you would never incur the scandal of a great theft at your place for the sake of getting the cameo for yourself, when you might have kept it in the beginning, with no trouble and mystery. Consequently, I had to look for another motive, and at first another motive seemed an impossibility. Why should you wish to take all this trouble to lose £5,000? You had nothing to gain; perhaps you had something to save—your professional reputation, for instance. Looking at it so, it was plain that you were *suppressing* the cameo—burking it; since, once taken as you had taken it, it could never come to light again. That suggested the solution of the mystery at once—you had discovered, after the sale, that the cameo was not genuine."

"Yes, yes—I see; but you say you began with the knowledge that I broke into the place myself. How did you know that? I cannot imagine a trace——"

"My dear sir, you left traces everywhere. In the first place, it struck me as curious, before I came here, that you had sent off that cheque for £5,000 to Lord Stanway an hour or so after the robbery was discovered—it looked so much as though you were sure of the cameo never coming back, and were in a hurry to avert suspicion. Of course, I understood that, so far as I then knew the case, you were the most unlikely person in the world, and that your eagerness to repay Lord Stanway might be the most creditable thing possible. But the point was worth remembering, and I remembered it.

"When I came here I saw suspicious indications in many directions, but the conclusive piece of evidence was that old hat hanging below the trap-door."

"But I never touched it, I assure you, Mr. Hewitt, I never touched the hat—haven't touched it for months——"

"Of course. If you *had* touched it, I might never have got the clue. But we'll deal with the hat presently; that wasn't what struck me at first. The trap-door first took my attention. Consider, now: here was a trap-door, most insecurely hung on *external* hinges; the burglar had a screw-driver, for he took off the door-lock below with it. Why, then, didn't he take this trap off by the hinges, instead of making a noise and taking longer time and trouble to burst the bolt from its fastenings? And why, if he were a stranger, was he able to plant his jemmy from the out-

side just exactly opposite the interior bolt? There was only one mark on the frame, and that precisely in the proper place.

"After that, I saw the leather case. It had not been thrown away, or some corner would have shown signs of the fall. It had been put down carefully where it was found. These things, however, were of small importance compared with the hat. The hat, as you know, was exceedingly thick with dust—the accumulation of months. But, on the top side, presented toward the trap-door, were a score or so of *raindrop marks*. That was all. They were new marks, for there was no dust over them; they had merely had time to dry and cake the dust they had fallen on. *Now, there had been no rain since a sharp shower just after seven o'clock last night.* At that time you, by your own statement, were in the place. You left at eight, and the rain was all over at ten minutes or a quarter-past seven. The trap-door, you also told me, had not been opened for months. The thing was plain. You, or somebody who was here when you were, had opened that trap-door during, or just before, that shower. I said little then, but went, as soon as I had left, to the police-station. There I made perfectly certain that there had been no rain during the night by questioning the policemen who were on duty outside all the time. There had been none. I knew everything.

"The only other evidence there was pointed with all the rest. There were no rain-marks on the leather case; it had been put on the roof as an after-thought when there was no rain. A very poor after-thought, let me tell you, for no thief would throw away a useful case that concealed his booty and protected it from breakage, and throw it away just so as to leave a clue as to what direction he had gone in. I also saw, in the lumber-room, a number of packing-cases—one with a label dated two days back—which had been opened with an iron lever; and yet, when I made an excuse to ask for it, you said there was no such thing in the place. Inference: you didn't want me to compare it with the marks on the desks and doors. That is all, I think."

Mr. Claridge looked dolorously down at the floor. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I took an unsuitable rôle when I undertook to rely on my wits to deceive men like you. I thought there wasn't a single vulnerable spot in my defence, but you walk calmly through it at the first attempt. Why did I never think of those raindrops?"

"Come," said Hewitt, with a smile, "that sounds unrepentant. I am going, now, to Lord Stanway's. If I were you, I think I should apologize to Mr. Woollett in some way."

Lord Stanway, who, in the hour or two of

unblushing Hahn walked smilingly into his office two days later to demand the extra payment agreed on in consideration of the sale. He had been called suddenly away, he explained, on the day he should have come, and hoped his missing the



SP
"HAHN WALKED SMILINGLY INTO HIS OFFICE."

reflection left him after parting with Hewitt, had come to the belief that he had employed a man whose mind was not always in order, received Hewitt's story with natural astonishment. For some time he was in doubt as to whether he would be doing right in acquiescing in anything but a straightforward public statement of the facts connected with the disappearance of the cameo, but in the end was persuaded to let the affair drop, on receiving an assurance from Mr. Woollett that he unreservedly accepted the apology offered him by Mr. Claridge.

As for the latter, he was at least sufficiently punished in loss of money and personal humiliation for his escapade. But the bitterest and last blow he sustained when the

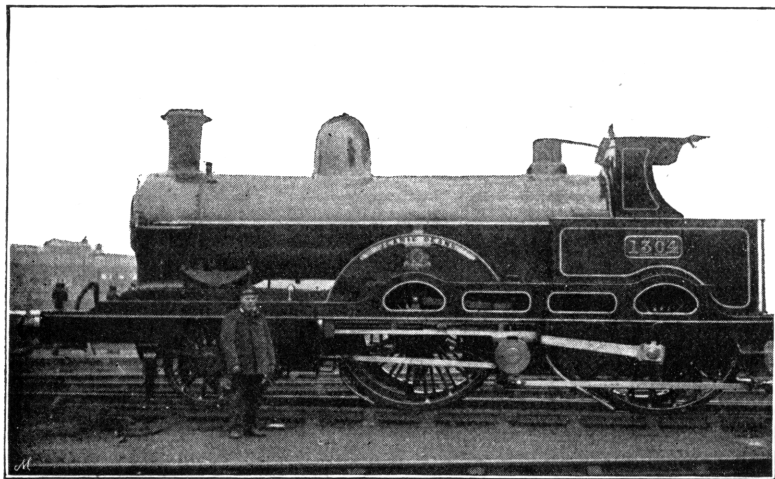
appointment had occasioned no inconvenience. As to the robbery of the cameo, of course he was very sorry, but "pishness was pishness," and he would be glad of a cheque for the sum agreed on. And the unhappy Claridge was obliged to pay it, knowing that the man had swindled him, but unable to open his mouth to say so.

The reward remained on offer for a long time—indeed, it was never publicly withdrawn, I believe, even at the time of Claridge's death. And several intelligent newspapers enlarged upon the fact that an ordinary burglar had completely baffled and defeated the boasted acumen of Mr. Martin Hewitt, the well-known private detective.

Engine Drivers and Their Work.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

I.



From a]

"JEANIE DEANS," WITH JEM BROWN, DRIVER.

[Photograph.



HERE is perhaps no body of men to whom the public are so much indebted for their daily convenience and safety as to the engine driver and his mate, the fireman. Every-body, of course, is acquainted with their appearance as they come thundering into the station upon their engines, often enough grimy and weather-stained, but sturdy and resolute-looking, as they need well be, seeing the dangerous and responsible work they have to do. We may, too, have sauntered up to the marvellous machine which they have in charge—a machine, perhaps, the most wonder-working the world has ever seen—and “taken stock,” to use the common phrase, of its construction, so far as that can be done from the outside, and of the multiplicity of valves and appliances whereby its Titanic powers are brought into action and controlled. We may have watched the ease with which it is put in motion and with which it is stopped, and it may have appeared to us a simple thing after all to run a locomotive engine, and so take charge daily of the lives and fortunes of hundreds of people. But to few has it occurred, perhaps, to inquire more narrowly into the daily work of these men, and into the course

of training they have to undergo before they can be intrusted with the charge of an engine.

Marvellous as has been the development of railways all over the world, and complicated as is the system by which the world's land-travel is conducted, there is, perhaps, no part of the railway system so admirable, and showing so much care, as the method by which the men who have the actual working of this instrument of civilization are selected and trained for their work. It is, perhaps, a misfortune that we do not know more of the lives and the education of the men who do the hard work of the world; we might then have more sympathy with them and with their aims and aspirations. It will not be the fault of the present writer if, after the perusal of this article, the reader does not know all, or nearly all, about the engine driver and his work. For, as will be seen, the driver himself has been approached and interviewed as to his work and the means by which he attained his position.

Three representative companies have been selected from which to obtain information. The London and North-Western Railway was first approached, and Lord Stalbridge, the chairman of the company, at once gave every facility for looking over the works of the

company; seeing and talking with the men, and, in short, for obtaining such information as was desired. It need hardly be said that the general managers of the two other lines selected, the Great Western and the London and South-Western, were equally courteous.

On all the railways of this country the locomotive department is under one responsible head, who has charge of the construction of the engines, as well as of their daily employment. Under him, however, are inspectors and foremen, who are responsible for the supply of engines, and for their assignment to their proper duties over a given district. To them also belong the selection and charge of the men who run the engines. No one is better qualified, therefore, to give information touching the work of drivers and others engaged about a locomotive engine than these inspectors, many of whom have risen from the ranks. This, however, is not the case with Mr. A. L. Mumford, who has charge of the locomotives on the London and North-Western Railway between London and Crewe, his office being at Rugby; but his knowledge of a locomotive engine and of the duties of those who have charge of it is as thorough as though he had gone through all the grades; and for much of the following account of an engine driver's career and duties I am indebted to him.

The future engine driver generally begins his career about fourteen years of age, though some may commence at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Sometimes they start in the fitter's room, in which repairs are done to running engines; sometimes as bar-lads and call-lads. The duty of bar-lads is to put the bars into the fire-boxes of engines. A call-lad is employed to call up drivers and firemen in the morning, so that there may be no delay through over-sleeping. As the men sometimes live a mile—or perhaps more—distant from the station, and they have to be called at all hours of the night, the call-boy must be free from tremors and night fears; in other words, he must be a youth of nerve and courage. This appears to be especially the case in the neighbourhood of Willesden, where, notwithstanding the very matter-of-fact character of a large railway junction, ghosts have been known to prowl, putting the call-boys into unseasonable frights.

From these various duties the youth generally goes on to engine-cleaning, helping an older cleaner at first, and doing the rougher parts of the engine; and then, when he knows the work thoroughly, having an

engine assigned entirely to himself. By this means the future driver learns to know all about an engine, from observing it being prepared for duty, and seeing it come off duty, and likewise in all stages of "convalescence."

From cleaner, the next upward step is that of extra fireman, who is employed assisting drivers and moving engines in the shed from the coal stage to the place for going out. After some time spent in this way he goes as a regular fireman upon a goods train. But before he is made a full fireman he has to pass through an examination as to his general knowledge of his duties, and of the rules relating thereto. This examination, so far as men in Mr. Mumford's district are concerned, generally takes place in his office. Questioned on the point as to wages, Mr. Mumford said:—

"As an extra fireman, his pay when firing is 3s. 6d. a day. As soon as he passes as a regular fireman, and signs his agreement, he gets 3s. 9d. a day for twelve months; after that he gradually increases in wage until he goes on a main line express train, goods or passenger, when he receives 4s. 6d. a day. The next step in advance is to become a driver."

In answer to the question how long it takes to reach the last-named stage, Mr. Mumford said:—

"It depends upon the demand for engine-men and on the capacity of the man how long it takes him to go through the various stages of fireman to be a driver. The average time would not be less than five years. Some firemen remain in that stage eight or ten years, some as long as twelve years.

"The driver's first experience is to turn and move engines in the shed yard. Then he passes on to a shunting engine and to a local goods train, next to an ordinary goods train, then to a main-line express goods, then to a local passenger train, then to a better-class passenger train, and lastly to a through express."

In reply to a question as to the wages of drivers, Mr. Mumford said:—

"A shunting engine driver gets 5s. 6d. a day; a local goods train driver, 6s. 6d.; and so on, the pay gradually rising to 8s., according to the nature of the work done. As to hours of work, the engine-man's time is sixty hours a week. But, in running, 120 miles is reckoned as a day's work for through goods trains, and 150 miles for passenger trains. From here (Rugby) to London and back," added Mr. Mumford, "is 165½ miles,

and is reckoned as a day and an hour. From Crewe to London is 157½ miles, and is equal to a day's work, or ten hours; there must be a little give and take."

Continuing, Mr. Mumford said: "In assigning a man's duties our aim is to obviate, as far as possible, his being employed more than ten or eleven hours a day, and to enable him to be at home as much as possible. With this object in view, the men are arranged into 'links,' for certain fixed duties. For instance, we have two men here who work certain trains. One joins the Scotch express here with his engine and takes it up to London. He returns by the 8.50 north train, finishing his duty at Rugby. The second man takes the train here and goes on with it to Crewe, where he arrives at 12.49. He returns at 10.30 a.m. with another Scotch express, and is relieved here, where another engine comes out to take it on to London. The man who takes up the 5.2 p.m. to London, arriving at 7, leaves London again at 10.10 p.m., with the Liverpool and Manchester express, and brings it to Rugby. Another man takes the train with his engine at Rugby, and works it to Crewe at 1.35 a.m. He leaves there again at 3.30 with a return train, and is at Rugby at 4.57, when the first engine takes it up again. We keep two big engines here for this service, and the two men I have spoken of work them. All our trains are worked in this way. The 'Charles Dickens' train, which runs from Manchester to London every day, leaving Manchester at 8.30 and due in London at 12.55, and leaving London again at 4, arriving in Manchester at 8.20, is worked between here and London by two engines and two men, who take the trips alternately—a trip to London and then a day off. The same arrangement holds with regard to the 2 p.m. from London to Crewe—the 'Corridor' train—arriving at 5.20. Two of our best men are here now, and you may talk to them yourself and elicit any information from them you like. I should say, however, that the quality of our drivers

has improved greatly during the last thirty years—especially in regard to habits of sobriety."

"I suppose a man is fined for drunkenness on duty?"

"No; he is discharged at once. If a man in a siding leaves his engine and goes into a public-house, he is at once dismissed. But it is very seldom now that a man is dismissed for drunkenness—rarely, indeed, that a case is reported. No; if you look in this book you will see the matters for which a man is fined."

In the book in question were recorded small fines for "absenting himself without leave," "causing damage to buffer," "not having engine out of shed in time," "running short of water in his tender," "allowing the small end of strap to become hot," "allowing the engine to smoke," etc. The amount of the fine generally ran to a few shillings, half a crown being a common figure.

As regards the offence of allowing an engine to smoke, this is strictly forbidden in going through towns, where it is liable to cause complaint. It is quite needless, too, to offend in this way, for if it is necessary in stoking to let off smoke, a little steam turned into the chimney, by turning the smoke white, obviates all cause of complaint. This is commonly done to prevent the smoke being seen. The information on this point, however, was not given by Mr. Mumford.

The two drivers were now introduced, and I proceeded to question them on their experience.

Richard Walker, a remarkably sturdy, well-preserved man, said: "I have been nearly thirty years a driver. I began my career on the railway at the age of fourteen as a fitter's assistant, in which position I remained four or five years. I thus became thoroughly acquainted with the engine and all its parts. I was to have been a fitter, but they would not let me be one. Our fitter said there was no scope in fitting—that there was much more scope in driving. So I went on the engine. I was firing for three or four years. I started driving in February, 1865, at



RICHARD WALKER.
From a Photo. by Speight, Rugby.

Peterborough, and went first on the goods. I have been sixteen years on express work, and am at the top of the tree. I always run express and mail trains."

"And your pay?"

"Eight shillings a day."

"How do you find driving as regards health?"

"I have always kept my health in the work, and have never lost a day through accident. I was selected to run the special express carrying the Empress of Austria from Herne Hill to Crewe."

"Have you driven the Queen?"

"Yes, I drove Her Majesty when she went to Derby twelve months ago last spring. I drove her from Leamington to Derby on our line."

"I suppose you have to take extra special precautions when the Queen travels?"

"Oh, yes; we take very great care of the old lady! We bring out one of our very best engines, and it is carefully overhauled. Then special precautions are taken all along the line, and nothing is allowed to move for half an hour before her train is due. Then a pilot engine runs a quarter of an hour before her train. The locomotive foremen of the respective districts and a guard, supplied with hand lamp and fog signals, travel on the pilot engine. Then there is a distinctive code for signalling both the pilot engine and the Royal train. This year when Her Majesty went to Ballater it was twelve strokes, like this: ---- ---- ----"

"You take it as an honour, then, to be selected to drive the Queen?"

"Oh, yes; we like to be put on that duty, although we do not much care to go off our own line."

Mr. Mumford here interposed with the remark that one driver who was chosen to drive the Queen, on getting back to Willesden from Herne Hill, exclaimed, "Thank God, we have got into England again!"

There is a good deal of character about some of these men, and many good jokes are told both of and by them. One old stager, who was driving a train that happened to be a bit behind time, observed a gentleman go up to the guard, put half a crown into his hand, and say: "Do your best, guard, to make up your lost time, or I shall lose my train at such a junction, which I want very much to get." "All right, sir," said the guard, touching his hat. Before starting he gave a hint to the driver; but the driver had his own views on the "morality" of the question, and when his engine sailed into the

junction, the train the passenger wished to catch was seen to be quietly steaming out at the other end of the station. The disappointed traveller, greatly annoyed, approached the driver and said: "I thought, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train. Half a minute would have done it." "Ah, sir," replied the old driver, "it might have been done easily; but, you see, you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."

In reply to the question, "Will you now tell me what is your day's routine?" Walker said:—

"When we come on duty, the first thing we have to do is to report ourselves at the office in the shed. We there write our name in the book, and our time is taken. This is necessary, in order that the timekeeper may see that we are in a proper condition to go on duty. We then take a look at the notice board to see if there is anything there affecting our particular line. Everything in the way of change relating to the working of the line—change of signals, the arrangement of the 'links,' and so forth—is posted there. This done, we go to our engine and see that all is in order—the fire lighted and steam up. We are expected to be in the shed an hour before the time for us to join the train, in order to give us plenty of time for preparation. The next thing, after seeing that all is in order, is to proceed to the tank and take in water. Then we move up to the siding in readiness for the train."

"I am just now going out with the 5.2 to London. I arrive at 7, and leave Euston again at 10.10 with the Liverpool and Manchester express, arriving here at 11.45. My mate takes the train here and carries it to Crewe, and I go to bed. This trip constitutes my day's work, although I have only been out seven hours; I have, however, run 150 miles, which constitutes a running day."

"Having finished your trip, I suppose you have nothing else to do but to go home and go to bed?"

"Before we can do that, we have to take our engine to the coal siding and have it supplied with fuel for the next day's run. This is the invariable rule. Then we take her into the shed and hand her over to the turner, who puts her on the turn-table and turns her round, and places her in such a position that she can be taken out in the morning without any more trouble. The fire is then taken out of her, and she is handed over to the cleaners. If she is in need of any repairs, they have to be reported

to the shed foreman, who sees that they are attended to. When everything has been done, we have again to go to the office and report ourselves, and sign the book. We generally give a look at the notice-board, too, to see if there is anything posted concerning our 'link' or the line we work on."

"And about your premiums for saving fuel: are you allowed a premium?"

"Yes; we are allowed so much coal per mile. My quantity is 30lb. Some have 36lb., others 38lb. The majority of the goods trains are allowed from 45lb. to 50lb. per mile. They require more than the passenger trains, because they have so much shunting—especially the coal trains. If a man takes an interest in his work it leads him to be economical; it also shows the company what men are interested in their work. All the coal is weighed out to the engine. At the end of each month a sheet is issued, showing, amongst other details, the actual working of each engine during the month, and if any driver has been able to do the whole of his work with a less consumption of coal than the standard allowance, he is paid a premium of 2s. for each pound of coal used per mile less than the standard, the fireman being allowed 8d. per pound. For instance, engines working the heaviest express passenger trains between Rugby, Crewe, and London are allowed 38lb. per mile; and if a driver can do his work for the whole month with a consumption of 36lb. per mile, he gets a bonus of 4s., and his fireman 1s. 4d. That pays the company and also the driver. In the last sheet issued I got 16s."

"When do you consider your work to be the most dangerous?"

"In times of fog and snow, of course. It do not mean when the snow is on the ground; that is simple enough. It is when the snow is falling that it bothers us, especially with a head-wind. It is then driven against the engine and covers the glass of the look-out, so that we can't see. Then driving becomes very difficult."

"Have you special rules to guide you in such cases?"

"The rules are the same as when fog prevails."

"And what are they?"

"Well, when the fog is so thick that we cannot see the signals we have to feel our way with the help of the fog-signalmen. The signals are working as usual, of course, but we can't see them. The fog-signalman, therefore, is employed to help us. He is stationed within call of the signal-box, and

acts under the direction of the signalman. If I am coming from London and want to get into the station, I go on until my engine explodes a detonator. Then I know that I must shut off steam and bring my train under complete control, and wait for a signal from the fog-signalman. He has a shelter on the road near the signal-box, and generally has a fire blazing near (to give light as well as to keep him warm), and if he gives me the red, or danger, hand-signal, I must at once bring my engine to a stand, and then proceed cautiously to the point the hand-signal is intended to protect, or until I get the signal to proceed. If I am stopped by a detonator* and am kept waiting very long, I let them know of my presence by blowing my whistle from time to time. We are able to talk with our whistles, and so can let the station-master or the signalmen know where we are and where we want to go."

"You need all your caution at such times?"

"Yes, we do; but the only danger is when signals fail, or the wrong ones are given. When the 'block' is perfect there is no danger."

"I suppose it requires good nerves to be a driver of an express?"

"Yes; many men have not nerve enough for it. They refuse, saying they would prefer to remain at Pickford's work—that is their expression for the goods. But when a man feels equal to it, it is the lightest work, and he can keep at it until very old."

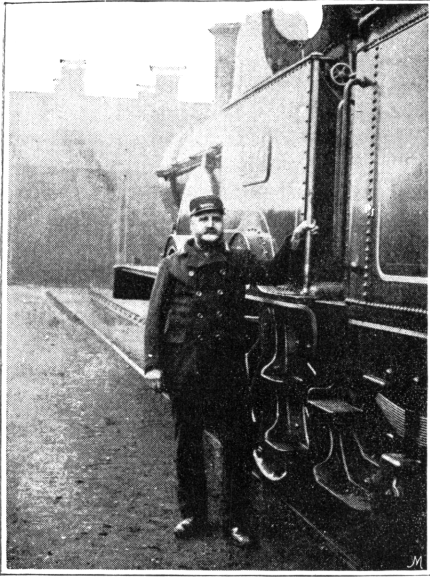
"Have you any very old drivers at work now?"

"I think I am one of the oldest in the express work. But up to very recently we had a driver at work who was sixty-seven years of age. He had to go to a somewhat lighter job than express driving towards the end, however."

In conclusion, Walker said that he and the next man interviewed constituted No. 3 link, known generally amongst engine-men and others on the line as the "Top Hat Link."

The next man interviewed, James Pennington, was a perfect picture of health, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and evidently still full of "go." He said he started as stoker on a colliery line at the age of nineteen, remaining in that employ eight or nine years. He then went on to a stationary engine for winding coals from the shaft. "After that," he con-

* A detonator, or fog-signal, is constructed in the form of a circular disc about zin. in diameter; it is made of a mixture of iron and tin, is filled with gunpowder, and charged with three percussion caps. It is provided with strips of tin on either side, with which it is fastened on to the upper flange of a rail.



JAMES PENNINGTON.
From a Photo. by Speight, Rugby.

tinued, "I was engaged as a fireman on the London and North-Western at Wolverton, and remained at that work, off and on, for about five years. I was then driving for four years, chiefly on a goods and coal pilot engine. I then went on the goods and express goods to Leeds and Liverpool. After a few years at that I got to passenger work. I am now on express work, No. 3 link, from Rugby to London, and Crewe and Manchester."

"How long have you been connected with the London and North-Western Railway?"

"Thirty-three years."

"Have you ever been in an accident?"

"I have been in four accidents; but I have never been in an accident where there were any lives lost."

"Do you like the work?"

"Yes; I could not stop at home; I would sooner have any trip."

"Have you found that the exposure injures your health?"

"I don't think I look as if it did. I am nearly sixty-three years of age, and I should like to have another ten years' service, if the company will allow me. John Middleton knocked off at seventy-five. He was put to driving a pilot engine a few years before that, and seemed rather aggrieved that he had been taken off the better work. I feel as well as ever I did, and I can run a train better than I did twenty years ago."

In reply to another question, Pennington said:—

"Railway work does not injure a man if he has a good constitution. Driving affects a man if he is at all nervous. A good deal depends on himself. Mr. Webb, the superintendent of the Locomotive Department, has named three engines Pluck, Patience, and Perseverance, and those are the qualities that an engine-man wants."

In reply to a question as to the hours of his work, Pennington said:—

"We average about sixty hours a week, or the mileage equivalent to that. When we work on Sundays, we are paid at the rate of time and a half, so that for a full day we should get 12s. instead of 8s."

Jem Brown, driver of the Scotch express, known as the "Corridor Train" (stationed with the three following at Camden), commenced as a cleaner in 1858, became a fireman in 1859, and a driver in 1864. In 1875 he was promoted from a goods engine to driving passenger trains, at which work he has been ever since. Asked as to his experience as a driver, he said:—

"I have had two accidents. They were both to goods trains. I had a collision at



JEM BROWN.
From a Photo. by G. W. Roberts, Kentish Town, N.W.

Coventry, when I had my engine knocked clean over, and blocked both lines for half a day. A ballast train was turned out of a siding without a signal, and I ran into it. That was before the block system was introduced. My engine was damaged a good deal, and some of the trucks also."

"Were you not hurt yourself?"

"No. When my engine was turning over I gave a spring, so as to get as far away as possible. You have to keep your wits about you when on an engine, and you sometimes get some rough riding."

"What was your other accident?"

"That was on the 11th of December, 1875, when I ran into a coal train at Leamington. The block system was then introduced, but was not thoroughly carried out. It was a very thick fog. They gave me 'clear' at Polesworth, and the train was only just within the signals at Armington, near Tamworth. Under the present system of blocking that could not have happened. I should be stopped at Polesworth and cautioned: 'Section clear, but station blocked!' Then you may go on, but be prepared to stop at the next—which would be the home signal, and not go past it."

"How did you come off this time?"

"The engine was knocked to pieces, also a lot of coal trucks. Both the lines were blocked."

"Were you hurt?"

"Not much. I jumped again when the engine was going over. I hurt my finger a bit, and my nose was marked—that was all."

"How long have you been running the Scotch express?"

"For the last three years, although it is only since July last year that it was converted into what is called the Corridor Dining Train. It leaves London at 2 p.m., and reaches Crewe at 5.20. It is taken by another driver from there, and I come back with another express at 7.32,

arriving at 10.45. I and another man take this train alternately. I run to Crewe and back every other day. My mate runs the alternate day."

"Then you only work three days a week?"

"That is all. The actual running time to Crewe and back is 6 hours 40 minutes, that constitutes two days' work—reckoned, of course, by mileage."

"Do you find the work trying?"

"Not in the least; we get used to it. I have had thirty-five years of it, and I am not much the worse."

John Button (in the same "link" as the above) began his career in 1862, and was promoted to passenger driving in 1880. Asked if he had ever been in an accident, he said:—

"I have been very fortunate. I have never had an accident of any kind—have not even so much as broken a buffer plank" (*i.e.*, the beam in front of the engine which carries the buffers).

"You are now working the Corridor Train with Brown?"

"Yes; I worked the train yesterday; Brown works it to-day."

In further conversation, Button said he enjoyed perfect health. He thought there was nothing in driving to injure the constitution.

Some men had not nerve enough to take charge of a big engine. He did not find the great speed of travelling affected the nerves, "but," said he, "it makes you anxious. For my part," he added, "I prefer to go at a topping speed. I have read in books that the higher the speed the more the nerves are affected; but I don't find it so. You feel a sensation of positive pleasure in going along at a rattling speed. Of course, we are well protected from the weather by our cabs; formerly it was not so, and in bad weather the men were often soaking wet. But all that has been changed since Mr. Webb introduced the cab. That was about 1873. The engine Brown and I



JOHN BUTTON.

From a Photo. by H. J. Taylor, Kentish Town Road, N.W.

run is the 'Jeanie Deans.' She was built by Mr. Webb for the Edinburgh Exhibition, and is a 7ft. compound engine, of the latest type. She runs every day to Crewe and back."

"I suppose you can tell pretty well the speed you are going at?"

"Yes; we soon learn to judge by the movement, the oscillation, how the engine is going. You *feel* the speed. The other day I looked at my watch at Crewe, and did not look at it again till I got to Euston. I found I was one minute to the good."

Joseph Edwards, in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company since 1863, and seventeen years a passenger driver, said he was one of the men chosen a year or two ago to run the 10 a.m. train from Euston to Edinburgh. It was

known as the "racing train," and was run against the East Coast train for Scotland. "I ran it," he said, "from here to Crewe, 158 miles, without a stop. We were timed to arrive at Crewe at 1 p.m. I was always before time; sometimes ten minutes before. I could have done the distance in much less time than that if Mr. Mumford would have allowed me. The engine we worked with was the 'Marmion,' 7ft. 6in. driving-wheel. She is a splendid engine, and very suitable for the work. We could work her at the same uniform rate up hill and down. We ran the 'racer' for a month, and never had a hitch. I was chosen for the work because I was accustomed to that class of engine." In reply to a question, Edwards said that during these trials of speed the "Marmion" never had a hot axle.



JOSEPH EDWARDS.

From a Photo. by G. W. Roberts, Kentish Town, N.W.

(To be continued.)

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXV.—SIR DONALD CURRIE, K.C.M.G., M.P.



AMONGST the men who have played no small part in the development of our national history, Sir Donald Currie certainly claims a distinguished place.

I first met Sir Donald Currie on board his last built steamer, the *Tantallon Castle*, on the occasion of her trial trip to the Cape, on which vessel, with a party of friends, we steamed as far as Southampton Water. In appearance the great steamship owner is decidedly benevolent; he possesses a face which inspires immediate confidence; his hair is perfectly white, and his eyes are continually looking you through and through. He is a perfect Scotchman, careful, cool, and calm in everything he says or does; and though he apparently thinks and works very rapidly, he never suggests hurry. One has but little difficulty in "discovering" the man. Earnestness, perfect and complete earnestness, is the great characteristic which has governed and directed his life from the very first moment when, as a lad of fourteen, he perched himself on an office stool and made his start in business with the smallest and most trifling work allotted to him.

"I did everything I was bid," Sir Donald said to me—an assurance that meant much.

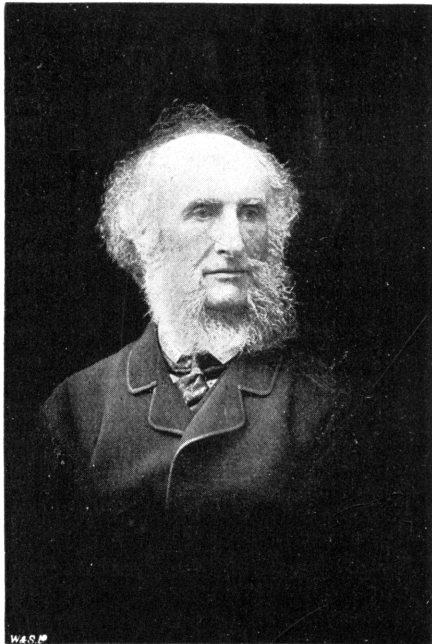
Sir Donald is a man to be "watched." He took the chair

at an impromptu concert on board the *Tantallon Castle*, and enthusiasm marked every word he uttered, although it was only to announce a banjo solo by a young lady travelling to the Cape for her health, or a duet by a wealthy American couple who were revelling in the luxury of a trip round the world.

We chatted together in the smoking-room, and he spoke of the severer things that govern life: the South African questions in which he has been called upon to take a part; the past, present, and future of that vast and rich territory, and still with the same earnest enthusiasm without which it seemed to me he could never open his mouth to speak. And here lies the

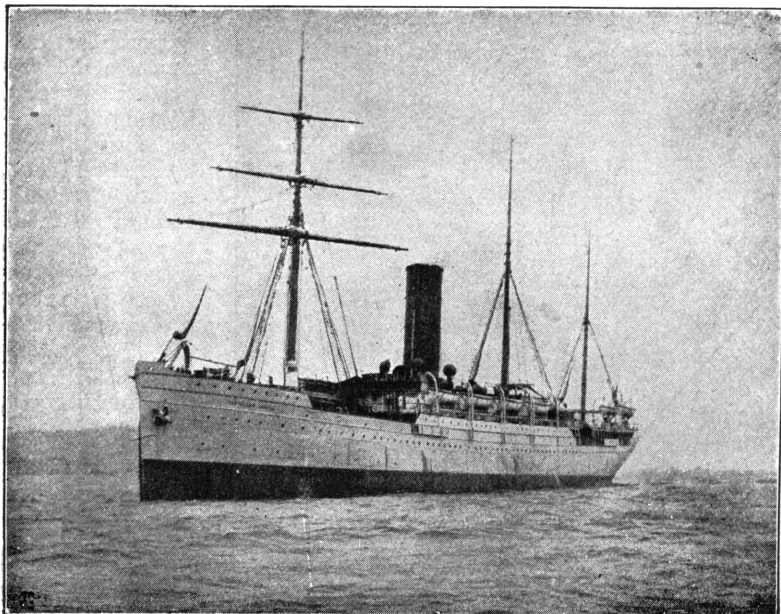
secret of his success in the great steam-shiping world. He has laid down a law for himself: that whatever he touched, or said, or thought, should be carried out thoroughly.

Our smoking-room chat was particularly happy. It is very well known that amongst what might be termed Sir Donald's hobbies is that of taking in hand, and very successfully too, the restoration to health of sick celebrities. He is a firm believer in the restorative qualities of a sea voyage. Hence it comes about that many eminent men have for a time placed themselves under his care, and partaken of his hospitality on board his magnificent floating palaces. Amongst those I specially asked and we talked about,



Yours truly
Donald Currie

From a Photo. by Le Jeune, Paris.



From a

R.M.S. "TANTALLON CASTLE."

[Photograph.]

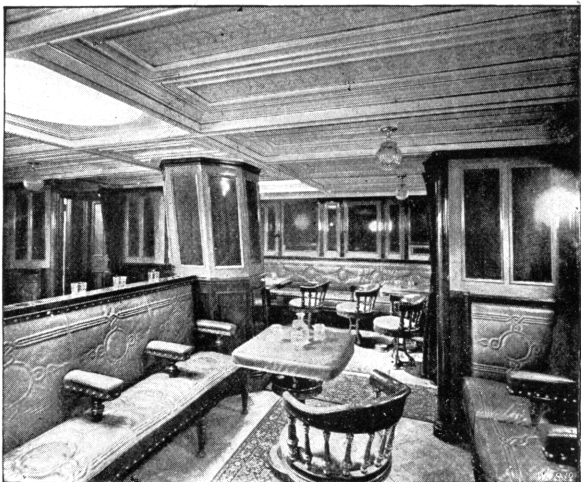
as our temporary home lay quietly anchored in Southampton Water, were Gladstone and Tennyson.

"You know," said Sir Donald, "that both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson have been out with me in the *Pembroke Castle* and the *Grantully Castle*. Gladstone generally spent his day in reading or conversing with Tennyson, and every moment of his time was occupied, with never an instant wasted. On the *Grantully Castle*, after the illness which laid him aside from Parliamentary work, his favourite book was 'David Copperfield'; whilst frequently he would take up some great Greek work and read passages to me, making most admirable comments on them as he went along. It was most charming to see Gladstone and Tennyson together. When Tennyson would sit and read one of his poems to the great statesman, discussing here and there the various lines, and Gladstone questioning the poet as to how he came to use this and that form of phraseology, nothing could be more instructive.

"Sometimes they would talk about Homer and the old Greek poets, and I remember when we went for our Norway cruise in the *Pembroke Castle*, these two great men had the most interesting discussion on

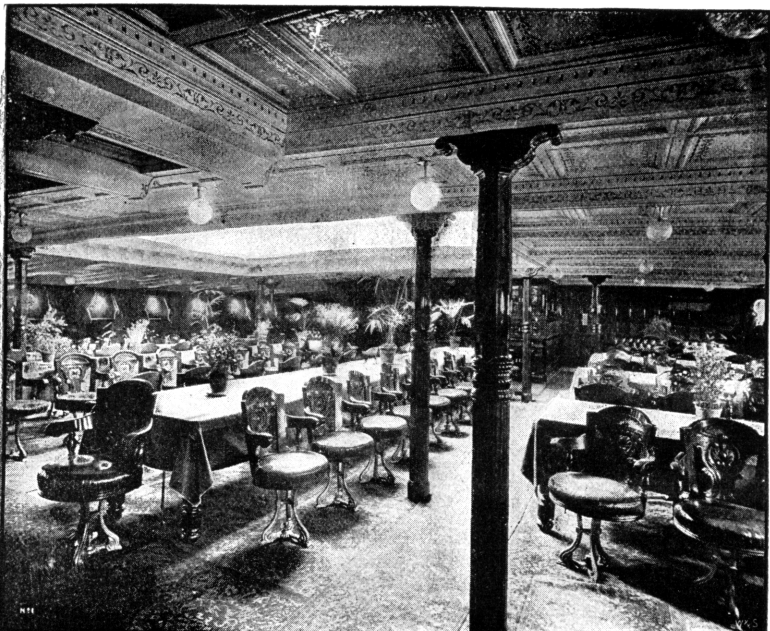
Shakespeare that I ever heard. Although Tennyson was not a very early riser, yet immediately after breakfast he always used to return to his cabin to study and write, for he assured me that he considered this was the best part of the day for work. I should like to tell you that when Tennyson talked it was just like one of his own poems. When he was viewing scenery—a moonlight night, or a sunset, or a little bit

of impressive landscape—he would sit and look at it silently for a moment, as though drinking it in and filling his soul, only the next moment to tell it all to those whose privilege it was to sit near him. Of course, I need not tell you that Tennyson was a great smoker. When he came out with me he brought quite a stock of pipes, and he very seldom gave any away. I think I am one of the very few who possess one of his famous clays, which he gave me on the day of the Royal visit. I keep it at Garth Castle, near Aberfeldy, where for



THE SMOKING-ROOM—"TANTALLON CASTLE."

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company



From a Photo. by the]

THE DINING-ROOM—"TANTALLON CASTLE."

[London Stereoscopic Co.

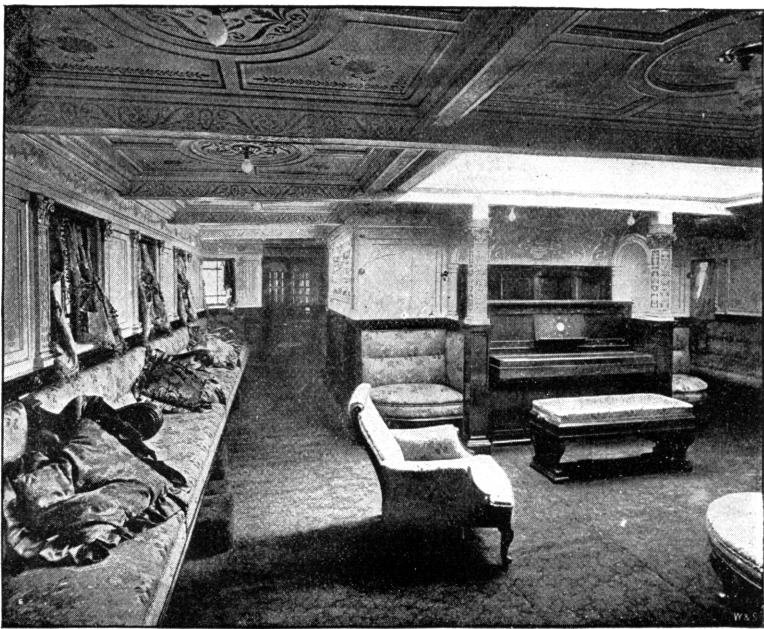
many years past I have spent the main portion of the summer and autumn months.

"Let me tell you how I came to get possession of it. We were at Copenhagen. After luncheon the ladies of the Royal party were very anxious to hear the great Poet Laureate read some of his poetry. He had retired to his room and was smoking, but I went after him and persuaded him to give up his pipe for a time; he did so, and instead of throwing his pipe out of the cabin window, as he often did, he gave it to me as a keepsake. When I told Gladstone this he said, 'Keep it, it will be precious some day.'

"It was on the well-known trip to Dartmouth and Plymouth, in 1877, that I took Mr. Gladstone for the first time, which occasion was made

largest steamer ever in that port—a dinner at the palace was succeeded by the famous banquet on board the *Pembroke Castle*, the guests being the King and Queen of Denmark and their family, the Emperor and Empress of Russia and their family, the

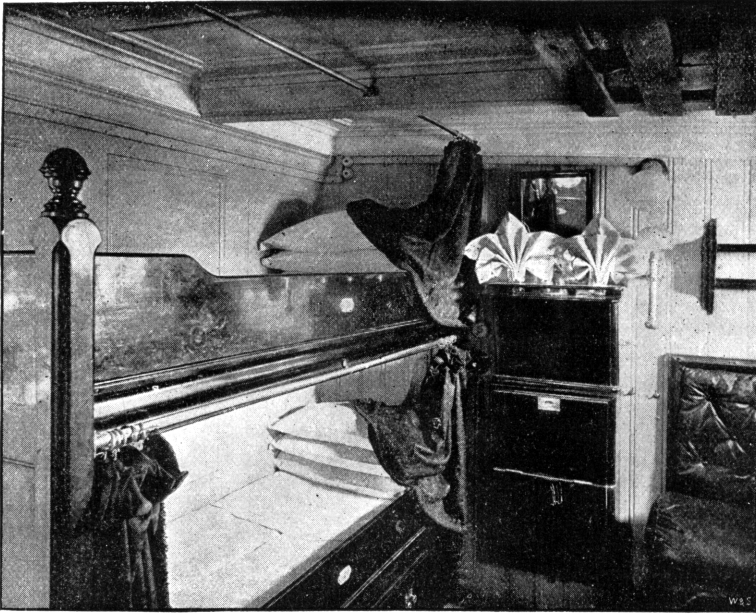
more than interesting by the fact that it was on the way back, at Exeter, that Gladstone declared for the assimilation of the Burgh and County Franchise. It was in 1880 that the great statesman was my companion for a fortnight's cruise round Scotland in the *Grantly Castle*, and 1883 brought about the trip of Tennyson and Gladstone in the *Pembroke Castle* round Scotland to Kirkwall, Norway, and Copenhagen. On the occasion of the visit of the *Pembroke Castle* to Copenhagen—the



From a Photo. by the]

THE LADIES' ROOM—"TANTALLON CASTLE."

[London Stereoscopic Co.



MR. GLADSTONE'S CABIN—"GRANTULLY CASTLE."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

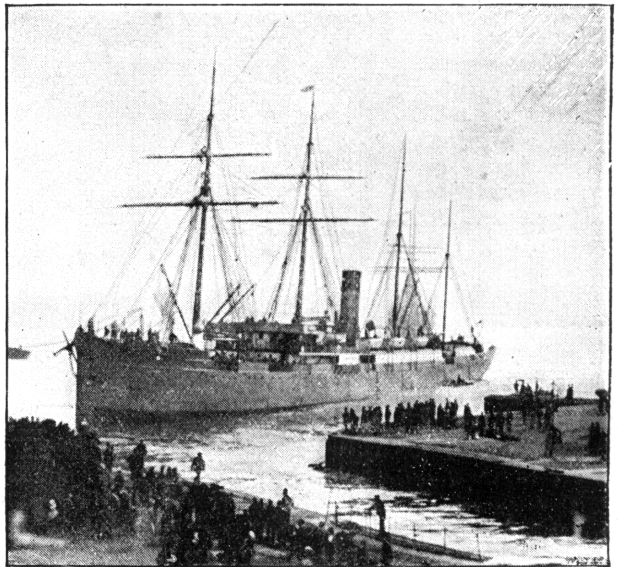
King and Queen of Greece and their family, the Princess of Wales and Royal Family of England, and the Royal Family of Hanover—in all twenty-nine Royal persons, with diplomatists, Ambassadors, and admirals, numbering sixteen—forty-five in all.

"The speeches of the Royal guests and of Mr. Gladstone on that interesting occasion, with the records of the proceedings of that peaceful visit to Copenhagen, where a merchant ship of England was saluted by the manning of the yards of the warships of the different nationalities off the harbour, and the bands playing 'God Save the Queen,' were in singular contrast with the less friendly visit which Nelson paid to Denmark in the time of the great war. As Lord Tennyson said to Mr. Gladstone: 'This is the first time that a merchant ship of Great Britain has been so saluted since the time of Drake.'"

It was some time after the successful launching of the beautiful *Tantallon Castle*, and we had heard that she had arrived safely after a very delightful passage to Madeira, that an opportunity was afforded me of

his works for fully a couple of hours before I could get him to sit down and tell me something about himself. He took very little notice of the clever canvas of *Blarney Castle*, which hangs in the hall, but he just paused to inform me merrily that he has refrained from calling one of his vessels, which form the *Castle Line* of steamers,

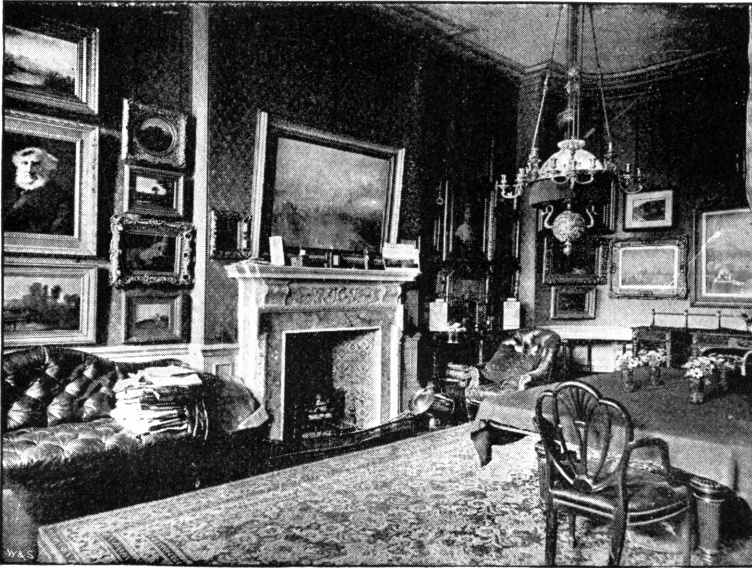
again meeting Sir Donald, and learning something of the story of his life. This was at his town residence, Hyde Park Place. The interior of 4, Hyde Park Place, at once reveals the artistic side of Sir Donald Currie's nature. It is probable that no man in London has more beautiful specimens of Turner than he; and what is more, Sir Donald not only possesses the pictures, but he understands the strong points of the man who painted them. Sir Donald talked about Turner and



From a

"PEMBROKE CASTLE" LEAVING DOCK.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—HYDE PARK PLACE.

[Elliott & Fry.

Blarney Castle, because he considers that would be a little too much!

In the dining-room will be found Wilkie's "Sir Walter Scott," painted whilst on a visit to Abbotsford, and an original sketch by the same artist of "A Village Wedding." Millais, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Cox, J. F. Lewis, are all represented; whilst the two most recent additions to the room in the way of pictures are Sir Donald himself and Lady Currie, painted by Oules. There are several Turners here, the best trio probably being "The Lake of Geneva," a glorious bit of colouring; "The South Foreland," which hangs over the mantelpiece; and that marvellous work depicting Nelson's body brought over from Trafalgar in the old *Victory*—a curious picture in its way, for the canvas contains no fewer than a trio of *Victories*, in order to show the ship in three positions.

Sir Donald's study is next to

indeed, notwithstanding the fact that the walls of this apartment are covered with pictures, only three of them are other than Turner's.

We looked for a moment at Sir Donald's volume of autographs, a number of which are reproduced in these pages, and a portrait group of the members of many of the Royal families gathered together at Copenhagen at the time of Sir Donald's trip there—a portrait, by-the-bye, presented to him by the Queen of Hanover. But yet the steamship prince

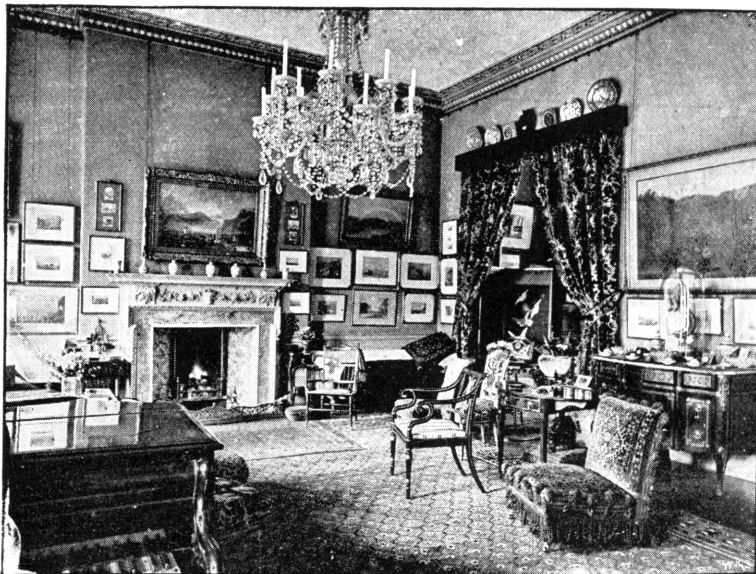
the dining-room, and here we have more Turners, and a very fine bust of Gladstone. It is, however, in the drawing-room, which overlooks Hyde Park, that Turner, so to speak, is revealed in all his glory. "Abbotsford," "Mount Moriah," "Dunfermline Abbey," "Venice," "Lucerne," "The Alps," "The Dawn of Christianity," and many of the pictures which went to illustrate the famous Bible series of Turner; and,



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY—HYDE PARK PLACE.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM—HYDE PARK PLACE.

[Elliott & Fry.

will not be taken away from his Turners; he brings forward a large cardboard box and opens it. It contains a score of beautiful little water-colour drawings; Sir Donald lifts one of them up quite reverentially and places it in my hands.

"Do you recognise it?" he said.

I did not for the moment. His eyes twinkled, and he seemed almost proud to tell me.

"These, sir, are the twenty original drawings by Turner which went to illustrate Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' and his poems. Look at them! See!"—as he takes them up one by one. "There is the one for 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'; this is 'O'Connor's Child'; and that 'Gertrude of Wyoming'; and surely you know this, 'The Soldier's Dream'; and this, 'Lochiel's Warning,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic.'"

We looked at that score of precious pictures for a long time, and their possessor discussed their almost countless beauties till we reached his study downstairs, where I desired to talk with a man who has done much for his fellows. I am inclined to think that at the outset Sir Donald showed some reticence in speaking about himself; but I pointed out to him that a man must tell the truth about his own life, however much he may have done and achieved.

"Very well, then," said Sir Donald, "I will tell you. I was born in 1825. My first school was in Belfast. They were very lively days in Ireland in those times, when the great party feuds were on, and the differences of

opinion between the parties were much stronger then than now. Why, I have seen cavalry charge up and down the streets on the occasion of an election! James Bryce's father was my teacher. Yes, I was always fond of ships; revelled in reading sea stories, and I am inclined to think that I had one of the biggest collections of small boats of any of the boys in the school. I left school when I was fourteen, and went into the steam-shipping

office of a relative in my native town, Greenock. When about eighteen years of age I was transferred to Liverpool and joined the Cunard Company's service. At that time there were no steamers trading to America except those of the Cunard Company, and there were only three of those—the *Caledonia*, the *Arcadia*, and the *Britannia*. The ill-fated *President*, and the British-built steamer, *Great Western*, were for a time engaged in the Atlantic business, but no regular line existed either from the Continent or Great Britain, except that known as the Cunard Line, then intrusted with the carrying of the mails to Halifax and Boston; so that at the time referred to I was charged with the duty of making arrangements for all the cargo passing from Europe to America.

"What a change since that time! In 1849 the Navigation Laws of this country were abolished, and the United States reciprocated this policy. Up to that time no goods from the Continent or foreign ports could be carried into the States by British vessels, and no foreign produce could be imported into England by American ships. The trade between France and the Continent and the United States of America was very extensive and important—mind, I am speaking now of forty-five years ago—and I was dispatched to Havre and Paris to establish branch houses to take advantage of this new opening to British shipping. Within three days of my leaving England for France, a steamer was sent from Liverpool to Havre, and there

Aunt Currie?

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SIGNATURE.

was thus established a through service between France and America *via* Liverpool, which still exists, and which has been most successful. However, shortly after the Havre trade had been secured I went to Bremen and to Antwerp, and at both ports established similar branch offices and steamer services for the Cunard Company."

Here is what Mr. W. S. Gilbert would call a "highly respectable start." Sir Donald Currie is the first man to admit that he owes much to those early struggling days. He worked persistently, honestly, and with purpose not to be turned aside, and it was not long before he found himself in a very important position. The young man's capabilities, pluck, and tact had become a matter of common conversation, and from 1856 to 1862 Sir Donald Currie was attached to the head-quarters of the Cunard Company in the management at Liverpool, his brother conducting the business at Havre; but in the latter year he withdrew from the onerous labour

connected with the Cunard Company's largely extended operations in the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean, and started for himself—the Castle sailing ship service

between Liverpool, London, and the East Indies, which supplied him in due time with the nucleus of the efficient officers now employed in his fleet of steamers.

It is very interesting to note how Sir Donald, after leaving steamers for sailing vessels, finally took once more to steamers and discarded sailing ships. It was not his wish to go back to the exciting life

Embroid Castle
Chaplain
18th Sept 1883

Christian King of Denmark
Louise Queen of Denmark

Alexandra Pr^{ss} of Greece

Edward of Wales
Louise Louise
Victoria Victoria
Princess

SIGNATURES OF ROYAL PERSONAGES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

Frederick,
Crown Prince of Denmark.

Louise,
Crown Princess of Denmark,
Princess of Sweden and Norway.

Alexander - 1883

Marie

Georgios - 1883

Olga - 1883
Nicholas - 1883
Xenia - 1883

Carl of Denmark.

Alexandra - 1883

SIGNATURES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark; Louise, Crown Princess of Denmark, Princess of Sweden and Norway; Alexander (Emperor of Russia); Marie (Empress of Russia); Georgios (King of Greece); Olga (Queen of Greece); Nicholas (the Czarévitch); George and Xenia (the younger children of the Czar); Carl, of Denmark; Alexandra.

he came to be connected with the South African trade, in which he now holds such a high position. But it was not only in steamship enterprise to and from the Cape and Natal that he was

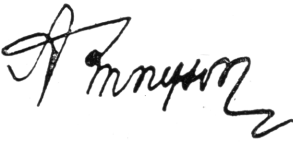
to be engaged, for in a very short time, owing to the singular political circumstances of that period, his capacity and readiness to serve South African interests became manifest.

"In 1875," said Sir Donald, "complications arose in South Africa in connection with the occupation of the Diamond Field District, known as Kimberley, by the British Government, and in connection with that, as well as with the Transvaal, President Burgers, of the late Republic, known as the South African Republic, visited England. Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, acting for the Government of the day, intrusted to me the communication to be placed in the hands of President Burgers on his arrival at Plymouth; and the President accompanied me to my house, where he stayed for some two or three months, the correspondence of the President with the Government of the day being carried on with my assistance.

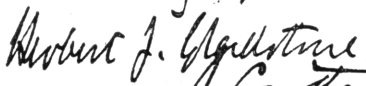
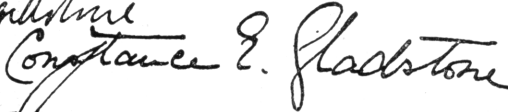
"It is worthy of note that at that especial time it was known that proposals had been made

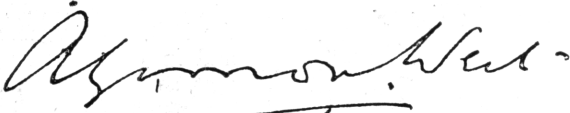
involved in steamship management; his capital was engaged in sailing ships in preference. He had said that he was for all time going out of the steam business, but the fates would have it otherwise. This is how

to Prince Bismarck for the proclamation of a Protectorate by Germany over the Transvaal; and this was not a matter overlooked in conversation between President Burgers and myself. On the settlement of








SIGNATURES OF CELEBRITIES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

the treaty with Portugal which President Burgers completed, I did what I could, and secured for the Transvaal the transfer from Mr. G. P. Moodie, of Gold Fields fame, of the concession of the Delagoa Bay Railway, which had been granted to that gentleman by the Portuguese Government."

It is a fact worthy of interest that in that agreement Sir Donald was made arbitrator in case of dispute, and eventually gave a judgment in favour of Mr. Moodie subsequent to the annexation of the Transvaal by the British Government.

"Of the early history of gold mining," continued Sir Donald, "in the Transvaal, a singular illustration is the fact of the President having brought to this country and placed in my hands a nugget found at Pilgrims' Rest in that territory, of the value of about £600 sterling, and this nugget, by-the-bye, I exhibited at the first meeting of the Royal Co-

lonial Institute at the South Kensington Museum, when President Burgers was present and received the welcome of his friends, people wondering if it could be true that there was gold in the Transvaal.

"The Swazi question was at that moment being discussed with the British Government, as well as the difference between the Orange Free State and the Imperial Government as to the Diamond Fields, the latter being claimed by the Orange Free State Republic as within their territory. Immediately after the return of President Burgers to the Transvaal, President Brand, of the Orange Free State, visited England, at the request of Lord Carnarvon, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the

hope of arriving at a settlement of the Diamond Fields' dispute; and it was only after a long discussion with President Brand, spread over two or three months, that Lord Carnarvon made a final arrangement with him. Lord Carnarvon and President Brand, after agreeing upon the principles of settlement, left it to me to define the boundary and arrange the terms of agreement, and to draw up the agreement which is now in the Colonial Office, signed by Lord Carnarvon and President Brand."

For these services, acknowledged by Lord Carnarvon in the despatches published in the Blue Books of the time, the Queen made Sir Donald a K.C.M.G., and the Orange Free State Parliament voted him their unanimous acknowledgments.

"In 1876," Sir Donald said, "the mail contract with the Cape having come to an end, a new one was granted to the two mail

companies now carrying on the service—the Union Steamship Company and our Castle Line. In 1877, the year following, political matters in South Africa became very embarrassing, the Transvaal Boers resenting the authority of the British Crown; and Messrs. Paul Kruger, Jorissen, and Bok were sent to Lord Carnarvon as a deputation to claim their independence. Owing to the friendly feeling shown both to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State previously, their delegates informed the British Government that they desired my assistance, and

of the Transvaal, and with a view to some settlement which might prevent disturbance in that territory. I pointed out to the Government that an absolute and unconditional refusal of the memorial of the inhabitants of the great South African Republic would be followed by scenes of disorder, and possibly of bloodshed; and further, that the country would be disorganized, as many of the people would leave; that there would be difficulty in collecting taxes, and settlers and intending emigrants might be alarmed; commercial



From a Photo. by]

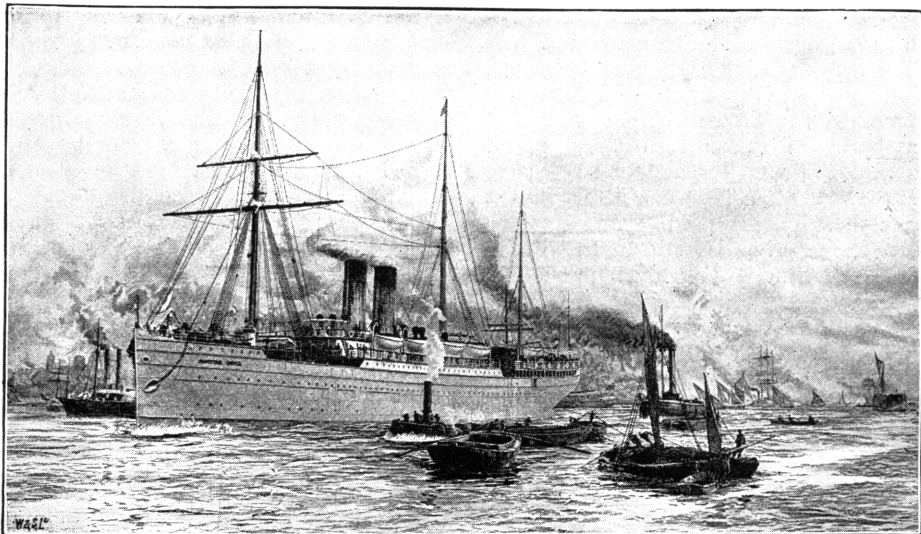
A ROYAL GROUP.

[George Hansen, Kjöbenhavn.

I introduced the deputation, at their wish, to the British Government. They were not successful in obtaining what they desired, and subsequently, in July, 1878, a second and final deputation was sent from the Transvaal, appointed by the united voice of the burghers there. Messrs. Kruger, Joubert, and Bok were delegates, and their appeals were addressed to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The delegates named again came to me, and on the 19th of July, 1878, made a final appeal to the Conservative Government of the day in the interests of the peace and prosperity

relations would be disestablished, and all progress injured for many a day to come in the Transvaal. In that communication I added that the Boers were so persuaded of the injustice of the course which had been pursued, that they had so strong a disposition to freedom and liberty of movement, and were so religiously mindful of facts in their past history, that they would sacrifice their property and risk their lives, as they had done before, for their convictions and what they deemed their just rights."

From what Sir Donald told me, one can only characterize his suggestion as being a

*From the Picture by]*

THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

[W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

very practical one for the solution of the difficulties that beset the Government. It was to the effect that the people should elect their own representatives, with other arrangements fitted to secure friendly co-operation between the different states and colonies in South Africa. Sir Donald urged that it would be easy to stir up angry feeling in the recollection of the Boers, of what they considered injurious treatment at the hands of persons who held official positions; but that, instead of antipathy and dislike, we might by good and kindly feeling secure their strong attachment, and in time clear away the prejudices that prevailed among them owing to our dealings with regard to the Diamond Fields and our past history in respect to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

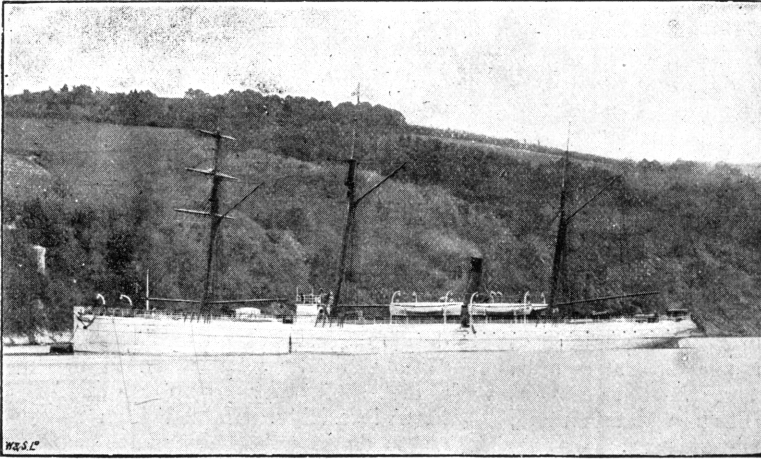
One strong point Sir Donald put forward to the Government was this, namely, that the Boers had a strong conviction of the value of a decision by a majority, and that they distinctly offered to recognise any arrangement, even of annexation to England, if a majority of qualified voters could be found in the Transvaal willing to declare for the maintenance of the present condition of things.

"But you see," said Sir Donald, "that the Government of the day took a very different course, and, on the 17th of August, 1878, upon the motion of Mr. Courtenay for the restoration of the independence of the Transvaal, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on behalf of the Ministry, made such an answer

in the hearing of the delegates in Parliament as justified them in their opinion in returning to the Transvaal, telegraphing to me in Scotland, where it was intended that they should follow me, to say farewell. They visited Holland and Germany to obtain sympathy and assistance.

"In the autumn of the same year, 1878, new troubles arose in South Africa; war was declared against Cetewayo on the 4th of January, 1879, and on the 11th of January British troops crossed into Zulu territory. On the 24th of January the British force was destroyed at Isandlana, of which incident, by-the-bye, I am sorry to say I had to communicate the intelligence to the Government. The episode of Rorke's Drift followed. In the rapid course of events of that day the British detachment of Sir Evelyn Wood had a hard struggle at Kambula, while Colonel Pearson's third division was shut up in Ekowe and surrounded by Dabulamanzi, the brother of Cetewayo, with 10,000 or 15,000 Zulus lying in wait for any sortie they might risk. This is how Cetewayo carried out his word to Sir Bartle Frere: 'If your soldiers attack me, I will tear them to pieces like a tiger.'

"On the day that the news arrived of the disaster at Isandlana, preparations were immediately made by the Home Government to provide within forty-eight hours two steamers to carry troops to Natal; and with the cordial approval of the Minister of War, I sent a telegram to our company's steamer, then passing that day the Island of



From a]

THE "ICELAND"—SIR D. CURRIE'S FIRST BOAT.

[Photograph.

vessel calling at Cape Verd, the 12,000 men or thereabouts armed and ready to start would have had to fight their way through the Zulus, with awful destruction of life, whilst the fever-stricken and wounded left at Ekowe would have been at the mercy of the Zulus, and another Isandlana disaster would have happened."

It is due to

Madeira, to stop on her way to the Cape at Cape Verd for my instructions. The Government had thus the three intervening days in which to decide on what course to follow, and the result was the transmission of telegraphic instructions by way of Cape Verd, which reached South Africa in fifteen days, instead of being delayed until the dispatch of the next steamer from England a week later. The minutes were precious, for the telegram referred to reached Sir Bartle Frere on the Tugela just in time to enable him to stop the sallying out of the troops from Ekowe, which had been ordered to sally out, and which were marshalled ready to start for the Tugela at the moment the heliograph signalled them to delay.

"Let me tell you how the garrison of Ekowe were saved. I know the facts, for a young naval officer, the second in command of the Naval Brigade attached to General Pearson's troops shut in Ekowe, wrote the following in his diary:—

"'At a given date,' he said, 'when shut up, we saw a signal by heliograph from the Tugela, twenty miles off. It said: "Sally out on such and such a day. Dabulamanzi is between you and us with 10,000 Zulus." Then it became dark, and there was no signal for about three weeks; but on the day we were to sally out we were marshalled with provisions to carry for twenty miles march and the Zulus in sight. Then the sun shone out, and the heliograph signalled: "Stop sallying out—troops are coming," and it went dark again.'

"That was the message that had gone out, and if it had not been taken out by the

Sir Donald Currie to record the fact that in a speech delivered in Perthshire, which Sir Donald represents in Parliament, Captain Campbell, of the Royal Navy, who was in command of the Naval Brigade at Ekowe, told the public meeting that their member had saved his life and that of his men; and the Duke of Coburg in command of the fleet at the opening of the docks at Leith, at a banquet, informed the guests that that was why Her Majesty made Sir Donald Currie a K.C.M.G.

The *Dublin Castle* of Sir Donald Currie's line was dispatched from England within forty-eight hours, and the soldiers on board marched from Natal to Ekowe, after a severe struggle with Dabulamanzi, and in this way the garrison was relieved.

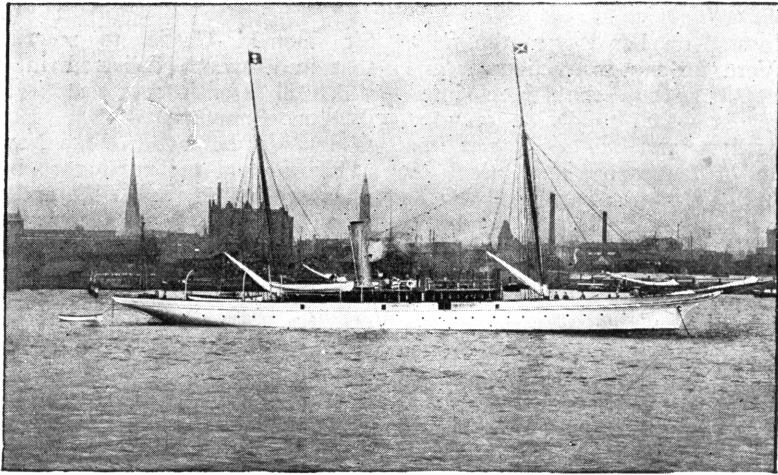
It should be pointed out that several years before, in 1875, Sir Donald urged upon the Government of this country the necessity for an alternative telegraph between England and the East Indies, *via* the Cape, but it was only after the disaster at Isandlana that the Government put down that cable.

Outside of the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and Orange Free State, but in intimate association with their interests, the part which Sir Donald has had to play has been a singularly interesting and useful one, both on the South-West and South-East Coasts of South Africa. If the Government of the day had listened to the representations which he, with a deputation of South African merchants, made to Mr. Gladstone's Government for the annexation to the Cape Colony of Damaraland and Namaqualand, that territory so friendly to England would have been under the British Crown to-day. On

the south-eastern side of Africa, at the moment when Germany was pressing its colonial policy in a direction of serious concern for both Natal and the Transvaal, it was at the urgent representation of Sir Donald Currie that Mr. Gladstone, six months after the South-West African failure of policy, yielded to his representations, and dispatched, upon the information which he gave, a telegram to the Cape authorizing the hoisting of the British flag at St. Lucia Bay in Zululand, which was accomplished by the gunboat *Goshawk*. If this had not been carried out, the German flag would have been floating there within a few days afterwards, and both Pondoland and Natal, as well as what is now British territory in Matabeleland, would have had a different history.

had much scope for encouragement. There is a great future for agriculturists in South Africa, and when the gold adventure has calmed down somewhat, as in Australia and California, we may hope for great and good things. In the high lands there are ample scope and inducement provided for those who have a little capital. One disadvantage against securing success at the present moment is the presence of the native element, which hinders individual effort on the part of the emigrating agriculturist. The land is so fruitful that the white population only care to develop it just for their own wants.

"Many young men write to me and ask me shall they go to South Africa. I have invariably refrained from advising them to do so unless they have sufficient



From a Photo. by

THE "IOLANTHE."

[Carl Hunitz.]

The reader will observe that this interview has treated somewhat seriously of Sir Donald Currie's work in connection with South African affairs, which are very much to the front at the moment of writing.

For the last twenty years Sir Donald may be said to have been immersed in the history of South Africa, and it is singular that no other merchant or shipowner has especially interested himself in that country. Sir Donald is well known as a lecturer on maritime matters, and has received the gold medal of the Society of Arts.

There was one question of considerable moment which I put to Sir Donald Currie before leaving him, and that was: "What chance has the emigrant in South Africa?"

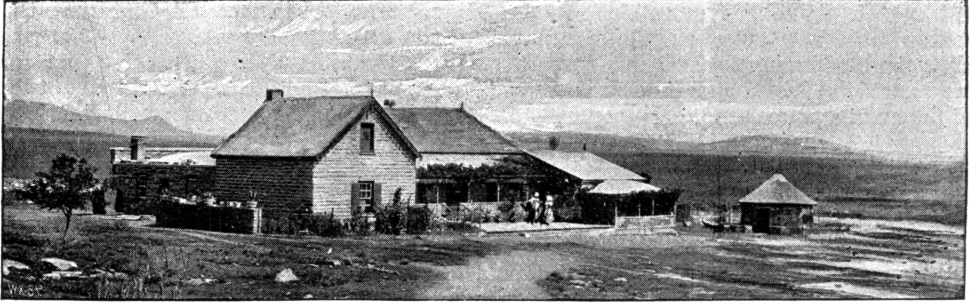
He replied: "The miner—that is, the gold or copper miner—has had great inducements there, but agricultural talent has not hitherto

means to keep themselves going until they find an opportunity of utilizing their abilities. It is no good for anyone to think of going to South Africa unless he has some backbone and some money to keep him going till he sees a chance of success. They go out, expecting to find occupation when they have had none here; many have no business capacity, and such young fellows generally join the Cape Police or the Mounted Rifles, and then settle down. Still, whilst making this statement, let me add that I believe that the Cape Colony and Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal—not to speak of Mashonaland—will yet offer more and more opportunities to young men of sound judgment and good business habits than they can find in this country, or indeed in many of our other colonies."

HARRY HOW.

Ostrich Farming in South Africa.

BY CHARLES W. CAREY.



From a

"THE WILLOWS" OSTRICH FARM, MIDDELBURG, CAPE COLONY.

[Photograph.



PERHAPS no other English Colony is exciting so much interest at the present time as South Africa. For months past the pages of newspapers and periodicals have been filled with news from the north, where our admirable band of volunteers have succeeded in repulsing the redoubtable Lobengula, King of the Matabele race.

Let me give you some sort of an idea of the surrounding country in which we are situated. It is a country unlike any other on the globe. The general character is flat and sandy, relieved only by long, low, rocky sierras. These mountain ranges are the salvation of the landscape. Their craggy outlines are carved into a thousand abrupt and striking forms, their heads are constantly haunted by low-lying clouds of vapour, which the contending sun and wind draw together and disperse. Their sides are hollowed into ravines, or "kloofs," and painted by the clear distance into a perfect argosy of changing hues. The apparently parched and sandy flats are covered by different varieties of dwarf bush, which are nibbled by the sheep.

A dry and arid prospect, and it is hard to conceive every inch of it is loaded below with vegetable life ready to shoot after the first rains of spring into a wealth of verdant grasses. Here and there dotted about on these flats can be seen the white farm-buildings nestling among the trees—an oasis

in the desert, in fact. These green spots can be seen for miles and miles away, with the whitewashed buildings glittering in the sun. Foliage is only to be seen around the homesteads and occasionally at an isolated fountain. The veldt all round is cheerless and naked, without so much as a rag of vegetation to cover it, and the eye hungers for a tree; the bones or stones stick painfully out, a sight for the geologist, not the artist.

You arrive at the homestead, a square, red-brick building, with a sigh of relief, and glad to be out of the blinding glare and sandy plain. On every homestead the same familiar sights meet the eye. On the one side of the house stand the kraals; on the other, the shed and waggon-house. In front stands the dam, adjoining the vegetable-garden and lands, with farther away the camp. Behind the house are the chaff-house, tramp-floor, and butcher's shop, where the niggers are rationed. In the camp run the large stock, cattle, ostriches, and horses; and on the flats and mountains the sheep and goats. In this article I shall confine my remarks to ostriches.

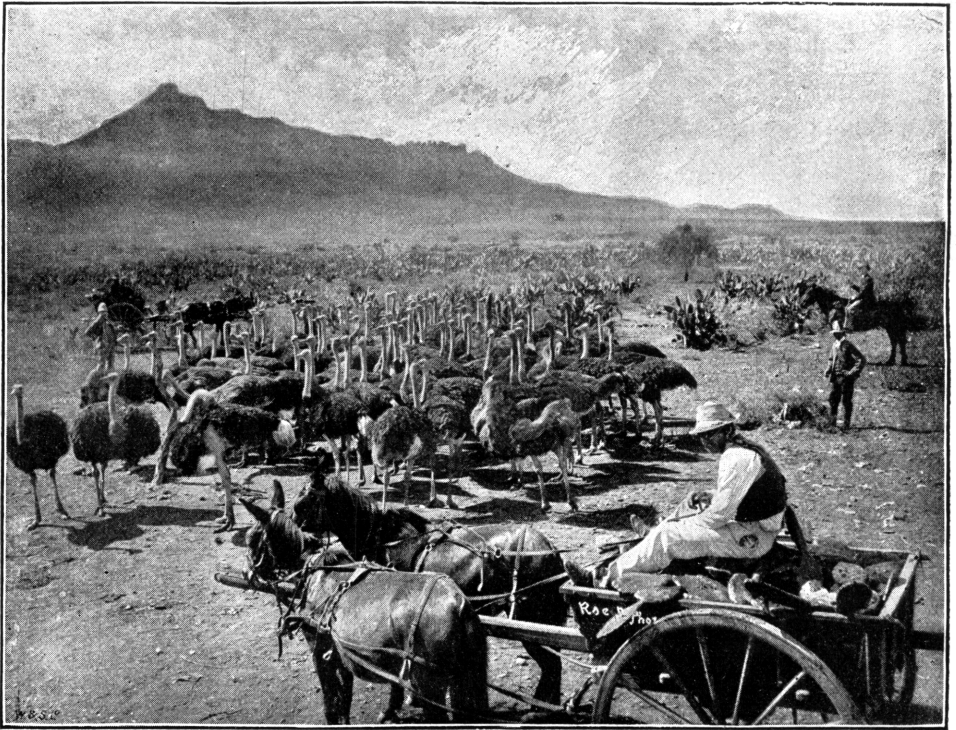
To our friends at home, the ostrich is the centre of interest in South African farming, and it is the ostrich alone that excites everyone's curiosity and makes them take an interest in the life. So let me here give you some idea of the birds, with their ways and manner of conducting themselves when domesticated.

A well-fenced and secure inclosure is a

luxury in the Colony, and is only to be met with on the wealthier farms, the owners of which can afford to keep them in repair, and to place in them stock of the more expensive kinds. Every ostrich farmer has his camp, which varies in size considerably, from 3,000 to 8,000 acres, and in it he keeps his 300 or 500 birds, as well as a few cattle and horses. A camp is always selected as being the best piece of grazing ground on the farm, and capable of holding more stock in proportion than any other part of the farm. Here the birds remain year in and year out, and are only collected and brought together, on the average, once every four months.

out inflicting pain on the bird, and at the same time leaving enough to keep out the cold.

An ostrich, like most other animals, in its wild state is terribly afraid of man or of any unfamiliar sight, and flees at the appearance of anything new to its ken. When domesticated it becomes docile, and after a time assumes a position of authority and becomes master of the situation. From June up to September, or, in fact, till Christmas, thousands of chicks are reared every year, and thousands meet with death every year from some form of accident. Chicks up to twelve months old die from various maladies, but



From a]

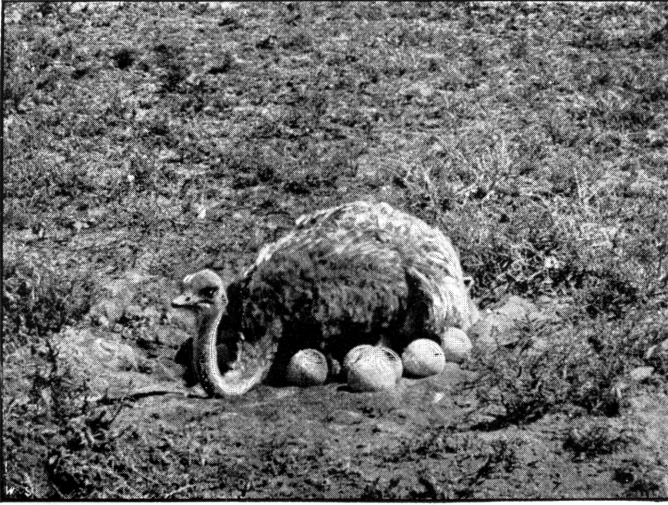
A TROOP OF OSTRICHES.

[Photograph.

These occasions are, let us say, in June, to pluck the prime feathers. By these we mean the long whites, numbering from eighteen to twenty in each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers, and a few long blacks, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stumps of these feathers are drawn out, and two months later again—that is, six months after the primes—the short blacks and tail feathers are taken. Of these it is impossible to give any accurate number. As a rule, you pluck as many as possible with-

seldom after they are full grown are they the victims of any sickness, death usually resulting from a broken leg, killed fighting, or from scarcity of food in times of drought.

The nest of an ostrich is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hollow carved out in the sandy ground. Sometimes the female bird may be seen scratching in the ground preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one



From a]

OSTRICH ON NEST.

[Photograph.

spot. One pair of birds will lay from ten to twenty eggs; but, as is often the case, three or four birds will lay in the one nest, thus making the number of eggs up to seventy or eighty. These, of course, have to be weeded out, as a bird cannot comfortably cover more than sixteen eggs, the remainder being thrown on one side and left to decay.

Forty-four days is the recognised time to allow for hatching. When a nest is hatched out the family are taken out of the camp, and brought to the homestead to be tamed, where they come in continual contact with the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarcer, must be fed morning and evening on barley or rape.

It is during the breeding season that the male becomes so savage, and his note of defiance—"brooming," as the Dutch call it—is heard night and day. The bird inflates his neck in a cobra-like fashion and gives utterance to three deep roars. The first two are short, but the third very prolonged. Lion-hunters all agree in asserting that the roar of the king of beasts and the most foolish of birds resemble one another almost exactly. When the birds are properly savage they become a great source of amusement—or, as some think, of danger. Certainly, to be overtaken all on a sudden without time for preparation by a cheeky bird is one of the greatest ills flesh is heir to, and might result disastrously to the uninitiated; but old hands are always all there on an emergency.

Undoubtedly the best weapon—barring a

wire-fence—is a good stout stick or blunt pitchfork. As a rule, if a bird means to have your life or die in the attempt, he charges from about thirty yards, when you receive him at the bayonet's point. He rushes at you with flashing eye, looking the very embodiment of fury. Drawing himself up to a height of ten feet or more, with wings outstretched and hissing like a cobra, he makes four or five strikes. You retreat a pace or two, so as to avoid the fork piercing through his neck, and hold him off at arm's length till he learns that his efforts are useless.

Drawing the fork sharply away, you strike him a blow on the neck, rendering him insensible and taking away his breath. This quiets him for a while, till he recovers from his bewilderment and makes a fresh charge, when the fork is again presented.

I have seen a bird so savage as to charge seven times in fifteen minutes, twice receiving the prongs of the fork through his neck. On horseback one is even more obnoxious to an ostrich than on foot, but, so long as the horse is not afraid and will stand up to the bird, there is no fear of an accident. As he charges take care to have your horse well in hand, and as the bird makes his first strike, catch him by the neck and hold on for all you're worth, till the bird becomes exhausted from want of breath and falls.

The female bird is seldom vicious. When she has a nest or brood of young chicks one must be prepared, but her manner of charging and whole demeanour is a very mild affair compared to the male's.

Perhaps it may suggest itself to some of my readers: what would result supposing three or four birds tackled you at once? It is a very rare occurrence for more than one bird to charge at a time. Should three or four male birds all imagine at one particular moment that you are the meat of each one of them separately, they first of all tackle one another, the conqueror fighting you.

Collecting birds for plucking is always a great day on the farm. Orders are given overnight to the Kaffirs and Hottentots to catch every available riding-horse and have them saddled-up and ready next morning at

sunrise. This is done, and every "boy" on the farm who can find a horse is mounted, and a regular cavalcade enters the camp, under the superintendence of "De Boss van de Plaats"—the master of the farm. They split up into parties of two each, and start off in different directions to drive up the birds from the remote spots to which they have wandered. Warfare, of course, is freely indulged in. It is immaterial to an ostrich if there be one or fifty against him, he fights just as merrily.

There exists a traveller's tale at home that, as soon as an ostrich catches sight of a human being, he turns tail and bolts in an opposite direction to hide his head in the sand. Another fallacy, equally devoid of foundation, is the belief that the female leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This is not so. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days: the male at night, the female during the daytime. As an

article of food an ostrich egg is, to my taste, the most nauseous of dishes, and far more suitable as an effective weapon in Chinese and political warfare than to grace a breakfast table.

From all one had heard previous to becoming oneself an owner of ostriches, the actual plucking of the birds is very uninteresting and disappointing. The birds are all huddled together in a kraal—when every bird becomes as meek as a lamb—and are caught one by one; a bag or stocking is placed over the head and neck, while two experienced niggers clip the feathers. During

winter the birds must be attended to and carefully watched, as sometimes the weather is very inclement for weeks together—the thermometer often registering ten degrees of frost—and birds are apt to fall off in condition. If a bird once begins to sink in condition, the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting him right again, and often no amount of extra feeding will pull him through.



PROCESS OF CLIPPING, WITH BAG ON HEAD OF OSTRICH, WING UPLIFTED, AND OWNER IN THE ACT OF CLIPPING THE "PRIMARY ROW."

From a Photo. by H. E. Fripp, Beaufort West, Cape of Good Hope.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a [Photograph.] AGE 47.

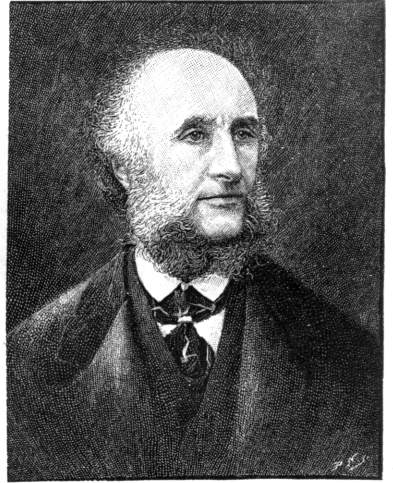
SIR DONALD CURRIE,
K.C.M.G., M.P.
BORN 1825.



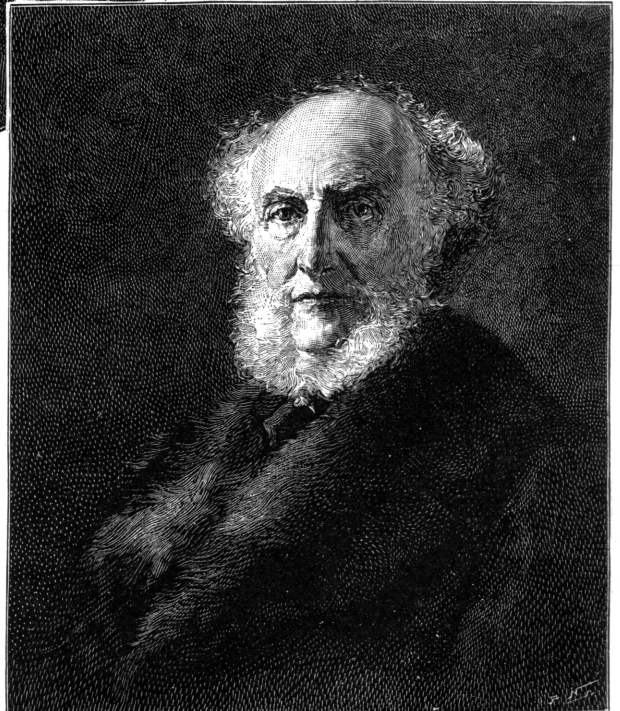
SIR DONALD CURRIE, K.C.M.G., M.P., is the son of the late Mr. James Currie. He is at the head of Donald Currie & Co., owners of the Castle Line of steamships between London and South Africa. Sir Donald takes an active interest in all questions connected with South Africa, and he has rendered great services to the country and the Government. For his services in settlement of the Diamond Fields dispute and the Orange Free State boundary he was made a C.M.G. in 1877, and in 1881 a K.C.M.G. for further assistance during the Zulu War. For further parti-

Vol. viii.—26.

culars we refer our readers to an "Illustrated Interview" with Sir Donald, appearing in this number.



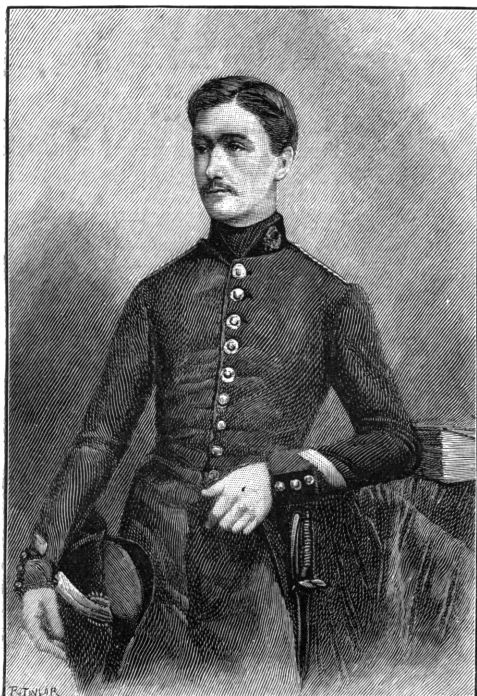
From a Photo. by] AGE 55. [L. Joliot, Paris.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Painting by W. W. Ouless, R.A.

Chamber since 1871. M. Carnot occupied successively the position of Under Secretary and Minister of Public Works; and in the Cabinets of M. de Freycinet and M. Brisson he held the portfolio of Finance. As Minister of Finance, M. Carnot dis-



From a Photo. by]

AGE 20.

[P. Boyer.

THE LATE PRESIDENT CARNOT.

BORN 1837.

MARIE FRANÇOIS SADI CARNOT, late President of

the French Republic, who, on the 24th of June, fell a victim to the murderous hand of a fanatic, was born at Limoges. He was a grandson of General Carnot, known in history as the "Organizer of Victory." M. Carnot entered the École Polytechnique at the age of twenty, our first portrait showing young Carnot in his uniform of *Polytechnicien*. He first entered Parliament as member for Côte d'Or, which he represented continuously in the National Assembly and in the



From a]

AGE 35.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 57.

[Pierre Petit, Paris.

played remarkable foresight and courage in disclosing to Parliament the difficulties of the financial position of the country, and in suggesting means of overcoming them. Physically the late President was a thin man, of regular features, slightly severe and hard in expression. It was on the resignation of M. Grévy, on December 2nd, 1887, that M. Carnot was elected President of the Republic. In expressing our heartfelt sympathies to the French nation for her great loss, we are sure we echo the feelings of all readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.



From a] AGE 4. [Painting.



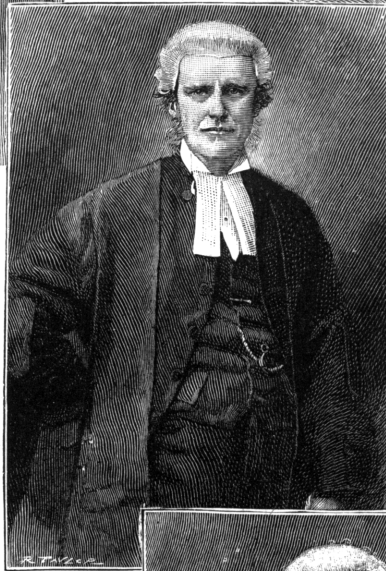
AGE 35.
From a Photograph.

LORD JUSTICE DAVEY.

BORN 1833.



IR HORACE DAVEY, Lord Justice of Appeal, was educated at Rugby, from which school he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford, and was subsequently chosen a Fellow of his college. He was

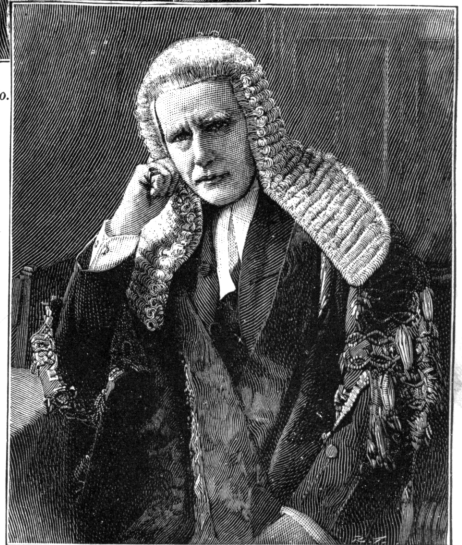


AGE 56.
From a Photo.
by Elliott
& Fry.

called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1861, where he soon rose to eminence as an equity lawyer. He obtained a silk gown in 1875. For a few months in 1886 he was Solicitor-General under Mr. Gladstone, being raised to the Bench as a Lord Justice of Appeal in September, 1893.



AGE 22.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.



AGE 12.

From a Photo. by W. H. Fawn, Peckham.

ROBERT ABEL.

BORN 1859.

ROBERT ABEL, popularly known as the "Guv'nor," made his first appearance in the Surrey Eleven at the Oval against Notts in 1881, but it was not until 1883 that he repaid the county for the confidence placed in him. In 1886, while playing for Surrey against Australia, he scored 144 runs, remaining at the wicket nearly seven hours. In 1891 he made 197, his highest score in first-class cricket. As a bowler he is often in-



AGE 27.

From a Photo. by the Kimberley Photographic Studio.

valuable, but is, perhaps, seen at his best at short slip. His 168 (not out) against Gentlemen of England this year proves that he still maintains his position as one of the best all-round men in England.



AGE 18.

From a Photo. by W. H. Fawn, Peckham.



PRESENT DAY.

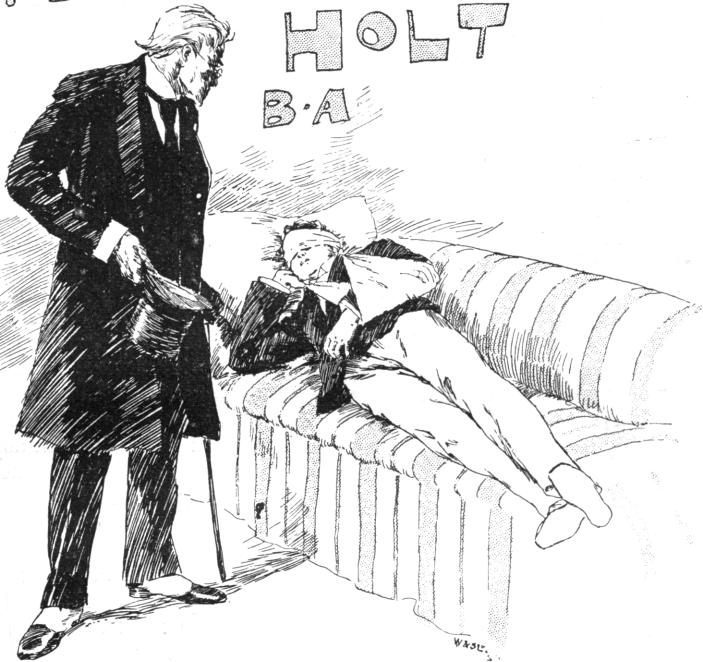
From a Photo. by W. S. Proe, Peckham.

SYDNEY

HOLT

B.A.

BY
MARTIN
MILNER



IM very sorry for you, Leigh!"

"Thanks. You've said that before, though."

"Well, you need not be so disagreeable; I really am sorry for you, and would help you if I could."

The speaker was an elderly man, with an intellectual face and a head of tangled grey hair, who stood by a couch on which lay a young man with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling.

"You had better try and put it all out of your mind for a month," he went on, compassionately. "You can't work, so what's the good of worrying?"

"The fact that I can't work is the reason why I worry," said Leigh. "If I had only finished my book before this accident happened, I shouldn't care. But publishers are like time and tide, they wait for no man, as you might know, one would think!"

"I thought the doctor did not want you to use your head at all," said the elder man.

"Oh! he doesn't mind now. I'm all right again, really; only he says he must keep my eyes bandaged for another fortnight, 'just as a precautionary measure.' Precautionary humbug, I call it!"

"Well, then, employ an amanuensis," said

Morris Holt, taking no notice of the last remark.

"So I would, if I could find one worth having; but how can I find one while I'm stuck here on this sofa? And somehow, when a fellow is ill, people seem such a bother."

"I have a young cousin whom I think might do," said Holt. "I never thought of it till this minute: I always forget everything! A London B.A. Worked in the British Museum. All that sort of thing. Too poor to ask high terms; very accurate and a really good scholar."

"Well, that praise means something from you," said Leigh, rather grudgingly. "We might have an interview to-morrow afternoon, anyway, if you'll arrange it for me."

"All right; I must be off now. I only meant to stay two minutes, but I had no idea you had been so ill."

He shook the uninjured hand, and made his way towards the door, tripping against a stool as he peered short-sightedly for the handle.

A shout from Leigh made him pause just as he was closing the door. "Stop a minute! What name did you say?"

"Holt. Sydney Holt!" he said, opening the door an inch or two and shutting it again.

"Poor chap!" he muttered, as he made

his way down the steep stone staircase of the flat. "But it's just the thing for Sydney. I'll go round there now."

Morris Holt was one of the most oblivious and absent-minded men in the world, but he had a fund of kindness within him when he remembered to use it, and on this cold, wet November evening he went nearly a mile out of his way that he might convey the news of employment to his young relative at once.

It was a dingy street into which he turned, and the house at which he stopped was one of the dingiest of the row. An untidy servant-girl admitted him, and stood aside to let him go up to the first floor.

Mr. Holt stumbled up the dark staircase and knocked at the first door he came to.

"Come in!" cried a voice from inside, and he turned the handle and entered. The room was like hundreds of others in cheap London lodging-houses. The furniture was worn and shabby, the ceiling discoloured, and the window-panes dirty; but there were a few touches here and there which showed that the occupant was a person of refinement.

A girl, whose curly hair was cut short over her head, and whose pale face showed the marks of over-work, threw down her pen and rose to greet him with a smile.

"Why, cousin Morris!" she said, "I have not seen you for weeks!"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Holt, sitting down in the chair she pushed forward for him, "I have been out of town. I was at the Museum yesterday and to-day, but I did not see you, Sydney. Where have you been?"

"At home," said Sydney, rather mournfully. "Or, rather, I tired myself out yesterday going to three different schools in want of teachers; but they were all filled up before I got there!"

"I am sorry I have not been able to help you more," said Mr. Holt, with a little remorse in his tone. "But it is next door to impossible; everything is so crowded. However, I am forgetting what I came to tell you, and I must make haste, because I am going out of town again to-morrow, and I am very busy. A friend of mine who is writing a book has had an accident, and can't use his eyes for a time. He is worrying himself to death about it, and wants to get someone to help him. It must be someone up in the classics, because there are a lot of Greek quotations; so I suggested you, and he would like you to go round to-morrow afternoon. There's the address." He threw a card on the table as he spoke and got up to go.

"But shall I be able to do what he wants?" said Sydney, doubtfully.

"Oh! yes; I told him all about you, you know, and he thought you would do."

There were many other things that Sydney wanted to ask, but her cousin was in a hurry to be off, and she could not detain him. She stood for a long time with the card in her hand after he had gone, as though it could tell her all the things that he had left unsaid.

"OLIVER LEIGH,

6, Lincoln Gardens."

That was all. She had never heard the name before, and it conveyed nothing to her mind. But she had no doubt about going, for her funds were so low that it seemed to her sometimes as though starvation was not far off. Her hopes had been very high when she got her degree and started on a career in London, but as she learnt more and more of the over-stocked condition of the teaching world, they had sunk lower and lower. Her cousin had no influence there, but he had procured her a few pieces of literary hack-work from time to time, which just kept her head above water.

She set out about three o'clock the next afternoon and made her way to Lincoln Gardens. It was as dull and damp a day as the previous one had been, and she debated within herself whether she should not do her dress more than eighteenpence worth of damage by walking; however, she had only five shillings in hand to last to the end of the week, so she picked her way as well as she could through the mud.

Lincoln Gardens was reached at last, and having pressed the electric bell at the door, a dirty little boy in buttons admitted her.

"Mr. Leigh?" he said, in answer to her inquiry. "Yes, 'e's in. Third floor!" and so saying, he disappeared down a passage, leaving Sydney to make her way up.

The door at the head of the third staircase stood open, and her timid knock was answered by a voice, in obedience to which she entered. The room formed a strong contrast to her own. A bright fire burned on the hearth, throwing its leaping lights and shadows over the picture-covered walls and the soft hues of carpet and curtains. But Sydney's eyes were not attracted by the room; they were fixed in mute surprise upon its owner. She had expected to see an elderly, grey-headed man, like her cousin; but the hair that appeared over the bandages was thick and dark, and the figure in the arm-chair was that of a man in the prime of youth. She was so taken aback that she



"A DIRTY LITTLE BOY IN BUTTONS ADMITTED HER."

hesitated on the threshold, uncertain what to do; but in the meantime he could not see her and she was obliged to speak.

"My cousin, Mr. Morris Holt, asked me to call on you to-day, about some work," she said.

"Oh! yes; come in," said Leigh. "Excuse my getting up, I'm rather lame. Holt was here yesterday, and said he thought you could do what I want; but I should think you're very young, by your voice!"

Sydney thought that his manners were decidedly peculiar, but she knew that she must not mind such things as these. "Yes, I am young," she said, "but I have taken the B.A. degree at the London University, and I have had some experience in literary work, too."

"Oh! well, I daresay you'll do all right," said Leigh. "I'll try you, anyhow. My doctor says I mustn't do more than three hours' work a day at present. He's a chum of mine, who comes in every morning to bandage me up for the day and all that kind of thing; so we had better work from two

till five, if that will suit you."

"Very well indeed," said Sydney.

"All right, then. We ought to finish the work in a fortnight; I hope you can write a clear hand. Oh! and about terms: will two guineas a week do for you?"

"Certainly," said Sydney, who had not dared to expect so much.

"We may as well begin at once, then. You'll find the papers on the writing-table. Tell me when you are ready, and I'll fire away."

Sydney arranged the papers and began to write. The book was one dealing with certain aspects of Greek drama, and the quotations made the work difficult; but the subject was one which thoroughly interested her, and the time sped rapidly away.

Five o'clock chimed out at last from the little clock on the mantelpiece, and Leigh gave a satisfied sigh. "I suppose we must stop," he said, "or I shall get into

a row with my doctor. However, we've got on capitally, so I won't complain. Be sure you come punctually to-morrow."

"I will be certain to be here," said Sydney, opening the door as she spoke.

"All right, and if you see your cousin, you can tell him I think you'll do very well. You really have a very decent amount of scholarship, though I should think you're not much more than a boy!"

Sydney gave a startled little gasp as he uttered the last words, and escaped before he could add anything more. So this was the meaning of his cursory remarks and his off-hand ways! Morris had evidently only spoken of her as his "cousin," without mentioning her name; or, even if he had mentioned it, it would have told nothing unless he added an explanation. Why had she not been called Ada or Caroline, instead of Sydney?

All through her homeward walk she was debating what she could do. Should she ask her cousin to explain? But he was gone out of town, and she did not even know his

address. Should she explain the mistake herself? But the idea was too formidable! After all, it was only an hour or two in the day for a fortnight; it would soon be over.

She hardly noticed the discomforts of her room that evening; her mind was too much occupied with the events of the day, and instead of worrying over her money troubles when she went to bed, she fell asleep wondering what the morrow would bring.

Leigh was waiting for her when she arrived the next afternoon. "Here you are!" he said, cheerfully. "The doctor says I'm none the worse for the work yesterday, so that's all right. We shall soon finish, at this rate."

Sydney soon became as interested in the book as the author himself. It showed a depth of research and a broad way of dealing with facts that gave her a very high opinion of his mind. She admired him also for his patience under the trials that had befallen him, and day by day she found herself looking forward more eagerly to their hours of work.

Leigh, on his part, felt a growing admiration for his secretary.

"You never bother me, somehow," he said, one day. "Some fellows are so clumsy, knocking things over, and making all sorts of mistakes. But you are uncommonly quiet, I must say, and yet you are sharp enough, too! That suggestion you made yesterday was really very good; I thought about it a great deal in the night."

"I am glad you think I can do the work," said Sydney.

"You do it remarkably well!" said Leigh. "You really ought to turn out something or other one of these days. I don't know why I always imagine you are so young; I suppose it's your voice."

"Can I do anything more for you before I go?" said Sydney, passing over the difficult question.

"Yes. I wish you would just give me a rug. I get so cold sitting here, and the doctor won't let me try my ankle yet. I wish that horse hadn't managed to stand on so many places at once when it knocked me over."

Sydney felt a rush of sympathy go through her, but she dared not express it. She put the rug softly over him and went back to the writing-table.

"I think I shall come out a poet at last,"

said Leigh, in a dreamy tone. "I don't know why, but I seemed to think of stars and music and the 'sweet south' on a bank of violets, all in a breath just now."

"Good afternoon," said Sydney, opening the door and taking a sudden departure.

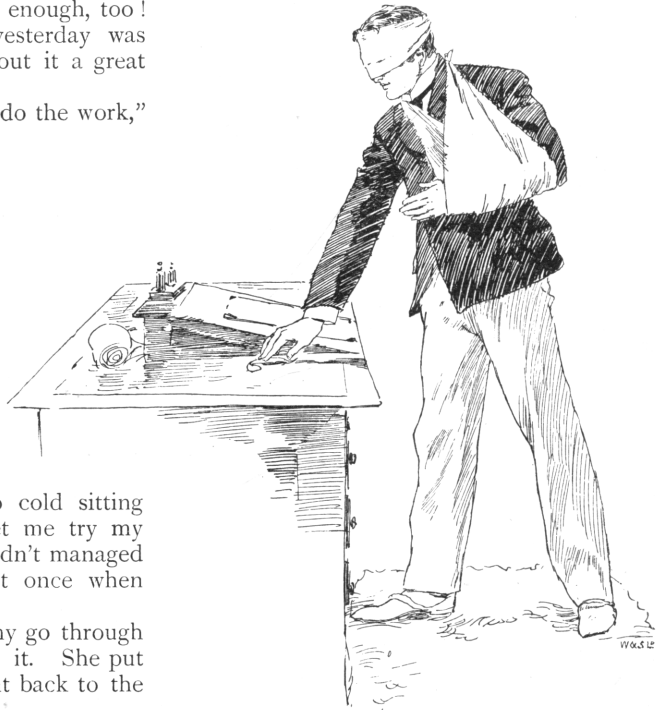
"I shall have to tell him," she said to herself, desperately, as she hastened down the stone staircase. "And yet—there are only three days more!"

"I say, young man," began Leigh in a playful tone when his secretary arrived on the next afternoon, "you ought not to leave your love-tokens about on other people's tables! The doctor told me I might take a walk round my room this morning; the housekeeper was to have helped me, but she never appeared, so I had to clutch on to the things as best I could, and as I caught hold of the writing-table I found this!"

He held up a ribbon as he spoke, which Sydney recognised directly as one that she had missed when she reached home.

"Well, are you not going to ask for it back?" said Leigh, finding that he got no answer. "I shall just tell your cousin the little tale when I see him next!"

"Please give it to me," said Sydney, in a low voice.



"I FOUND THIS!"

Leigh thought that he had given offence, and relinquished the ribbon at once. It seemed to him rather foolish to be upset by such a trivial thing, but he was too kind-hearted not to try and make amends.

"I shall be quite sorry when our work comes to an end!" he said, pleasantly, when five o'clock sounded the hour of Sydney's departure.

"So shall I!" thought Sydney, but she did not say so.

"In fact," went on Leigh, "I have something to propose to you. The doctor says the bandage may come off my eyes in a day or two, but I am not to use them much at first. Will you stay on and help me, if you have nothing better to do? No one has ever suited me so admirably as you have done, and I do not feel at all inclined to let you go."

Sydney's heart beat almost to suffocation. How could she answer him? In a day or two at furthest he must discover the deception that she had practised upon him.

"You don't seem to like the idea much!" said Leigh, in a disappointed tone. "Perhaps you have something else in view; but I gathered from what your cousin told me that you have not been getting on very fast. Has your father other plans for you?"

"I have no father," said Sydney, glad of a question that she could reply to. "I have been an orphan for some years, and I never had any brothers or sisters."

"Then why will you not agree to my proposal?" said Leigh. "It would probably be only a temporary thing, and I would not stand in the way of your taking anything else that turned up."

"It is not that," said Sydney, in a low voice.

"What is it, then?" asked Leigh, rather peremptorily.

Sydney could not reply, her heart was too full. She felt her eyes filling with tears, and in the effort to choke down her feelings a sob escaped her lips.

Leigh gave a sudden start and

half rose from his seat, but sank back again as his injured foot gave way under him. Sydney watched him anxiously; she dared not speak, but in another moment she saw him raise his hand as though to tear the bandage from his eyes.

"No, no," she cried, fear for him over-coming every other feeling: "you must not do it; you will ruin your sight for ever." She darted forward as she spoke and seized his hand.

Instead of snatching away his hand, Leigh took hers between both his own and held it firmly. It quivered like a little frightened bird in the captor's grasp, but he would not let it go. It was small, and soft, and warm, and he stroked it lightly with his fingers.

"This is not a man's hand!" he said.

"Oh! I will tell you the truth!" cried Sydney, despairingly. "My cousin told me about your work, and I wanted the money so much, and he said that he had told you all about me. And then when I came I found you did not know, and he was away, and I could not make up my mind to tell you, and I hoped you would never find it out! But now I will go away, and I shall never come back."

She drew her hand away from him, but as he released it, he pulled the bandage from



"SHE DREW HER HAND AWAY FROM HIM."

his eyes before she knew what he was doing!

The sight that met his eyes he will never forget till his dying day. The small, slight figure before him was clad in a dress of some dark woollen material, that any woman would have told him at once was old-fashioned and shabby. But Leigh saw nothing of that; he only knew that the curls that lay tossed all over the little head glittered like gold in the firelight, that the pale cheeks were tinged with delicate colour, and that her eyes shone like stars through the tears that hung on their lashes!

But the vision only lasted for a moment. Turning passionately from him, she caught up her things and flew from the room.

How Sydney found her way home that night she never knew. A tumult of feelings surged through her heart, but in the midst of it all one resolve was fixed within her—nothing should ever take her back! What though her work was unfinished; what though she had not as yet received the much-needed money? She would rather starve than ever see him again!

Leigh, meanwhile, was passing through an equal tumult, but his thoughts were much pleasanter than Sydney's. His principal fear was that she would fulfil her threat of not returning, and as the next afternoon came and went, dragging out its weary hours in dull loneliness, he became gradually convinced that she had really meant what she said.

"Never mind, I'll go and see her to-morrow," he thought. "I can get downstairs and into a cab well enough now."

But when the next day came a sudden thought flashed upon him that filled him with dismay. He had not the vaguest notion of her address; and more than this, rave and storm as he might, there was no chance of his finding it out unless her cousin had come back to town! He had been allowed to exchange his bandage for a shade, and reaching pen and paper he wrote off a hasty note with no explanations, merely asking for the address by return of post.

But Morris Holt was still out of town, and the note lay unopened amid a pile of letters on his writing-table for several days, during which Leigh went through an agony of suspense. Perhaps his note had been lost, and had never reached its destination; perhaps she had guessed what he would do, and had forbidden her cousin to send the address! Then a new agony began. She had told him herself how much she wanted

the money; perhaps she was starving, and there was no one to help her. He worried and distressed himself till the doctor shook his head, and ordered him to the South of France.

Leigh took no notice of his advice. Everything seemed to go by him in a dream, until one day a post-card was brought up to him, with two lines written upon it, that ran like an electric stream through his frame. The words were these:—

"Only just back in town. 24, South Street, Chilton Square."

Sydney was sitting alone that afternoon in her cheerless room. She could not afford a fire, and the clinging damp made everything chilly and uncomfortable. She had at last heard of some teaching, but the salary was small, and she would not receive anything until the end of the term.

A week ago at this time a very different scene had surrounded her, but that thought was too painful to be borne as yet!

A ring at the bell and a heavy step on the stair roused no expectations in Sydney's mind; no one ever came to see her but her cousin, and she thought that he was still away. But to her surprise the steps paused at her door, and the servant-girl threw it open without any attempt at announcement, and in another moment Oliver Leigh stood before her!

He was breathless with his ascent and leant heavily upon his stick; but he had left off his bandages, and his eyes rested eagerly upon her.

"I should have been here days ago," he exclaimed, "but I had no clue to your address, and I was obliged to wait until I could get it from your cousin. The days have seemed like an eternity!"

He paused; but Sydney could find no words in which to answer.

"Are you angry with me for coming?" he asked. "You would not be, if you knew how terribly I have missed you."

"I am not angry," said Sydney, in a scarcely audible voice, while she raised her eyes for a moment to his.

Leigh's face brightened. "I cannot part from you again!" he exclaimed. "I have come here to-day to ask you to be my wife."

"But we have known each other such a little time," said Sydney, trying to repress the joy that trembled through her at his words. She knew that she should never love any other man as she loved him, but she feared that he might be yielding to a sudden impulse which he would afterwards repent.

"Do you call it a little while?" he said. "It seems to me that I have known you for years. You must remember that a fortnight of work together like ours is worth a year of ordinary acquaintance. No, I cannot take that as an answer. The only thing that will send me away is for you to tell me that you do not love me. Can you tell me that?"

There was an entreating accent in his voice against which Sydney was not proof. "No," she said, softly, and the brief negative conveyed a whole world of assent.

The dreary room, with all its chill dulness, disappeared as if by magic, transfigured and glorified by a haze of golden light.

Cold, weariness, poverty, all were forgotten, blotted out from Sydney's memory by the sudden rush of happiness; while Leigh felt that this was the moment for which he had been waiting all his life.

"You must not forget that you owe me two days' work!" he said at last, looking at her with a smile.

"I don't owe them!" said Sydney, play-

fully. "You have never paid me anything at all yet!"

Leigh's smile faded and he bowed his head on hers. "I can't bear to think of what you have suffered, my little one!" he said. "But that is all over now. There is nothing to wait for; let us be married at once, and we will go abroad together. I believe the doctor told me I ought to go to a warm climate for a little while, so we will forget all these dark days in love and sunshine! I shall never be thankful enough that your cousin sent you to me."

"Do you think we need tell him *all* the story?" said Sydney, anxiously.

"No, dear, no!" said Leigh. "It is too sweet a story to be spoilt by telling; we will keep it all to ourselves."

And thus it came to pass that when Morris Holt read the letter that told him of Sydney's engagement, he said to himself, with his usual abstracted smile: "Ah! yes, I saw Leigh was interested directly I told him about her; Sydney may thank me, after all, for having settled her in life!"



Some Historic Cradles.

BY SHEILA E. BRAINE.



SCATTERED about here and there, in museums, castles, palaces, and private houses, occasionally putting in a modest appearance at a loan exhibition, but living for the most part in an honourable seclusion, are certain quaint old memorials of bygone generations, of which, collectively, very little notice has hitherto been taken. Nevertheless, as being intimately connected with the earliest days of persons hereafter to become famous, they undoubtedly possess an interest of their own; and although a cradle may be a homely object, it is seen alike in castle and cottage, nor does there seem any near probability of its going out of fashion.

To the crude masculine eye all babies are said to look the same—a sentiment a mother invariably treats with the scorn it deserves; but, leaving that vexed point untouched, there can be no denying the fact that considerable diversity prevails with respect to the cribs, cots, and cradles that shield the slumbers of the blessed little beings.

Roughly shaped out of the trunk of a tree, or carved with the best skill of a cunning workman; stuffed with moss or lined with embroidered pillows; carried upon the back of a barbarian mother, hung from the ceiling of a peasant's hut, rocked by a stately nurse in a Royal chamber: scarcely one of them resembles another. And yet a certain touch of Nature renders them all akin. For humanity begins with the cradle, even as it ends with the grave; at these two fixed unwavering points we units touch each other, while between them lies the brief uncertainty of this our little life.

The cradles of the Greeks and Romans were of various shapes; the infant Hermes is represented in one formed like a shoe. They were occasionally made of basketwork, sometimes with handles; and could be suspended by ropes. Infants were rocked and sung to sleep by their nurses, and had their rattles, even as modern babies.

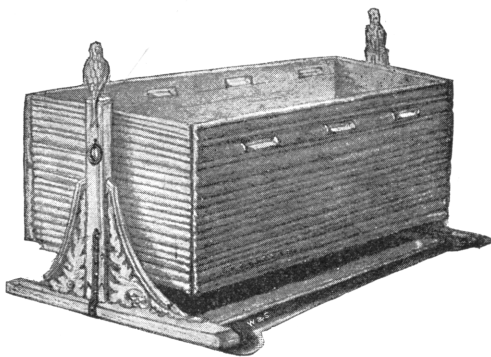
The word cradle is Anglo-Saxon; in Anglo-Norman it was *bers*, or *bersel*, from which is derived the modern French *berceau*. Walter de Bibblesworth, writing towards the close of the thirteenth century, says: "As soon as the child is born it must be swathed; lay

it to sleep in its cradle, and you must have a nurse to rock it to sleep."

In the seventh century we find an Archbishop of Canterbury ordaining that a woman who left her baby "lying loosely around" on the hearth, so that it got scalded to death through the caldron boiling over, was to do penance for her negligence. The curious part of it was that the husband, who put the water into the caldron, was acquitted of all blame; the idea being, we must suppose, that he could not be expected to know that the rolled-up bundle on the hearth was a member of his family. It would seem from this that cradles were not in everyday use at this date; and that infants were brought up in sweet simplicity on the floor.

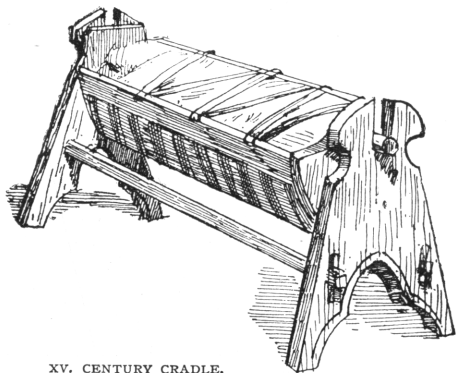
M. Viollet-le-Duc tells us that the simplest and most ancient cradles were formed out of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed out, with holes at the sides through which cords were passed to keep the child in. Baskets were also used, and later on the cradles resembled small beds, fixed upon two curved pieces of wood.

In the fifteenth century a change was made, and the cradle, usually shaped like a box, swung between two uprights, which were fixed. The cradle of Henry V., which



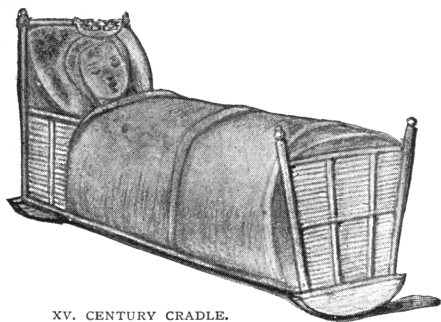
CRADLE OF HENRY V.

belongs to the latter part of the fourteenth century, is of this kind, and is the earliest specimen extant. Some writers call it Edward II.'s, but there are no proofs of its having belonged to that unlucky Prince. The story runs that Henry V., born at Monmouth Castle in 1388, being a delicate child, was sent to Courtfield, about seven miles distant, to be



XV. CENTURY CRADLE.

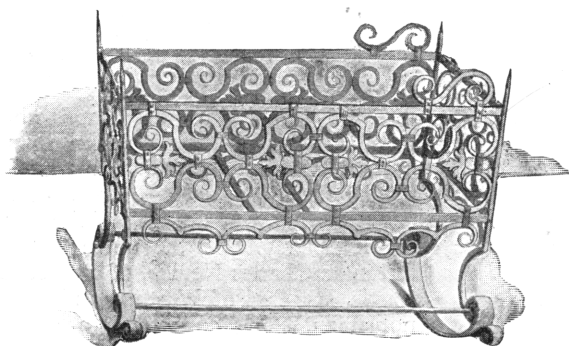
nursed, for the benefit of his health. Here the cradle of the future warrior King was preserved for many years, eventually being sold by a steward of the property; who should have been prosecuted for it, one would imagine; but apparently went to his grave in



XV. CENTURY CRADLE.

peace. The cradle passed at different times into the possession of various individuals; and is now exhibited to tourists as a relic of undoubted historic interest. It is 3ft. 2in. long, 1ft. 8in. wide at the head, rather less at the foot; 1ft. 5in. deep; the foliage corroborates the date.

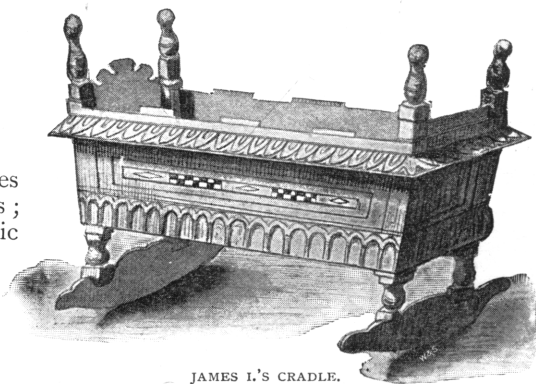
The cradle or crib of Harry of Windsor, son of the Monmouth Harry, preserved



HENRY VI.'S CRADLE.

in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, is of ironwork, and of an entirely different character. The attendant at the museum, questioned upon the subject, informed us with candour that for a long time they knew not whose it was, nor where it hailed from; and we gathered that it had at length turned up "promiscuous-like" in a catalogue of the seventeenth century. A former attendant took it into his head to give it a coat of paint, for what reason we do not undertake to say, unless it was to while away a tedious hour. It is evident that the cradle formerly possessed a head, and there are indications of gilding about it.

The names of many of the Royal nurses are to be found in ancient accounts. Edward II. gave twenty shillings to Mary of Carnarvon for "coming all the way from Wales to see him"; Henry V. settled an annuity of twenty pounds upon Joan Waryn; Henry IV. had an Irish nurse, Edward IV. a French one. The longed-for son and heir of bluff King Hal was nursed by Sibilla Penne, the wife of the Court barber-surgeon. Mistress Penne did rather well for herself, for she obtained the grant of both a monastery and a manor. We find that the

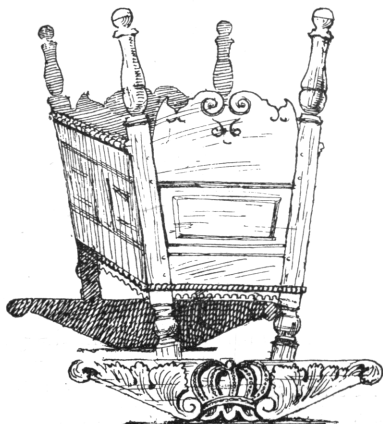


JAMES I.'S CRADLE.

Princess Mary gave her for a New Year's gift five yards of yellow satin at 7s. 6d. the yard. My Lord Prince had four rockers in addition to his nurse; his food was tasted for fear of poison, and no one was permitted to approach his cradle without an order signed by the King. Small scions of Royalty usually had from two to five attendants, known as "rockers," who were duly sworn into office by the Lord Chamberlain. James I. had five, all Scotch, namely, Lady Kippenross, Jane

Oliphant, Jane Crummy, Katherine Murray, and Christian Stewart.

The heavy cradle of carved oak, used for the high and mighty Prince who was to unite the Thistle and the Rose, is now in the possession of the Earl of Mar and Kellie. It was to be seen at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888; as was also the carved oak cradle of Mary Queen of Scots, distinguished by its



CRADLE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Royal crown. Few people, apparently, are aware of the existence of this relic of the most fascinating woman of her century. It was saved from the fire that broke out in Linlithgow Palace, January, 1746; and at the present time is at Edinburgh, in the possession of a gentleman who kindly allowed the annexed sketch of it to be made.

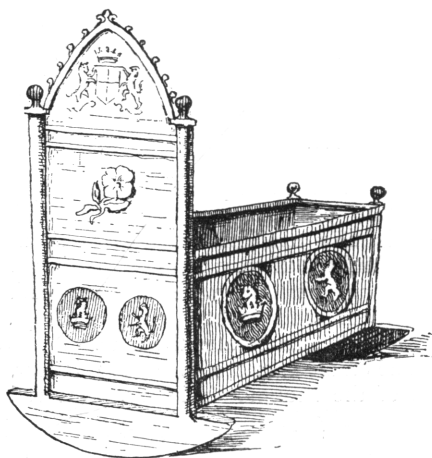
To the same category belongs the beautiful



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CRADLE.

carved cradle of Queen Elizabeth, with which every visitor to Hatfield House must be familiar. The initials, "A. R.," stand for "Anna Regina," the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth. These cradles all partake of the characteristics of the period, for the furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—influenced by the Flemish refugees who flocked to England with their handicrafts—is handsome, massive, and more or less capable of defying the ruthless touch of old Father Time. The beds of those days were like huge tents; surmounted by heavy canopies and shrouded with voluminous curtains, warranted to secure the night-capped sleeper from every breath of air.

The quaint cradle-tomb in Westminster Abbey has a canopy, and was probably designed in imitation of the cradles in use at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it has the Royal arms in a lozenge upon the back. In 1606, when the workmen were engaged in erecting Queen Elizabeth's monument, a tiny corpse was brought by barge from the palace at Greenwich, and buried close to the spot where they were working. It was the Princess Sophia, fourth daughter of James I.,



CRADLE OF CHARLES NEVILLE, EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

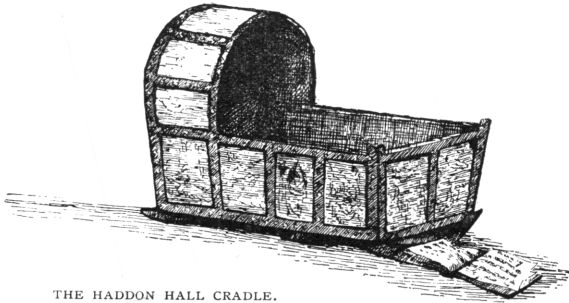
who only lived three days, and whose name is rescued from oblivion by the curious monument which marks her resting-place.

Next we have a drawing of the oaken cradle belonging to the brave but unfortunate Charles Neville, of Brancepeth Castle, last Earl of Westmorland. This nobleman, being concerned in 1570 in an insurrection against Elizabeth, was

attained, and fled beyond the seas, where he died in great poverty. Upon the cradle, in circles on a red ground, are the bull's head and the lion rampant, the crests of the Neville and Mowbray families; the white rose de-

Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater. This unique specimen has been lent to the South Kensington Museum by R. D. Radcliffe, Esq., F.S.A.

Ancient inventories furnish us with occasional glimpses of the stately cradles provided for Royal infants, who, "born in the purple," were put to sleep amid the glories of "yalowe clothe of gold," crimson velvet lined with green buckram, red and blue sarcenet curtains, and so forth. At the

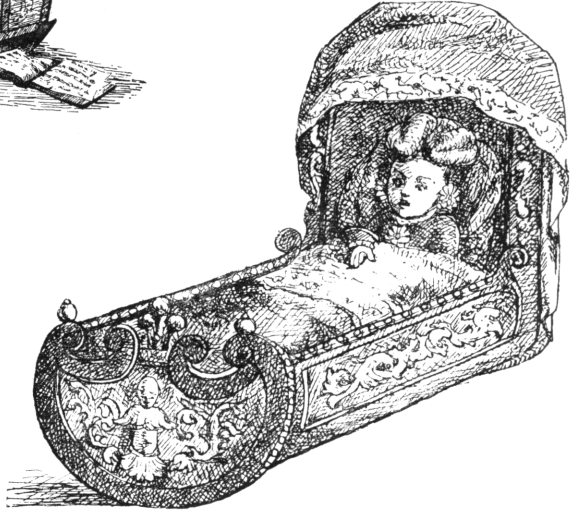


THE HADDON HALL CRADLE.

notes the attachment of the Nevilles to the House of York.

Speaking of earls' cradles, we have here two other specimens, one of which is the oaken "berceau" which stands in the magnificent State bedroom at Haddon Hall, and which is declared by tradition and the guide-books to have protected the infant slumbers of the first Earl of Rutland.

The second is an exceptionally fine cradle of carved oak of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a coronet, and bearing the initials "E. R.," which stand for Edward



CRADLE OF THE "OLD PRETENDER."

same time, a baby of importance usually had one cradle for use and another for ornament: one for private life, the other for receptions; hence the origin and reason of the numerous "berceaux de parade" alluded to in Royal accounts. Many of these were veritable works of art, painted and decorated by the best artists of the time, and great store was naturally set by them.

Among the jewels claimed from the Crown of England as having belonged to Isabel of France was "un bersel d'or," and likewise "un bersel d'argent bel et gracieux." The State cradle of a defunct Dauphin is mentioned as having been placed in "guard and garrison" in the jewel chamber at the Louvre, carefully wrapped up in four ells of linen.

When Beatrice of Modena fled with her infant son, the Prince of Wales—afterwards known as the Old Pretender—to the hospitable shores of France, the baby's cradle was left behind; and one was fetched for his use from the Trianon, which had, no doubt, served for the son of Louis XIV. It



CRADLE OF THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

was covered with satin, and ornamented with gold and silver.

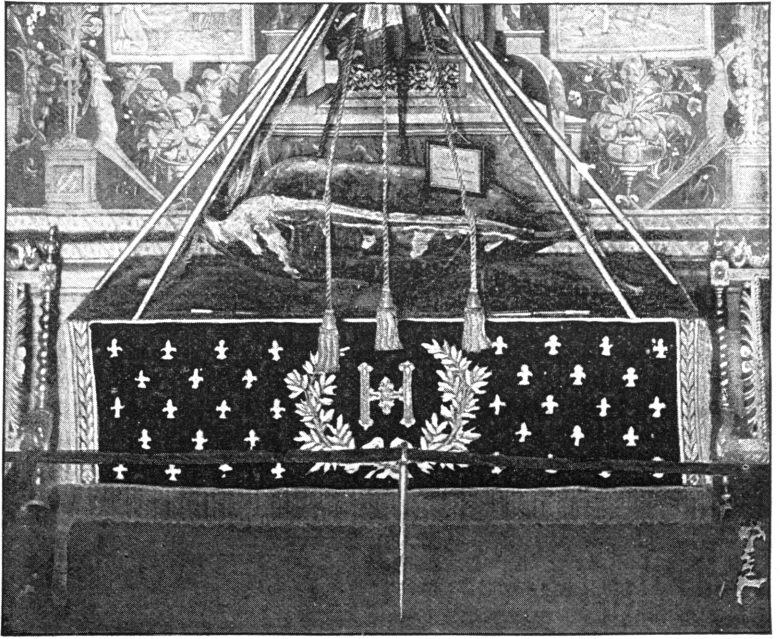
Costly and sumptuous as they were, cradles came to be regarded as suitable offerings to be made to Royal expectant mothers. Marie of Medicis received from the Grand Duchess of Florence a magnificent one, with the polite wish that it might soon be wanted for a "beau Dauphin de France"; a richly jewelled and altogether splendid specimen was also sent from India by Warren Hastings as a present to Queen Charlotte.

The City of Paris presented those used for the Comte de Paris and the late Prince Imperial; and also one of the three prepared for the longed-for son and heir of the Great Napoleon. It was a magnificent piece of work, in silver gilt, representing a ship, the emblem of the capital, and designed by the painter Prudhon. The monogram of the Emperor was engraved upon a shield at the top, surrounded by a wreath of ivy leaves and laurels; a small figure of Glory upheld a crown, in the midst of which shone the star of Napoleon,



CRADLE OF THE KING OF ROME (AT FONTAINEBLEAU).

gazed at by a young eagle with half-expanded wings placed at the foot. The cradle was emblematic of the future glory of the unconscious King of Rome, whose birth

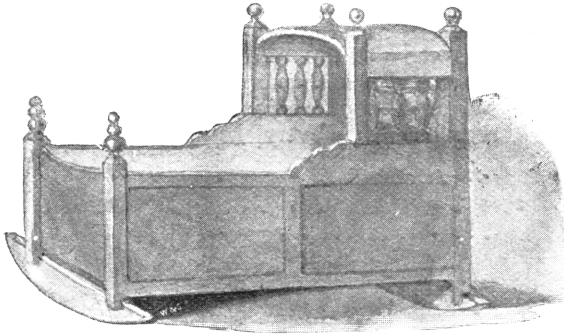


CRADLE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE (AT PAU).

excited a tumult of enthusiasm; whose death passed well-nigh unnoticed. The star of the young Napoleon had no sooner risen than it was doomed to set; the heir of those boundless hopes inherited nothing, and died a pensioner upon Austrian bounty. His magnificent cradle, weighing 5cwts., was presented by him to the Imperial Treasury at Vienna.

Another belonging to him may be seen at the castle of Fontainebleau; a third is in the "Napoleon Room" at Madame Tussaud's. These superb cradles were on a par with the magnificent and costly beds of the *ancien régime*, the *lits de parade*, upon which, gracefully reclining and elaborately arrayed, ladies were in the habit of receiving visitors, and even the whole Court.

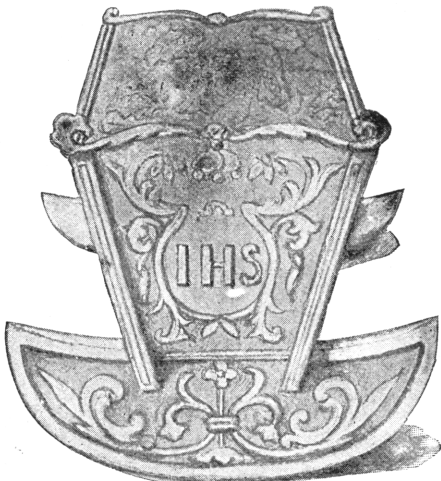
It was etiquette to make a profound reverence on passing the couch of a King or Queen; possibly the cradle of an heir-apparent was saluted in the same way. It was not all joy to be born in the purple; there were too many State regulations for a Royal baby's life to be a happy one. At certain hours he was to be fed, at certain hours he had to be rocked, no matter whether



CRADLE OF A PILGRIM FATHER (DR. SAMUEL FULLER).

he were asleep or no ; he might yell himself hoarse, but no one might venture to take him up but the proper person. It was, as the chronicler, Barbier, feelingly remarked, "une vraie misère."

We must not omit to notice the great tortoiseshell, exhibited at Pau as the veritable cradle of Henri Quatre, in which his grand father, old King Henri d'Albret, bore him to the font, after rubbing his lips with garlic to make him hardy. This historic shell has had its vicissitudes. It would have been destroyed at the time of the French Revolution, whose agents spared neither the town of Pau nor its illustrious old castle, had it not been, with the connivance of the caretaker, secretly abstracted by a Royalist of good family, a certain Monsieur de Beauregard. Not until the year 1814 was it considered safe to produce the concealed treasure ; which was then, with much rejoicing, reinstated in the castle. It now reposes in all honour beneath the plumed helmet of the Huguenot monarch, its original occupant.

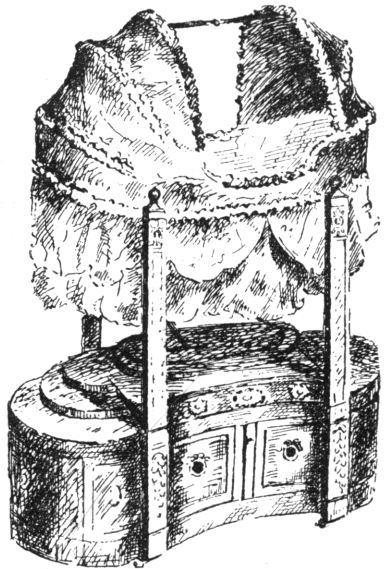


CRADLE OF MAXIMILIAN I.

A quaint old memorial of the Pilgrim Fathers is the cradle of the Fuller family. Dr. Samuel Fuller was one of the elders who sailed in the *Mayflower*, and was no less remarkable for his piety than for his skill in his profession. His wife was left behind, but followed her husband afterwards in the *Anne*. Dr. Fuller died in 1633.

More than three centuries divide the German Emperors, Maximilian I. and William I. Alas for modern progress in the arts and crafts : it is

but too clear that the monarch of the Middle Ages, who compiled his own curious biography, possessed the more artistic cradle

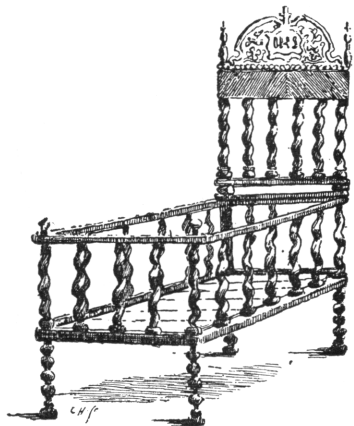


CRADLE OF WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY.

of the two. A very similar one, a decided "thing of beauty," was unearthed by a traveller some years ago in a remote Alpine village. The symbolic "I.H.S." is also to be seen at the head of the seventeenth century English crib, given in our next illustration.

An ancient cradle from Cairo, exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and is a veritable *berceau de luxe*. For what olive-skinned morsel of humanity, Royal or otherwise, it was prepared we know not.

In striking contrast is the roughly-made but comfortable cradle of the Hungarian peasant, in which the baby lies snugly corded, and which can be easily rocked with the



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRIB.

receives an addition during his year of office. The *Times* of July 1st, 1799, has a notice of one about to be presented to the Lady Mayoress, which was to cost £500; and the Mayoress of Liverpool in 1848 was the recipient of a very handsome miniature



HUNGARIAN CRADLE.

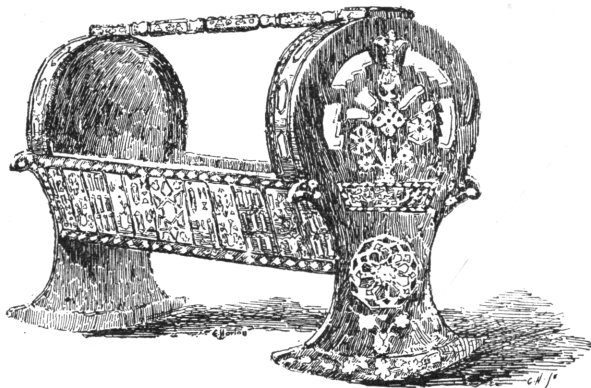
foot. By the way, there is a widespread superstition that it is a disastrous thing to rock an empty cradle; a new baby would speedily arrive to fill it.

Before closing this article, a passing mention should be made of the ancient custom, still kept up, of presenting a silver cradle to the wife of a Mayor whose family

“berceau” shaped like a Nautilus shell. Upon the base was inscribed:—

YE SPIRIT OF YE LEGENDE.

Gif Leverpooles good maier everre bee
Made fatterre inne hys yere of maioraltee,
Thenne sál be giften bye ye townmenne free,
Ane silverre cradle too hys faire ladye.



ANCIENT INLAID CRADLE FROM CAIRO.

Bank of England Notes.

BY GILBERT GUERDON.



N the good old times, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer wanted to borrow money of the general public—as he often did—the only acknowledgment he gave was “a tally.”

These tallies were pieces of stick notched to express value, and then split in two, one half being given to the lender, the other retained by the officers of the Exchequer. It was the burning of an accumulation of these old tallies in the vaults of the House of Commons which set fire to and helped to burn down the Houses of Parliament in 1834.

When bankers borrowed money they gave a “note” containing a promise to repay, and the earliest of these bank-notes were given for any amount which a customer liked to lend or deposit, and he could withdraw as much as he wished till the total had been received, and then the Bank claimed the note. Privileged visitors to the Bank of England are shown in a glazed frame the oldest known note, dated “19th Xber, 1699,” for £555, and an inspection of it shows that the bank-notes at that period were printed from engraved

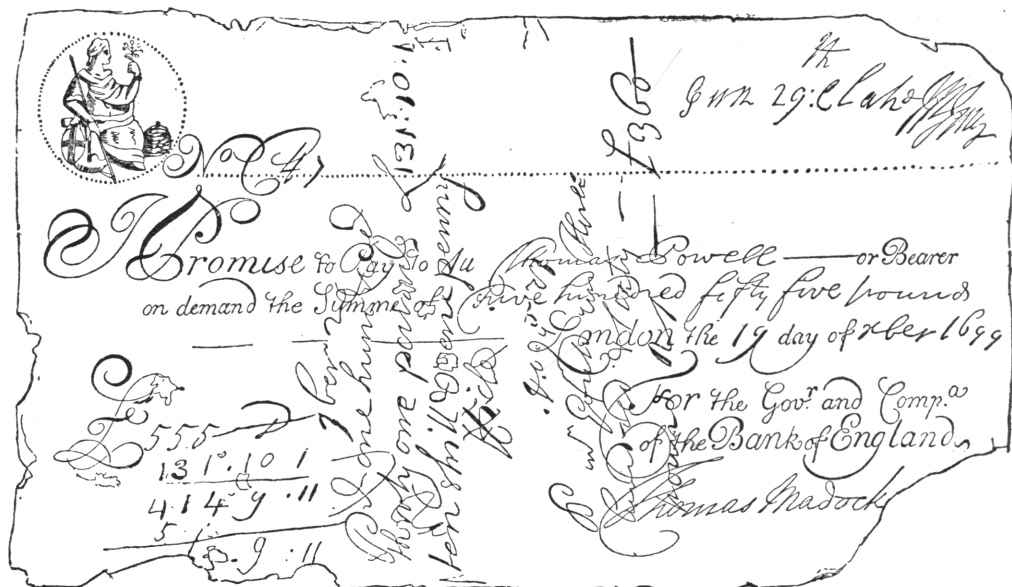
plates, with blanks for the amount, date, number, and signature. In texture and general appearance they were similar to those at present in use, and the water-mark can be distinctly seen. Across the note are written memoranda showing repayment by three instalments.

The signature at the foot of the note is that of the chief cashier. Fifty years ago there were different signatures, according to the values of the notes, but for many years there has been but one for all values, namely, that of the chief cashier, F. May, who has now retired. The signature is imprinted by authority of an Act of Parliament.

The new chief cashier is Mr. Horace G. Bowen, and all notes dated on and after 16th November, 1893, are signed by him with a special autograph. All the notes with the old signature were issued before the new ones were put in circulation.

Notes are cancelled by having the corner bearing the signature cut off. There are several sacks full of these corners in the Bank cellars, and they are periodically destroyed by burning.

Amongst other curiosities in the Bank



THE OLDEST BANK-NOTE KNOWN.

Library is a note for £25, which had slumbered unobserved for one hundred and eleven years and was then presented and paid. If compound interest had been payable by the Bank, the owner could have claimed over £60,000.

Another curiosity, believed to be unique, is a bank-note for £1,000,000, dated 1782. Tradition says that there have been but four such notes issued by the Bank. One is the note just referred to, Messrs. Rothschilds had one, Messrs. Coutts and Co. another, and Samuel Rogers, the poet, had the fourth, which, it is said, was framed and hung over his parlour mantelpiece.

But perhaps the greatest curiosity is the note for £1,000 representing the fine imposed on Lord Cochrane for his, erroneously supposed, connection with a fraud for artificially raising the price of the public funds. The note is indorsed as follows:—

“My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors having resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to Robbery, to protect myself from Murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.

“Grated Chamber, “COCHRANE.

“King’s Bench Prison, 3 July, 1815.”

A singular use was made of a £5 note now in the Bank archives, which bears the following indorsement:—

“If this note gets into the hands of John Dear, of Longhill, near Carlisle, his brother Andrew is a prisoner in Algiers.”

This notification was copied into a Carlisle newspaper, and John Dear thus became aware of the whereabouts of his long-lost brother.

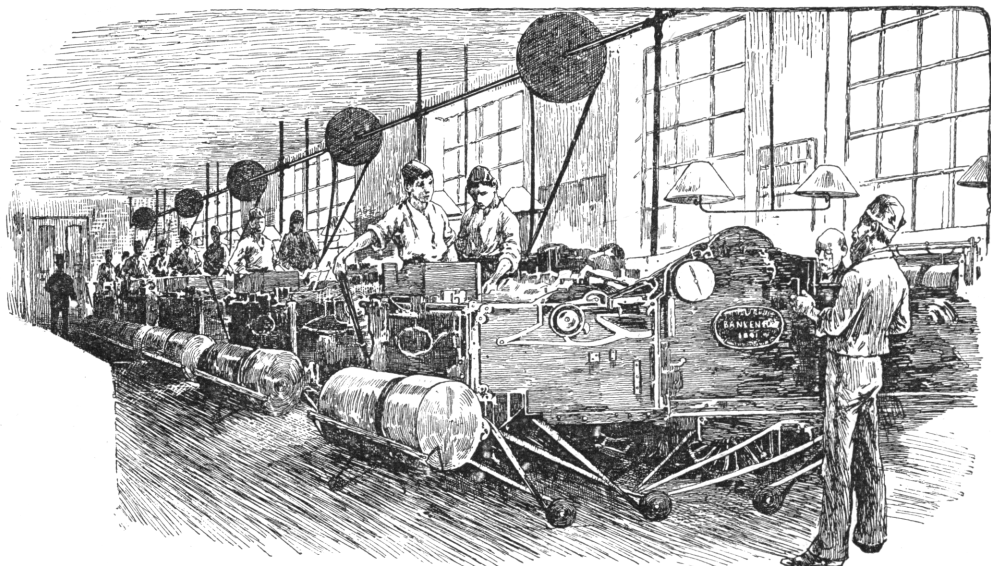
If bank-notes could only speak, what romantic tales of joy and misery they could tell!

A visit to the Bank is extremely interesting, and some information recently gleaned relating to bank-notes is well worth recording.

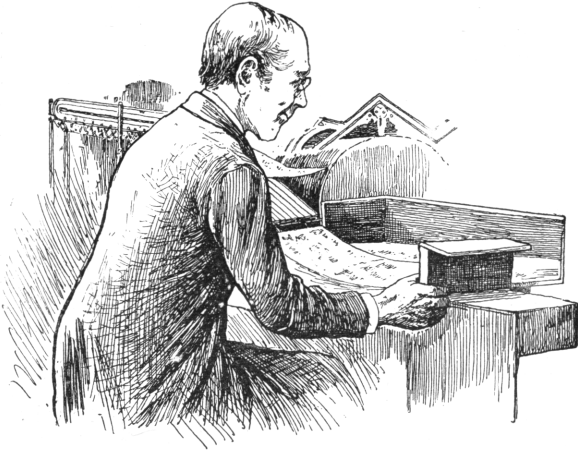
The component parts of a bank-note are the paper, the water-mark, the ink, the engraving, the printing, and the signature. Bank of England note-paper is made by Messrs. Portal, at their mills in Hampshire. The tray on which the pulp is lifted is the size of a pair of notes, and measures 5in. by 16½in. Thus there are, when issued, right-hand and left-hand notes, the inner side of each showing a clean cut edge, and the rest of the edges being rough, or as it is called “deckled.”

The top right-hand corner of a right-hand note looks as if a piece of the paper had been rubbed off, but this is done purposely, to enable the printer to know when the water-mark is right side up. The annual output is 14,000 reams. As recently as the year 1862 some thieves broke into the mills and stole some of the prepared paper, and forged notes were soon in circulation; but it was not long before the whole gang of forgers was caught, the paper recovered, and the thieves transported.

The water-mark is so much an integral part of the note that it was specially protected



PRINTING BANK-NOTES.



COUNTING BANK-NOTES.

by Act of Parliament in 1763, and any attempt to imitate it was made punishable with death—now the punishment is penal servitude.

The ink was formerly made from the charred remains of the skins and stones of Rhenish grapes; now it is made from naphtha smoke, and is remarkable for being absolutely black, hard, and dry. It is noticeable in old bank-notes that the printing in some is much darker than in others. This very objectionable lack of uniformity was due to the practice of printing two notes from one inking—the second impression being necessarily lighter than the first. Now, by a very simple but ingenious contrivance, the inking rollers only take up just enough ink for one impression.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank, where there are six machines constantly at work. The notes are printed in pairs, and come off the machines pressed and dried. The number of notes printed is recorded on dials at the side of

each machine, and, of course, corresponds with the numbers on the notes, as they are automatically delivered to the receiving clerk. It only remains for the twin notes to be cut asunder, and they are ready for issue.

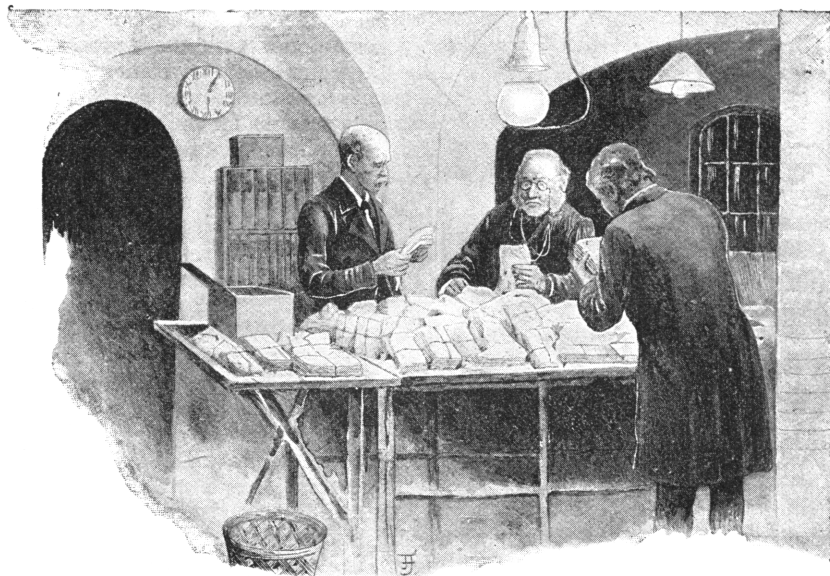
The stock of notes of various values, from £5 to £1,000 each, is kept in iron safes in one large fireproof room, and the average value of the stock is from seventy to eighty million pounds.

Nearly 50,000 notes of different values are paid into the Bank every day, and are immediately sorted, first into values, then into dates, and then into numbers; and as every note has a place of its own in the Bank registers, its return can be instantly recorded, and anything unusual relating to it is duly noted there. Forged notes are instinctively detected by the examining clerks. The feel is usually enough.

There are very few forgeries now, but a hundred years ago they were rife. The first recorded instance of the forgery of a Bank of England note has a singular touch of romance about it. The forger was a linen-draper at Stafford, named Vaughan, who, in the year 1758, employed several workmen to engrave different parts of a £20 note, and when a dozen had been printed off he deposited them with a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married as a proof of



SORTING BANK-NOTES.



BANK-NOTES LIBRARY.

his wealth; but the imposition was discovered, and Vaughan was hanged.

"All is fair in love and war," says the proverb, but that would hardly excuse forgery, though used as "an instrument of war"; nevertheless, note forgeries were justified by the judges in the early part of the present century, and when the English found that the French had forged English bank-notes, they retaliated by forging French *assignats*. Anyhow, the number of forgeries was astounding, for between 1801 and 1810 the Bank clerks detected £101,661 worth of forged notes.

One of the cleverest imitations of a bank-note was the work of a poor schoolmaster, who forged an entire note with pen and ink, and, sad to say, was hanged.

John Mathieson, who was convicted for forging the water-mark, offered to show the Directors how it was done if he were pardoned, but they would not withdraw the prosecution.

Singularly enough, forgeries first began to be frequent soon after the introduction of the one-pound note, and in April, 1802, Mr. Addington told the House of Commons that the forgeries had increased so alarmingly that seventy extra clerks were required at the Bank merely to detect them.

In the year 1817 the nominal value of the forged paper presented at the Bank of England was £37,180, and the greater part of this large sum was in one-pound notes. Paper of higher value, which necessarily circulated

under greater precautions, was less often counterfeited. A Parliamentary report showed that in the eight years previous to 1797 there was not one prosecution for forgery of bank-notes, but in the eight years following there were 146 capital convictions. In the year 1817 alone there were thirty-two convictions

for forgery, and ninety-five for possession of forged notes. These prosecutions excited a strong feeling in the public mind against the Bank Directors, which was increased when it was found that the sad sacrifice of human life did not lessen the forgeries. Parliament, the Society of Arts, the Bank Directors, and a host of philanthropists turned their attention to the task of discovering, if possible, a means for preventing forgeries of bank-notes.

The report made in 1819 by the Royal Commissioners stated that 108 schemes had been submitted to them, but that every one of the specimen notes had been successfully imitated by the Bank engravers, and all the schemes were therefore condemned as useless. There were also submitted seventy varieties of bank-note paper, but only a few of the proposed improvements turned out to be practically useful.

The typographic note was a wonderful piece of ingenious industry, comprising as it did over 6,000 letters of diamond type. But the counterfeiting of it was, after all, only a question of money, and the so-called "private marks" were but typographical blunders purposely made, which would soon have been discovered, and, being known and imitated, would then have further facilitated deception. At the time that it was set up, in 1819, Mr. Hansard, the printer, estimated that, with specially made new founts of type, the first note would have cost more than



The Law punishes with Death the Forger.

The having a Forged Note in possession, unless defaced, is punished with Transportation.

1819. February 3.

LONDON.

February 3. 1819.

I promise to pay to Mr.  or Bearer,

on Demand, the Sum of

For the Govt and Comrs of the Bank of England.

£. One Pound.

(Signature.)

The Law rewards the Informer in order to prevent the Crime.

[illegible]

THE TYPOGRAPHIC BANK-NOTE.

£15,000, and would have taken twelve months to complete.

The caricature bank-note by George Cruikshank, called "The Bank Restriction Note," speaks for itself. It was considered to be a very keen satire, and it no doubt helped in a small degree to put a stop to hanging for note forging.

Country one-pound notes were not so frequently forged, partly because they were usually more artistic in design, and therefore more difficult to counterfeit; and partly from their having imprinted on the back the revenue stamp in red and black, which was not easily imitated. This tax was first imposed in 1800, and was then only twopence, but it was increased to threepence in 1805, to fourpence in 1808, and to fivepence in 1815. There is still a tax on Scotch and Irish bank-notes, but, being compounded for, the stamp is not impressed.

But though the Bank lost considerably through forgeries, they recouped themselves in a great measure by the profit accruing on lost or accidentally destroyed notes. One of the earliest cases which raised the question of the liability of the Bank was that of a note which had been eaten by a goat. Thieves, to avoid detection, have often eaten bank-notes, drunken sailors have made sandwiches of them, many are lost by flood and fire, and all to the profit of the Bank. The Directors, however, are

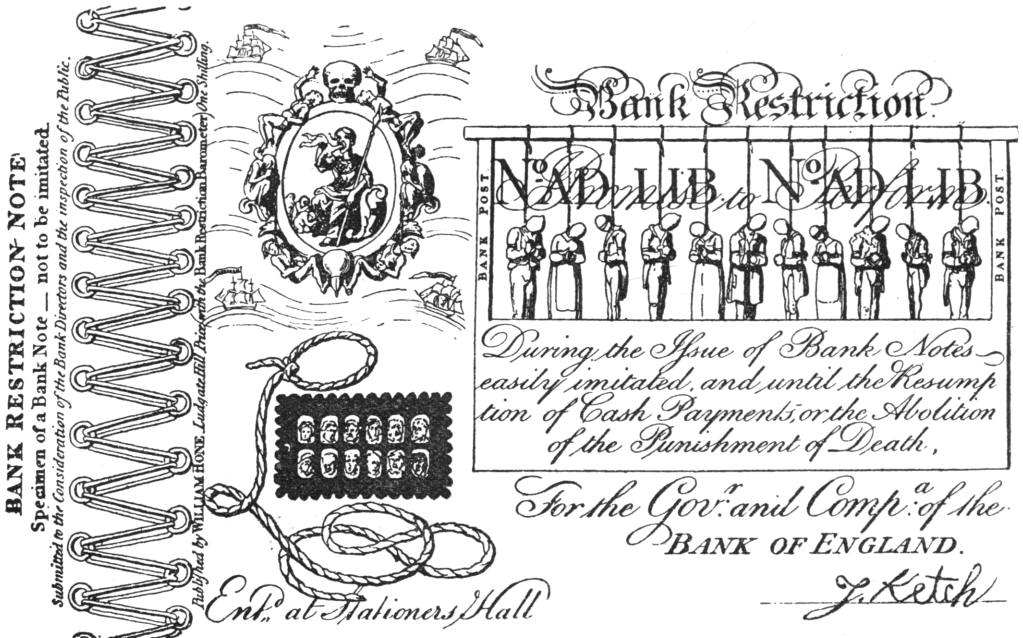
always ready to pay on good evidence of accidental destruction.

There are to be seen at the Bank the remains of a £50 note burned in the big fire at Chicago. The date and number and amount can be traced on the cinder, and that was sufficient for the Bank. A somewhat similar case is that of the Irishman who hid some bank-notes in a box in his back garden, but forgetting the spot, failed to find them for some months, and then when found they were so dilapidated with damp that they had no appearance of bank-notes. The Bank clerks, however, took the remains and deciphered enough printing to enable them to give Pat an equivalent value in new notes.

A mutilated note is paid if the owner gives an indemnity, but if the smallest part be missing an indemnity is always required.

The well-known case of *Gillet v. the Bank of England* demonstrates the risk of carrying bank-notes loose in the pocket. The Bank offered to pay the £1,000 claimed, if the applicants would give a proper indemnity, in case it should turn out that the note had been stolen and not destroyed, but there was too much uncertainty about the disappearance of the note to justify anyone risking an indemnity.

All mutilated notes, and notes for which indemnities have been taken, are permanently preserved; all other notes are



kept five years in the Bank cellars, and then destroyed by burning. In 1881, when the last return was made, the stock of paid notes for five years was about 77,745,000 in number, and they filled 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach $2\frac{1}{3}$ miles; if the notes were placed in a pile, they would reach to a height of $5\frac{2}{3}$ miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long; their superficial extent is rather less than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over £1,750,626,600, and their weight over 90 $\frac{2}{3}$ tons.

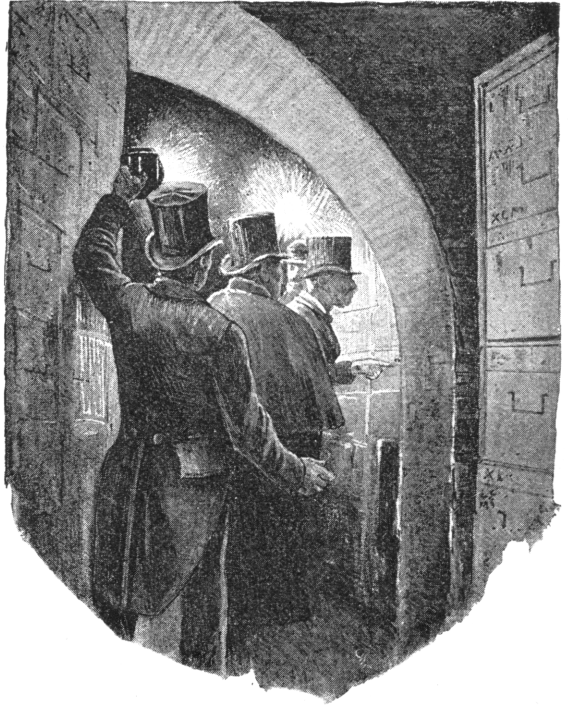
The boxes are all admirably arranged so that any note which is stored in the catacombs can be found in a few minutes.

In these vaults are also stored the registers of the birth, death, and burial of every note.

The first English bank-notes of less value than five pounds were issued by authority of a short Act of Parliament, which had been hastily prepared during a financial crisis, and was passed on the 3rd of March, 1797, to meet the pressing emergencies of the moment. The earliest of the new notes were dated a day before the Act was passed, and it was made retrospective in its operation so as to include them.

It is now penal to imitate a Bank of England note, even in the most innocent way. For example, it has been decided in an action at law that it is unlawful to copy, even in the large mural advertisements, the peculiar engraving of Old English letters in white upon a black ground, which is found on all Bank of England notes. The notes may not be photographed, and microscopic slides, and the well-known miniature toy lenses containing facsimile notes of the size of a pin's head, have been confiscated by the Bank authorities, and the vendors prosecuted. "The Bank of Elegance" notes, at one time so useful to the swell mobmen, and many similar productions, have all been very properly suppressed.

As to the question of durability, it was estimated that one-pound notes were worn out in three years. Now, a sovereign lasts about nineteen years, and is then worth



THE BANK CELLARS.

within a fraction of twenty shillings. A bank-note costs about threepence, which would be a heavy charge on a paper pound if only issued once. The proposal of Sir Henry Bessemer to issue twenty shilling tokens made of aluminium is not likely to commend itself to any Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, besides, it would not be popular.

On the score of portability, of course notes are much preferable to coin, as about 390 of them weigh only 1lb. We have before now heard of a young lady who was "worth her weight in gold," but it has probably only happened once that two sisters were actually worth their weight in paper pounds. A record of eccentric wills, however, tells us that a testator left his two daughters the money equivalent of their weight in one-pound notes. The elder, whose weight was 9st. 2lb., claimed £51,200, and the younger, who weighed a stone heavier, had for her *dot* £57,300. Notes were then a trifle heavier than those now in circulation, about 400 of them weighing 1lb.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE British workman who insists upon the limit of an eight hours' day might usefully meditate on the particulars and extent of a day's work of one of Her Majesty's Ministers when the House of Commons is in Session. He appears in his place—and in the Parliamentary reports—at half-past three in the afternoon, when public business commences. He will have an average of a dozen questions to reply to, each involving more or less research and consideration. Afterwards he may take a leading part in debate on the question of the hour. In these days, happily, business of the House of Commons occasionally terminates on the stroke of midnight. But at best there is necessitated close attendance for eight hours and a half upon work of the most exigent character, carried on in the fierce light that beats on the Treasury Bench.

Yet the actual House of Commons work is merely the supplement of what has already amounted to far more than an ordinary day's work. The other day a Minister casually mentioned to me, rather with an air of satisfaction than of complaint, how he had spent the last twenty-four hours. After breakfast, following upon a late sitting of the House (the twelve o'clock rule having been suspended), he went to his office and spent a couple of hours in transacting the business of one of the most important departments of the State. Thence he proceeded to a Committee-room of the House of Commons, where, at noon, he took the chair, and conducted the cross-examination of three experts giving evidence upon an intricate case of inquiry remitted to a Select Committee. At half-past three he was on the Treasury Bench and answered eleven questions, not to count others "arising out of the answer just made." As soon as questions were over, he moved the second reading of one of the principal measures of the Government programme, explaining a scheme of

infinite detail affecting national interests and bristling with controversial points. Thereafter, till midnight approached, he sat attentively listening to and noting a long succession of speeches offering criticisms on the measure. At twenty minutes past eleven he rose and replied on the whole debate, concluding his speech in time to suffer the disappointment of seeing the debate adjourned.

This is pretty rough on a man. "IN PRISON OFTEN." But perhaps the hardest thing to bear is the necessity imposed upon a Minister of dining at the House of Commons every night the House is in Session. Not for him the bright social feasts which make merry the London season. More especially at the present epoch, when parties are evenly balanced, the duty of being present for every division weighs with more than usual heaviness on a Minister.

Even in times of less strenuous strife it is considered bad form for a Minister to show himself in the House of Commons in dinner dress. Oddly enough, variation to this rule was in recent years made by Mr. Gladstone, who during the last few Sessions of active Parliamentary life was a habitual diner-out. Even when the Home Rule Bill of last Session was in Committee, he would leave the House just before eight o'clock, dress with the rapidity of what in theatrical parlance is known as a quick change artist, dine out, and be back again soon after ten o'clock, ready, if necessity called (and sometimes when it didn't), to make a big speech.

It was only an octogenarian of MR. Mr. Gladstone's vitality that DISRAELI. could thus burn the candle at both ends. I knew Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons through the last years of his Premiership, and do not recall a single occasion when he appeared in evening dress. He did not habitually dine in the House, but went off at regular hours, and

after a moderate interval returned, to remain at his post till the principal order of the day was disposed of, an event which, in his time, was not accomplished on the stroke of midnight. But he was always in morning dress, and none of his colleagues ventured to vary the fashion on the Treasury Bench.

In the Parliaments following the General Election of 1886 Mr. Gladstone became a regular diner-out. Through the Parliament of 1880-85 he dined at home, in morning dress, and used to astonish the House with the brevity of the time he found sufficient to drive to Downing Street, swallow his dinner, and be back on the Treasury Bench. The present Leader of the House of Commons dines regularly in the House, in which respect he resembles the late Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Smith dined every night in his own room, covers being laid for four or six, according to invitations issued to his colleagues, or to occasional guests from the back Ministerial benches.

THE SPEAKER'S "CHOP." The Speaker is within measurable distance of his own dining-table. But his opportunities for enjoying an evening meal are strictly and sorely limited. Half an hour is the period during which proceedings in the House of Commons are suspended so that the Speaker may take what is known as "his chop."

That the meal should be thus designated is a practice of long standing. It certainly goes back as far as the time of Fergus O'Connor, who was member for Cork from 1832 to 1835, sitting for Nottingham from 1847 to 1852. Towards the close of his career Mr. O'Connor displayed signs of eccentricity that filled his friends with concern. According to an old House of Commons' tradition, which it would be difficult to trace to a reliable source, the Chartist leader was left unrestrained, till one day, so the story runs, "he went behind the chair and ate the Speaker's chop."

There is a looseness of reference to locality which throws doubt on this record. It seems to imply that the Speaker's evening meal was spread on a table at the back of the chair; that the member for Nottingham accidentally passing by, attracted by a savoury smell, lifted the cover from the dish, and, finding a chop there, straightway sat down and ate it. Forty years ago, as now, the Speaker had his residence within the precincts of Westminster, and would take his chop in his own dining-room, where no stray members of Parliament of tottering intellect would be admitted. I mention the story only as showing that the tradition which particularizes the Speaker's evening meal as a chop is of respectable antiquity.

THE TERRACE-ROOM. Whilst Ministers who have their private rooms may and often do have their dinners sent in from the common kitchen, it is more usual to use one of the dining-rooms, where a table is reserved. Private members may secure tables, or places at tables, by giving due notice. There is a room known as the Terrace-room that may be engaged by members for dinners of which strangers may partake, and where,



"MEASURABLE DISTANCE."



"I DON'T WANT TO SIT THERE."

after dinner, smoking is permitted. It is in great request through the season, and that accommodation should be limited to its use is one of the curiosities of Parliamentary social life. There is another and larger room where members may entertain ladies at dinner. But the whole accommodation to meet the stern necessity of dining in the House of Commons is lamentably inadequate.

Up to a period dating back some ten years the commissariat of the House of Commons was in the hands of an outside purveyor. He retired, it is said, with a considerable fortune. Whereupon it was decided that members should undertake the direction of their kitchen affairs on the principle of club management. A Kitchen Committee was formed, and is appointed every Session, with others of far less importance. Up to the present time the Committee has not been more fortunate than was the professional purveyor in realizing the ideal of the ordinary member of a decent dinner at a fair price. This is certainly not due to the fact that they are making a large profit out of the undertaking. On the contrary, were it not for a subsidy of a thousand a year forthcoming from the public purse, the balance-sheet of the commissariat department of the House of Commons would last year have been on the wrong side by the sum of £993 5s. 7d.

It would seem at first sight that the contract for feeding the House of Commons is a sure way to wealth. The advantages pertaining to the undertaking are extensive and peculiar. There is no rent to pay; gas and firing are free; glass, crockery, knives and forks and table-linen are thrown in. Finally there is the subsidy of £1,000 a year—all this in addition to the monopoly of feeding for six or seven months in the year 670 gentlemen.

The difficulty arises from the uncertainty attending sittings of the House. The cooks may prepare broth, with things to follow, for two or three hundred legislators. The House may forthwith be counted out, and not half-a-dozen remain for dinner. On the other hand, as happened last Session, the House may unexpectedly sit all night, and the larder

may be picked absolutely clean before one o'clock in the morning. These are extreme cases; but they are conditions that must be met, and are faced according to existing arrangements by what would appear to be absolutely the worst device. The conditions of the House of Commons are precisely those which test most severely the resources of a private and exclusive commissariat department. They are, moreover, exactly those that would be best controlled by an independent outside organization which, at touch with the hungry public at various points, would never be embarrassed by having suddenly and unexpectedly thrown on its hands material for dinner not wanted by the House of Commons on a particular night.



ONE OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

A gentleman closely connected with the Kitchen Committee told me with tears in his eyes that the Irish members are at the root of the undoubted failure of the House of Commons' kitchen.

"An Irish member," he said, "will insist when he is helped to chicken upon having the wing served to him—by choice, the liver-wing. Now, there are a hundred and three Irish members, eighty of whom pretty regularly dine in the House when they are in attendance on their Parliamentary duties. When you come to serving out eighty chicken wings, you will see that what is left for the mere British is

of a monotonously inferior description, sure to lead to heart-burning and reproaches. *Toujours* drumstick unhinges a man's mind, and leads to a state of things in which complaint is common and dissatisfaction rife."

There may be something in this. Obviously it does not cover the whole ground of dissatisfaction with House of Commons' dinners.

This Session the Kitchen Committee, pertinaciously pursued by Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, coyly put forward a balance-sheet setting forth their expenditure and receipts. This shows that there was taken over the counter a sum exceeding £17,000. That would be above the average of ordinary Sessions, since the accounts are

THE
SECRET OF
FAILURE.

THE
KITCHEN
BALANCE-
SHEET.

those of the year 1893, when there was a winter Session.

The sales are somewhat arbitrarily grouped, "cigars and provisions" being bracketed as realizing £10,498, whilst "wines, spirits, mineral waters, etc.," bring in £6,519. What the "etc." may stand for remains a matter for conjecture. Presumably it has something to do with cheese, for on the other side of the ledger there is a sum of £983 paid for "cheese, etc."

The largest item in the kitchen account is for wines and spirits, which tot up to the precise sum of £3,985 11s. 11d. This, with an addition of £532 for beer and £422 for mineral waters, shows that the House of Commons is a pretty thirsty place. A stock of cigars to the tune of £567 was laid in. The butcher's bill is a trifle over £3,000. Fish stands at £941; poultry and game at £761, within 40s. of the amount spent for vegetables. Bread and biscuits cost £360, and groceries £628. This last item is concerned with those tea-parties on the terrace, which through the summer of last year formed one of the most popular features of a brilliant season. Wages and management sum up to close upon £4,000, and last of all in the ledger comes the modest line: "Net profit, £6 14s. 5d."

This profit, as has been shown, would have been swallowed up and a dire deficit substituted but for the £1,000 which the House in its own relief votes from the national coffers.

This is not, as it stands, a particularly flourishing balance-sheet.

OF IT. It would be interesting to have a few remarks upon it from an expert engaged in one of the big hotels or large clubs. It would not greatly matter if the result were satisfactory, and the House of Commons' dinner were in any reasonable degree delectable. That such is not the case is a fact painfully notorious. In debate on the subject which took place in June, not a single good word was said for cook or Committee. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking elsewhere about the same time, humorously contemplating the prospect of prison fare, said he could face it with equanimity, since he was accustomed to dine in the House of Commons. The gibe is cruel, but not nearly so cruel as the fate imposed upon Ministers and other members compelled or accustomed to dine regularly at the House. It is hard and unjust upon the Committee who devote much time and thought to the business, getting, by

way of recompense, kicks unrelieved by the gleam of halfpence. That they know nothing about the business, have neither natural aptitude nor experience gained elsewhere, is not their fault. What is wrong with the business is that it is entirely bad, founded upon a system hopelessly unapplicable to the situation.

It seems a bitter satire on sufficiency that the House of Commons can supervise the affairs of the universe and cannot serve itself with a comfortable dinner at a moderate price.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON. The temporary withdrawal of Colonel Saunderson from the political arena has done something to eclipse the gaiety of the

House of Commons. At this present time of writing, the Colonel, who last Session was usually in front of the fight, whether with tongue or fists, has made but a solitary appearance. That was in the earliest days of the Session, when the Address was still under consideration. Mr. Labouchere having carried an amendment which the Government could not accept, it became necessary to begin all over again. A fresh Address was brought in. Sir William Harcourt had risen to move it. Mr. John Morley, with nothing more striking in his dress than the familiar red necktie tied in sailor's knot, was waiting to second it, when Colonel Saunderson interposed, and gravely suggested that the House should adjourn, so as to give opportunity to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to retire to his room, and before he moved the Address "array himself in uniform suitable to his rank."

Having fired this shot, the Colonel disappeared from the field in which he was wont to fill a prominent part, and everyone will be sorry to know that the limitation of his public duties is occasioned by failing health.

Whilst the Colonel was still in a constant residence in his house in Sloane Street, he was the victim of an outrage sufficient to shatter nerves of less tempered steel. One morning during the height of the controversy round the Home Rule Bill, he was seated in his study preparing a few impromptus to brighten up a speech against Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Raising his eyes from the manuscript in pursuit of an idea, they fell upon a snake stealthily making its way across the floor in the direction of the statesman's chair. The Colonel is not to be trifled with, even by a snake. He was on his

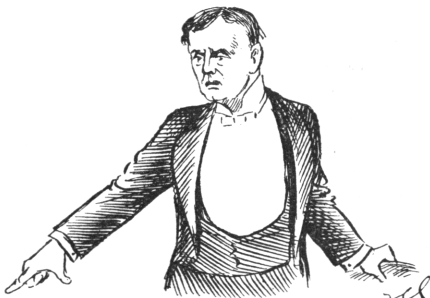
feet in a moment, and after brief exertion the snake stretched its long length, dead on the floor.

This incursion seemed a development of Home Rule tendencies passing all bounds. It was enough to have unhappy Ireland scared by dynamite explosions, shocked by the houghing of cattle, and the slaughtering of successors on homesteads of evicted tenants. But that a prominent member of a party opposed to Nationalist feeling should have the study of his London house infested with deadly reptiles seemed to be going too far.

Colonel Saunderson is a practical man. He lamented this fresh development of internecine animosity. But he put the snake in a bottle of spirits, and placed it on a shelf to await further development of the mystery.

This was not long coming, being brought about in a manner equal to the dramatic discovery of the direful snake. Dining one evening in Stratton Street, Colonel Saunderson told this latest, and abnormally true, snake story. Amongst the guests at table was a popular actor accustomed to thrill London audiences in various dark disguises and multiform desperate situations. Never in his most inspired moments had his voice possessed such blood-curdling thrill, or his gestures more command, than now when he smote the table and cried aloud :—

"Why, that's my snake!"



"THAT'S MY SNAKE!"

Explanations were forthcoming that established the fact. The Colonel and the actor are neighbours in the same street, divided by



COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

a house and a long strip of garden. Amongst the cherished members of the family circle in the actor's home was a spotted snake. One day it disappeared, the most persistent and passionate inquiries failing to discover its place of retirement. Now the whole secret was out. The snake had climbed the wall, crossed the intervening garden, made another ascent, dropped into Colonel Saunderson's garden, and, finding the study window open, had made itself at home in new quarters.

There now arose
"OH! MOST FRESH COMPLICATION.
RIGHTEOUS JUDGE." To whom
did the body of
the defunct snake belong?
The actor claimed it as his;
Colonel Saunderson insisted

that the laws of sport gave it to him. He had hunted it, slain it, and, moreover, put it in pickle.

Fortunately there was present at the dinner-table a judge whose opinion deservedly carries supreme weight. Appealed to to decide, he delivered an interesting and important judgment. Suppose, he said in effect, the reptile had been of the rattlesnake breed, or even a *trigonocephalus tistiphone*, it would, coming within the category of a wild animal, have been the property of the man who killed it. It was apparently a *coluber constrictor*, naturally harmless, and, according to the evidence, tame. Therefore it was the property of its original owner, and must be returned to him. But—and it was here Lord Esher's famed subtlety in regard to the niceties of crowner's quest law came in—the spirits in which the snake had been preserved belonged to Colonel Saunderson, and no portion of them, even though absorbed in the skin of the reptile, might be abstracted and retained by the rightful owner of the snake.

There the matter was left, and there it rests, as does the body of the snake in the bottle of brandy.

BIRTHDAY
NIGHT AT
THE FOREIGN
OFFICE.

In the matter of official or Ministerial spectacles London lags behind some of the other capitals of Europe. There is, however, one occasion when this sort of thing is done as well in London as it used to be in Paris in the days of the



THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS SETTLES
THE CASE.

Empire, and is to-day in Berlin or St. Petersburg. It is the reception given at the Foreign Office on the Queen's birthday.

All the circumstances and surroundings contribute to success. The Foreign Office is one of the few public buildings suitable for the gathering. Its spacious staircase, not too far-reaching nor steep of access, serves as a conduit through which the brilliant stream passes on the way to spread itself out in the spacious reception-room. For more than an hour the staircase is the centre of attraction. Guests make a point of going early, so that they may obtain favourable positions on the landing to look over, and watch the crowd slowly struggling upwards. Here may be seen nearly all Britons famous in Politics, Literature, Science, and Art. Later, when the theatres are closed, comes on the Drama.

The faces are familiar enough, but the apparel is often rare. It is the custom on the Queen's birthday for some of the principal Cabinet Ministers to entertain their colleagues and others at full-dress dinners. After dinner all ways lead to Downing Street, converging on the staircase of the Foreign Office. Apart from the Ministerial dinners, every man who owns a uniform of any

kind or a Court suit puts it on. Ribbons of all the Orders known to European Courts lend added colour to the scene. Stars and Orders flash on manly breasts. Every State in the world is represented by its Minister, in uniform or, in the case of the emissary of the Emperor of China, in national dress. Amid the crowd of bared heads Rustem Pasha wears his fez, and on this year's Birthday Count de Staal invested Russia with more than usual distinction by wearing a pair of ivory coloured pantaloons—"mystic, white samite."

A
VANISHED
FIGURE.

It is on occasion like this that one feels what a blow was dealt at the not too lavish decoration of London by the pressure of economic considerations which led to the withdrawal of the Greek Minister. At Foreign Office parties, M. Gennadius, the exceedingly clever diplomatist who long represented the King of Greece at the Court of St. James's, was a thing of beauty and remains a joy for ever. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the Greek Minister. Cloth of gold was the material out of which his cunningly-constructed raiment was devised. There was, perhaps, more gold than cloth. As far as peeps were permitted of the material beneath the heavy braid of gold, the coat was blue, the trousers white. By his side dangled a heavily jewelled scimitar. Essentially a man of peace, M. Gennadius, with the instinct of a diplomatist, seized the opportunity of showing what Greece would look like if, owing to difficulties on the currant import duty or other vexed question, it was compelled to go to war.

"MR. JOHN-SENCE OF THIS
SON" OF picturesque
PICCADILLY. figure, the

Diplomatic circle this year supplied another striking personality of quite a different style. His round, full face was black as night. His head was covered with material which, in the case of Uncle Ned before he laid down the shovel and the hoe, was shortly described as "wool." He wore a uniform that was a happy compromise between the garb of a general, an admiral, and a band-



"TURKEY."

master. A lady inquiring of a young but highly esteemed personage at the Foreign Office who the stranger was, was told it was "Mr. Johnson of the Christy Minstrels."

This flippancy received apparent confirmation from a cheerful habit indulged in by the foreign guest of audibly humming a tune as he surveyed the ever-changing crowd. It seemed possible that at any moment after this preparatory exercise he might break forth into the ordered harmony of "O! dem golden slippers," or "Way down upon de Swanny River." The distinguished stranger was, however, none other than the emissary of the Republic of Hayti at the Court of the Queen of England and Empress of India.

A TRAGEDY
OF
BUTTONS.

A Minister I met at the birthday party told me he never re-entered the Foreign Office on these occasions without melancholy reflections on his earliest experience. It happened that his appointment to Ministerial office exactly coincided with opportunity to appear at the birthday party, for the first time in Ministerial uniform. There was not much time to spare for preparation. But the tailor faithfully promised that the uniform should be delivered for the eventful occasion.

The parcel had not arrived by dinner-time on the appointed day, and things began to look gloomy. The Minister waited on in hope, reflecting that if it came to the worst he might go in ordinary evening clothes. Still, on

such an occasion he would like to wear the unwonted uniform.

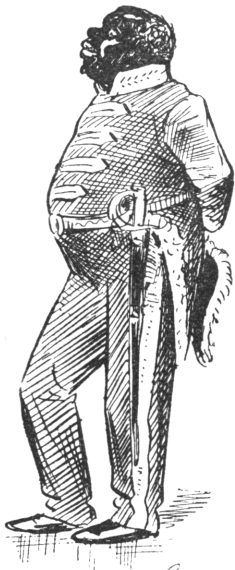
Just as he had given up hope and was mournfully surveying his modest claw-hammer coat, a messenger arrived from the tailor with the precious bundle. The Minister hastily but satisfactorily dressed, and got to the Foreign Office in such good time that he was able to make his way up the comparatively uncrowded staircase in considerably under a quarter of an hour.

As he walked about the reception-room he was conscious of being an object of marked attention. That was not unexpected — was indeed, as he felt, his due. He was a new and, he hoped, a popular Minister, wearing for the first time a novel, and, he had reason to believe, a becoming uniform. Still, it was odd that everyone should turn round to look at him, and he was uncomfortably conscious of a smile broadening as he passed along.

"My dear fellow," said a colleague, gently taking his arm and leading him to a recess, "for goodness' sake let me take these bits of paper off the buttons at the back of your coat."

The wretched tailor, in sending the coat home, had omitted to remove the bits of soft

paper that guarded the gilt buttons from harm. The hapless Minister, hurriedly dressing, had not noted the carelessness, and for nearly an hour had strutted through the brilliant scene thus curiously adorned.



"HAYTI."